

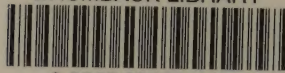
# Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life

*The Journal of Harriett Low,  
Travelling Spinster*

PART ONE: 1829–1832



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Lights and Shadows  
of a  
Macao Life

*The Journal of Harriett Low,  
Travelling Spinster*



Painted by T. Allam

After a sketch by the artist by Lord Macartney, 1800

Engraved by W. H. Sturt

*The River Grande Macao*

*The River Grande Macao*

*River Grande, Macao*



Lights and Shadows  
of a  
Macao Life

*The Journal of Harriett Low,  
Travelling Spinster*

PART ONE: 1829-1832

Edited by  
Nan P. Hodges and Arthur W. Hummel

B  
HILLARD

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Frontispiece. The Praya Grande, Macao, *Thomas Allom, ca. 1840*

Map art created by Corinna Campbell-Sack

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What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
That which disfigures it; and they who war  
With their own hopes, and have been vanquished bear  
Silence, but not submission. . . .

—Lord Byron





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Sketches of Macao scenes, made by Lucy Cleveland in 1829 while visiting Harriett Low, are from her Sketchbook (M1347) and are used with permission of The Peabody Essex Museum. The portrait of Harriett Low by George Chinnery on the cover is courtesy of The Peabody Essex Museum, museum purchase with partial funds donated by The Asian Export Art Visiting Committee and Joan Vaughn Ingraham.

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## Introduction

Miss Martineau called to see me the other day & what do you think she proposed? how I laughed! Why nothing more or less than to make an authoress of your daughter, which she would insure would put me in possession of 300£ and for what you will say or how. She heard me say last winter that I kept a journal while I was in Macao. She is very anxious to see it and take it into her own hands and make it up for the publisher. Fortunately for me it is locked up in America. She thinks it would be highly interesting as it would be such a new subject. So you see I have a resource, when we all fail. I will send for my journal & letters, and write the "Lights & Shadows of a Spinsters Life" and her adventures in foreign lands" capital idea! do not fail to have them all cased in tin that they may be preserved from destruction!! What a treat it would be for the public, to be sure!! all the little love passages, and the interesting characters described therein.<sup>1</sup>

Harriett Low Hillard, recently married and living in London, included this flippant passage as an afterthought in an anxious letter to her father Seth Low, a merchant in New York, about the impending bankruptcy of his importing business in the Panic of 1837. Miss Martineau was Harriet Martineau, renowned English author of *Society in America* (1837) and feminist. A letter of introduction from George Stillman Hillard, a brother-in-law in Boston, had enabled the young attractive couple of Harriett and John Hillard to be introduced to Martineau, her mother, and the tight circle of friends around the outspoken writer. Harriett Hillard admired Miss Martineau's talent and found her independent and energetic personality "very agreeable" but pronounced her style of writing "disagreeable . . . so positive and opinionated on all subjects that it

is anything but modest or pleasing—" How a young American woman in 1837 had the nerve to critique so formidable an English woman of letters and then turn her request down can be found in the pages of *Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life: The Journal of Harriett Low, Travelling Spinster*.

This journal, consisting of nine volumes written between 1829 and 1834 while the then unmarried Harriett Low lived in Macao, illustrates milestones in the life of one of the first two American women to live in China. Her choice to leave home and sail halfway around the world to live among strangers was the first unusual step on the path to self-knowledge. Her inner conflict between adventure and conformity becomes the means by which an intelligent but socially naive young woman achieves balance in the hothouse of gossip and jealousy of Macao. Tested by love and death, Harriett Low gained the confidence and will to control her life without complete submission to a gender-based role. An underlying theme throughout the journal is her ability to use religion, a love of literature, and the discipline of foreign languages to find the inner peace and self-worth that would later aid her throughout the trials and disappointments of married life.

What makes this journal unique is that it gives unvarnished, first-hand impressions of life in China just as aggressive Western capitalism began to provoke changes in a stagnant empire, changes that would ultimately destroy it. All of Harriett Low's unfavorable comments on the Chinese, her prejudice against Roman Catholicism, and her sympathy with the benefits of slavery in South Africa seem unenlightened, if not bigoted, by modern standards. In this she is very much a creature of her century. But it was in the same century, and from the clear-eyed, morally lofty outlook with which Harriett viewed the world, that her countrymen would reject the opium trade, outlaw slavery, and launch the cause of women's rights. The roots of these momentous changes are reflected in the simple questioning of the 1830s status quo to be found in the journal of this opinionated but deeply religious and thoughtful young American woman.

The story begins in late September 1828 when nineteen-year-old Harriett Low, second child of Seth and Mary Porter Low of Salem, Massachusetts, was sorely tempted by an unusual proposition. Her uncle, William Henry Low, Seth Low's youngest brother, had seen



an opportunity to make his fortune in the booming China trade but could not take his childless, often delicate wife to China without a companion. The Chinese government forbade Western women from living with their husbands in Canton during the six-month trading season, and separate households for wives and children had to be established in the Portuguese enclave of Macao, 120 miles south of Canton.

William H. Low asked Harriett's parents to permit her to accompany him and his wife Abigail Knapp Low to Macao and live there with his wife for a period of five years while he was in Canton trading tea and opium for the leading American commission house, Russell and Company. Seth and Mary Porter Low allowed Harriett to make her own decision as to whether to leave Salem and the close-knit family of eleven children.

Her father's business of importing medicinal drugs from Africa and South America had declined along with the silted-up port of Salem. In 1828, Seth Low, taking his seventeen-year-old son Abbot, temporarily left his wife and ten children and moved to Brooklyn, N.Y. to re-establish Seth Low and Company on the New York waterfront. Harriett's mother took on the full responsibility of managing the large family with the princely sum of \$10 and the promise of collecting old debts.<sup>2</sup> The thought of losing Harriett for five years was balanced by the cruel necessity of finding additional support for the family.

Despite fears of shipwreck and piracy, Harriett chose the adventure of going to the Celestial Empire. From the time that she agreed to go in October 1828, Harriett's uncle and aunt "provid[ed] liberally for her and seemed to think nothing too much"—including dancing lessons to which Harriett's strict Unitarian father acquiesced.<sup>3</sup>

Before her departure for China, Harriett Low's life had been defined more by hard work than dancing. Her role in the large and economically pinched household had been that of seamstress—constantly making button holes or mending clothes for herself and seven brothers and three sisters. In her formal education, she had acquired fine penmanship, a love of English literature, a reading knowledge of French, a passion for reading history and biography, and the ability to draw. Under her father's influence, Harriett had begun to search for an understanding of Christian life as a Unitarian.

Her best friend was her sister Mary Ann Low, one year older and recently engaged to George B. Archer, a clerk in Seth Low's busi-

ness. To make the five-year separation easier, Harriett and Mary Ann Low agreed to keep daily journals and exchange them. Both started out with good intentions, but only Harriett's journals survived. What began as mere description of events aboard ship on a four-month voyage became over time an inner refuge: "But remember, this is written for you and me—that when I feel like it I can sit down and open my heart" [June 16, vol. 1].

On May 24, 1829, William Henry Low, his wife Abigail Knapp Low, Miss Harriett Low, and Mr. Philip Ammidon, Jr., the young son of the senior partner in the trading house of Russell and Company, Canton set sail from Salem on the *Sumatra*, Capt. Charles Roundy. After a week of seasickness, Harriett gained her sea legs and began a daily account in Volume I of the voyage to Macao. She eagerly took lessons in nautical terms and rigging from Captain Roundy; read novels, history, and sermons; recounted amusing scenes on board ship from the antics of pigs to the taste of porpoise; and looked forward to every Tuesday and Friday when the cook prepared bean soup. Life could be tedious especially if there was a head wind and the ship made little progress.

Wednesday 3d June Head wind again. Mr. Ammidon prophesied something new to day but nothing new we have seen. . . . The greatest harmony prevails through out. The Captain first chop, the officers excellent, the sailors all good, the Cook good, and sanctified enough in his appearance. Seem as though he thought it a sin to smile. The Stewart active and attentive. Uncle William kind. Aunt Low ditto. Mr. A. agreeable. Myself the same fascinating, engaging, enchanted, sweet tempered, obliging, passive creature that I ever was. And with all this so beautiful, to still have a head wind.

Irony aside, Harriett Low was anything but passive. Uncle William's self-interested pattern of protecting Harriett's reputation was established on shipboard and continued for four years.

William H. Low had eagerly sought the opportunity to replace Philip Ammidon, Sr. in his partnership with Samuel Russell in Canton. He had even cautioned his older brother Seth Low to be "particular about your clothes, that he had introduced Mr. Ammidon to you and if he should find you badly dressed he would not think anything of you."<sup>4</sup> Low was going to China to make his *lac* [\$100,000] and no idle flirtation was going to be allowed with his

patron's son, who was traveling to Canton to become a clerk in Russell and Company.

Aunt Low was kind and sweet-tempered but in fragile health. After six years of marriage, she remained childless. Harriett had assumed the role of nurse in a recent illness, but the long sea voyage seemed to strengthen Abigail Low and they became companions instead. Abigail Knapp Low, then twenty-eight years old, had brought contentment and love to her restless husband, but her lack of fortune had prompted William Low's more successful brother, Daniel Low, a commission agent in Paris, to predict that all of William Low's troubles would date from the day of his marriage to her.

Three months into the voyage, the *Sumatra* reached the first landfall in Java. Harriett hung over the side of the ship and watched the crew bargain with Malays for fruit. She knew that her sister would "like to know what I thought of a Malay and how my modesty could with stand such a shock as to see a man unclad" [August 26, vol.1]. With the curious blindness of the West, Harriett saw their skin color "as a covering." This mental adjustment was to serve her well as she entered a world unrelated to anything that she had seen on Crombie Street in Salem.

In Manila, her Yankee sensibility was further shocked by the Spanish Catholic culture of religious processions and the abject poverty where pigs and naked children tumbled together in the dirt. She found herself enthusiastically welcomed by homesick American merchants and saw a taste of her life to be in Macao. For the first time in her life she had courage as the only spinster to sit down with ten gentlemen for tea.

From the moment the ship docked in Macao on September 26, William H. Low was eager to leave for his new position in Canton. Sparing only one day to settle Harriett and Abigail Low in a house furnished by Russell and Company, Uncle William and young Philip Ammidon left for Canton. The elaborate manners of the English colony and curiosity brought a steady stream of visitors to meet the first American women to reside in China.

Harriett now had a larger canvas on which to paint the intense social scene dominated by the East India Company, the British trading monopoly in China; Chinese customs and servants; romantic settings of gardens and an aviary owned by an eccentric English merchant, Thomas Beale; and the many men who flocked to meet

the new arrivals in Macao. Among them were three who were to become her close friends—Dr. Thomas R. Colledge, surgeon of the East India Company, George Chinnery, the extraordinary English portrait painter, and Rev. George H. Vachell, Anglican chaplain of the East India Company. Her novelty as the only spinster in Macao, her American independence, and wit allowed Harriett Low to achieve a relationship with these Englishmen that was much ahead of its time.

Alone, Harriett and her aunt were challenged in their conduct and dress to make a good impression for Russell and Company and all Americans in the eyes of the more sophisticated English community. William Low hastened to send down elegant dresses and combs from Canton since he was “ambitious that [they] should appear as well as any body” [October 14, vol.1]. For the first time Harriett worried about how much she was costing her uncle and aunt.

The Salem Puritan was shocked by the change in manners and morality—playing cards on the Sabbath eve, making calls on Sunday, horse races and theatricals, and dancing until dawn. Slowly she was drawn into this social world and Volume II shows the effect on her journal—shortened entries and weary sophistication. Even her title, “Eight Months in Macao by a young lady in the year 1830 by the author of a Journal at Sea published in 1829,” suggested that she had reached a higher level of society.

Despite the gaiety, Harriett suffered from terrible homesickness, unrelieved until she received her first letters from home, exactly nine months after she sailed. She found, however, a friend, Mrs. Allport, the wife of a British merchant, and together they began the study of Spanish. With George Chinnery’s encouragement, she took up drawing, often copying from his sketchbook. She had time to describe in vivid but disapproving detail Chinese and Catholic religious processions in Macao.

After two British women breached the Chinese imperial edict against barbarian women living in Canton by taking up residence in the East India Company hong, Harriett and Abigail Low were determined to follow suit. Disguised in velvet caps and cloaks, they sneaked into Canton with William Low when he returned on November 6, 1829. After the Chinese stopped trade only with the house of Russell and Company because of the presence of two American women, Harriett saw at first hand that when principle and lucrative



trade clashed, her uncle chose trade, sending his wife and Harriett back to Macao. Their adventure and their later humiliating expulsion by the Chinese are the subjects of letters home which complete Volume II.

Only one other event in Volume II disturbed the idle flirtations and innocent games recorded by Harriett. On August 3d when reading a Boston newspaper, she discovered with horror an account of the murder of Joseph White, a wealthy old sea captain in Salem—an event that would profoundly affect her. Subsequent letters from home would bring the doleful news that two of her Aunt Abigail's brothers were accused of the murder.

On March 1, 1831, Harriett opened Volume III by telling her sister about being introduced to another American gentleman who had recently arrived from Philadelphia. This was William W. Wood, "a very clever and pleasant young man . . . an immense talker." Wood, son of Philadelphia's most famous actors, William Burke Wood and Juliana Westray, was an artist, a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and author of *Sketches of China* (1830). He was returning to China after a period of home leave to start a new trading house with Joseph Archer, a Philadelphia merchant. He lost no time in having his old friend Thomas Beale make the introduction to Harriett.

There was an immediate attraction between this impecunious twenty-five-year-old writer and the ward (more like daughter) of William H. Low. A friendship based on love of wit and poetry, art and romantic ideas continued by letter after Wood left for Canton. In the meantime, Rev. George Vachell's attentions to Harriett had become a serious courtship, but an ever-protective uncle forced her to discourage him. She was allowed only to use his theological books on the topic of Holy Communion in her preparation for taking this rite. Her study reaffirmed her Unitarian faith over the doctrine of Trinitarianism.

Later in March 1831, Harriett and her aunt learned by letter of the execution of Frank Knapp, Abigail K. Low's younger brother, on September 28, 1830, for his part in the murder of Joseph White. Her other brother Joseph Knapp had been hanged December 31, 1830, but they had not yet heard this news. Prostrate with shock and grief, Abigail Low withdrew from society in Macao and for weeks Harriett had to go to races, dinner parties, and pay calls without betraying the

knowledge of this terrible scandal in their family. This event drew Harriett closer to her aunt; admiration for Abigail Low's fortitude in enduring such a tragedy strengthened the bond between them more than appreciation of the Lows' generosity had. When her aunt later asked Harriett to consider family values over her heart, this bond would prevail.

As life on the social scene became intolerable, Harriett began to explore the collection of history, biography, and French novels in the East India Company's library. In the company of Emily Davis, wife of one of the directors of the East India Company, Harriett read French, a language she found easier than Spanish. With the loan of a horse and the reluctant permission of her uncle, Harriett enjoyed the delicious freedom of exploring Macao on horseback with her friends. By the time she ended Volume III and sent it home in December 1831, Harriett's life was complete with the arrival from Salem of a schoolgirl friend, Caroline Shillaber.

Volume IV is filled with fun and frolic. Harriett and Caroline Shillaber soon make it known that they prefer their independence by taking long walks without chaperones or beaux. No amount of reasoning could shake Vachell's devotion to Harriett until under orders from her uncle she deliberately snubbed him. He finally accepted her dismissal and they were able to maintain a polite relationship that did not encourage gossip until he sailed for England.

William W. Wood visited Macao more frequently in 1832 and began instructing Harriett in drawing, providing her with lithographs to copy and pencils as soft as "black butter," a description provided by their mutual friend George Chinnery. She was captivated by his wit and charm and the fact that they could have rational conversations—a rare occurrence in a world where true opinions could not be uttered. She admired his enterprise in starting a newspaper, the *Chinese Courier* (competing with the established *Canton Register*), to serve as an outlet for opinion other than the point of view of the East India Company. Even though she questioned his critical views on missionaries in China, she was sympathetic to his general outlook and hot to defend him when the editor of the *Canton Register* challenged Wood to a duel.

Dr. Thomas Colledge, whom Harriett admired more than anyone in Macao for his good works, paid court to her in a puzzling way although his visits became more frequent to treat an ill Caroline.

He brought news that Nancy, the Low's maid who had been discharged for having an illegitimate child, had gone to India, abandoning the child. Despite her contempt for a fallen woman, Harriett was sympathetic to her plight. Dr. Colledge's concern for Nancy may have been more personal than Harriett wanted to admit.

Late in July 1832, William Wood was again in Macao. Long walks and philosophic conversations replaced their normal witty repartee. Harriett sensed that he would propose to her and she was overtaken by a feeling of depression that she could not shake.

The tension underlying a secret engagement between Harriett and William Wood pervades the pages of Volume V. In an effort to increase his income, Wood took a position as clerk at Russell and Company for \$1500 a year while continuing his editorship of the *Chinese Courier*. He was judged an expert letter writer but a poor accountant by William H. Low, who was frantic to find any help as Russell and Company became the dominant trading house in Canton.<sup>5</sup> Working literally under the nose of Low, Wood could not for long hide his attachment to Harriett.

By mid-October, Harriett's uncle and aunt became aware that she and Wood had become secretly engaged. Intense pressure was brought to bear on Harriett to give him up because Wood lacked prospects (i.e. money) and was considered an unsuitable choice by the Lows. Harriett summed up her feelings in a passionate outburst:

Oh romance, where dost thou dwell? Our dearest and fondest hopes are often dashed for the want of the filthy lucre, our fairest schemes defeated, our plans broken, and even our affections have some times to be sacrificed for want of it.  
[October 23, vol. 5]

A change of scene was suggested by Abigail Low as a remedy for Harriett's overwrought emotions. An invitation from Captain and Mrs. F. W. Macondray to spend time on board the *Lintin*, an opium-receiving ship, owned by Russell and Company, off Lintin Island was proffered, and Harriett accepted. Where better to get over a love affair than watching opium smugglers load the drug or to be the first white woman to climb to the top of Lintin Peak with a party of American naval officers?

It did not work. Harriett returned to Macao more miserable than ever. She attempted to explain to Wood why she had to give him up

and expected him to accept it just as Vachell had done. But Wood's pride would not allow him to be one more rejected suitor in Harriett's wake. Finally by December 16, 1832, the engagement was ended and their friendship severed forever by Wood's pride and Harriett's hurt feelings at being accused by Wood of jilting him.

Harriett poured out her heart to her sister in a letter on that date, extolling Wood's many talents but lamenting his wounding pride. In the *Chinese Courier* published on December 15, William Wood writes with gloom of the isolation in which foreigners live in China. Was Wood really speaking entirely about China when he wrote:

The mere circumstance of our extraordinary insulated position should excite some compassion, but when we have to add to the miseries of local situation so many just complaints of personal inconvenience and even injury from the caprice and prejudice of people amongst whom we live, we are certainly to be excused when we express in no gentle terms our just and proper indignation.

Harriett's New Year's resolution for 1833 was to work harder learning French. In between her studies, she read the novels of Sir Walter Scott and Maria Edgeworth and wrote cynical comments on marriage, declaring herself a spinster whose only aim in life would be to make others happy. Inspired by a sermon on happiness by Dr. Robert Morrison, Harriett was able to declare: "We cannot control events but we can our own passions if we exert the power that we have within us" [January 6, vol. 5]. And exerting that power was deeply satisfying!

There were several letters from Wood, but she only hardened her heart against any overtures. On visiting Chinnery's studio, Harriett saw a small portrait of Wood which she was "strongly tempted to pocket" before it was sent to America. "Well I do not know why I should wish to. He is nothing to me" [January 8, vol. 5].

In February, Dr. Thomas Colledge, having given up any hope of interesting Harriett, proposed to Caroline Shillaber and was accepted. This stunning event plunged Harriett into a poignant description of how it felt to be utterly alone amidst family and friends.

"The Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life by A Travelling Spinster" was an apt title for an introspective Volume VI. More lonely than ever after Caroline's marriage on March 18, 1833, Harriett lost

herself in study of French verbs and reading biography and history. She continued sketching in George Chinnery's studio, but drawing without Wood as a master had lost its charm. She did have a chance to sit for her portrait by Chinnery. Harriett's description of the progress of her painting gives one of the best sources for understanding the man and his work. When Chinnery altered the painting by adding a book to her hands, Harriett was finally content with her image.

During the summer of 1833, Harriett discovered a love for Italian opera when a small company arrived in Macao to perform operas by Rossini and Paer. Merchants came down from Canton to see this novel entertainment and Harriett caught a glimpse of Wood at the opera, but he turned away rather than speak. The next day when she went out alone in her sedan chair to a favorite hill and was menaced by a gang of Chinese, Wood saw her plight and rushed to rescue her. He stammered an apology for not speaking to her at the opera, but Harriett's pride prevented her from appearing other than indifferent. Later she admitted that if he could have seen her heart, "he might have been too much flattered" [June 25, vol. 6]. Though she still loved him, she had made her decision based on circumstances she had no power to change and she was determined to accommodate herself to them.

William Wood's position with Russell and Company became even more difficult as William H. Low complained of his inefficiency and mistakes and wished him gone. His newspaper contained more and more excerpts from European papers and less fiery comment on local affairs. When able to hope no longer and "lamenting the dreary prospect before him," as he wrote one final time to Harriett, Wood made the decision to leave Canton [July 23, vol. 6]. His last issue of the *Chinese Courier* on September 23, 1833, contained a selection entitled "The Philosophy of Laughter," perhaps a subtle comment on his life. He left for Manila on October 15.

In a "Continuation of the Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life," Volume VII, Harriett succumbed to heat and melancholy, finding little pleasure in Macao. Her life abruptly changed when on September 9, 1833, her uncle arrived from Canton "looking like death." During the course of the 1832-33 trading season, Russell and Company's business had greatly expanded as ship after ship arrived to be loaded with tea, silks, and other Chinese exports. William H. Low and his partner Augustine Heard literally wrote around the clock to copy in



triplicate all letters and invoices as well as supervising the loading of the ships and the clandestine opium sales off Lintin Island essential for providing specie to cover their legitimate trade. Low felt that he had to work even harder to gain his *lac* since he had been the sole support of Abigail Knapp Low's family after the murder of Joseph White and his expenses had doubled. He had not been helped by William Wood, who was often sick from the grueling pace of work and perhaps his melancholia. Low complained that he was left to cope with the overwhelming work with one other sick clerk and a Portuguese boy. The result of William H. Low's overwork was galloping consumption—an advanced case of tuberculosis.

Dr. Colledge though guarded in his diagnosis insisted that Low not return to Canton and advised him to leave China in the hope that a long sea voyage would ameliorate his disease. Harriett, who had longed to leave Macao, now had purpose in her life—helping her aunt in preparing for the journey and acting as her uncle's secretary as he became too weak to write. Before leaving Macao, Harriett destroyed all her letters rather than risk having them exposed. Among them were probably William Wood's letters, the tearing of which seemed "to break [her] heart strings" [November 4, vol. 7].

The Lows left Macao on November 19, 1833, accompanied by Ayok, her uncle's Chinese servant. Harriett bade a sad farewell to her brother Abbot A. Low, who had arrived several weeks earlier to work for Russell and Company. There was a wrench at leaving a few friends behind, but there was no affectionate farewell to China.

Volume VIII carries Harriett's story forward on the long voyage to England. The farther they sailed from China, the less sure Abigail and Harriett Low were that William H. Low would survive. The captain of the *Waterloo* agreed to make an unscheduled stop in Cape Town, South Africa for their party to disembark and find medical attention for William Low. They boarded with a kind Dutch family in the hills above Cape Town in the hope that rest, better diet, and fresher air would heal Low. Harriett found companions in the daughters of the house and she seemed to revert to that long-ago nonchalance of a country girl in Massachusetts. Her descriptive talents revived as she joined the Dutch family on excursions to nearby estates and rode horseback through the veld. Anything to avoid the acceptance that William H. Low was going to die.

When death came to her thirty-nine-year-old uncle, on March 22, 1834, Harriett's description of this scene was a moving testament to the intensity of feeling and religious belief surrounding the death of a loved one. She emerged a stronger young woman, forced by her aunt's grief to assume all responsibility for finding a ship for England. The devotion of their Chinese servant Ayok to the grave of his master made Harriett understand for the first time that Chinese were capable of sincere human emotion.

The long voyage from Cape Town to London was made less tedious by having primarily French passengers with whom Harriett could finally practice her French. On a stop at St. Helena to view the house where Napoleon died in 1821 and his grave, Harriett was amazed to watch sober French matrons scrambling to snatch the plaster from the walls of Napoleon's house as souvenirs. When the ship arrived in London, the trio of Harriett, her Aunt Abigail, and Ayok, with queue and Chinese dress, startled Londoners as they visited Westminster Abbey, went shopping, attended an art exhibition, and explored the zoo.

"Homeward Bound," Volume IX, is an abbreviated account, written in pencil, of a horrendous passage across an Atlantic Ocean filled with wild storms. Harriett and her aunt, now old hands, suffered no seasickness and spent their time aiding other passengers. The ship was filled with immigrants and Harriett realized that she had little to complain about after seeing the comfortless conditions of 120 people in steerage. When the ship became a week or two over the scheduled time, Harriett paced the deck unable to read or play chess or work at any task. She longed to be home but was uneasy at what to expect upon arrival. With New York harbor almost in sight, the final sentence at the end of her journal expressed that doubt: "... and yet it appears to me that I am going to a strange place as I have been to so many before—" [September 21, vol. 9]

And Brooklyn, New York was a strange place for this wanderer. Her sister Mary Ann was married, her closest brother Abbot left in China, and her parents' busy household probably had little time to hear her stories or read her journal. In a fragment of a letter to Harriett a year after her return, a friend sympathized with her loneliness and found it only natural that after years of living in a "hot-bed of adulation," Harriett would find in the monotonous domesticity of her family "moments like those you have so touchingly de-

scribed,—of sickening, heartless, uncheered existence.”<sup>6</sup> Even money (an inheritance of \$60,000 from W. H. Low) did not compensate for the absence of a true friend.

By another year Harriett, a twenty-seven year-old spinster, became engaged to a young banker from Boston, John Hillard, four years her junior. They married on November 3, 1836, and moved two weeks later to London where her husband was to become a partner in the American banking firm of Coates and Company. Harriett poured onto her young handsome husband all the pent-up passion that she had carefully avoided in the past. Theirs was a seemingly happy marriage marred only by the loss in October 1837 of their first child, a still-born son. A daughter Katharine followed in quick succession and thereafter between 1838 and 1848, Harriett Hillard bore four more girls as well as twin boys who died within three months of birth.

When John Hillard left her alone in London for a short business trip to New York in March 1840 and did not return for eight months, Harriett felt utterly abandoned.<sup>7</sup> Rather than follow her husband's instruction to visit relatives in Paris, Harriett went alone with Kate to Edinburgh to stay with her old China friends Dr. Thomas Colledge and his wife Caroline. Once again Harriett filled her letters home with sightseeing in Scottish castles, rides over moors, and a trip to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott.

Harriett turned more and more to her children, being particularly proud of the antics of her precocious Kate. She sought friends among an ever changing group of American expatriates in London and found solace in the Unitarian church. John Hillard, who loved theatre, socializing, and alcohol, could not seem to succeed in business in London and became subject to chronic intestinal complaints. The family was heavily dependent on income from Harriett's inheritance, which was in trust and being mismanaged by her Uncle Daniel Low. After her brother A. A. Low upon his return from China intervened in her financial affairs to rescue her property, Harriett began to depend more than ever on her family for emotional support, encouraging her younger sisters Sarah and Ellen to spend long visits with her. When John Hillard departed on another long business trip in the winter of 1844, Harriett took Sarah to Paris accompanied by two children and a maid.

By late 1847, the Hillards were living outside of Manchester where Coates and Company had sent John to find more business.

Harriett briefly renewed her acquaintance with Harriet Martineau who lived nearby, but found her "brim full of Mesmerism," a system of healing that Harriett distrusted.<sup>8</sup> Ellen Low, Sarah Low Lyman on her honeymoon, and her brother Josiah Low all found their way to see Harriett. It was obvious to all that Harriett was not happy and facing the bleak prospect of her husband's bankruptcy. Coates and Company through unwise investments failed and the bailiff was only kept from their door by the kind intervention of friends who bought their furniture or stored their plate and personal possessions. After the birth of her fifth daughter, named Harriet, a bitter Harriett Hillard packed up and followed her husband to a small furnished house in London until they were free to sail to the United States in June 1848.

John Hillard was never successful in gaining work again and became increasingly unstable. Harriett, who now lived with her children at her parents' home in Brooklyn, was forced in 1854 to commit him temporarily to a hospital probably for alcoholism. A. A. Low arranged for him to go to Shanghai on one of his clippers in 1856, but the long sea voyage was not a solution. His health continued to decline and he died on July 14, 1859 at the age of forty-four.

Harriett Hillard, having borne the loss of her daughter Sarah (age 6) from scarlet fever in 1852 and her daughter Fanny (age 19) from tuberculosis in 1862, continued living in Brooklyn with her three remaining daughters, Katharine, Mary, and Harriet in a house given to her by her brother A. A. Low until her death on December 27, 1877. Her journal remained packed away until her daughter Katharine Hillard edited and abridged it for publication as *My Mother's Journal* in 1900. Katharine Hillard carried on her mother's love of literature and became a public lecturer on men and women of letters. Harriett was able to attend Kate's lectures on Elizabeth Barrett Browning, William Morris, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in Washington, D.C. the year before she died. Mary Hillard was not afraid to show her independence by becoming a teacher in the Freedmen's Bureau in the South after the Civil War and later a leader in the movement for women's suffrage in New York. Her daughter Elma Loines made this family history possible by collecting and publishing the important Canton correspondence of the Low family and by encouraging her mother, Mary Hillard Loines, to donate Harriett Low's journal to the Library of Congress in 1944.

And what of William W. Wood? After an unsuccessful attempt to manage a coffee plantation in the Philippines at Jala-Jala, Wood returned to Manila and became a clerk with the American house of Russell and Sturgis. He continued to collect animal specimens for the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and in 1857 presented the Academy with a collection of Daguerreotypes—views of Manila and portraits of native people that he had photographed—a collection which may or may not still exist among the uncatalogued photography files of the museum. Whether Wood ever returned to the United States is not clear although he is thought to have made one trip to Europe and one to Macao. He never married. Our last glimpse of Wood is in several letters of advice on bird collecting in the Philippines in 1874 to Prof. Joseph Beal Steere, who was then in Mindanao collecting specimens for the University of Michigan Museum.<sup>9</sup> The date of his death is unknown.

*Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life* is the third version of Harriett Low's journal to be published but the first to include the complete journal as she wrote it. In 1900 Katharine Hillard, Harriett's oldest daughter, selected portions of her mother's nine-volume journal for an abridged and greatly altered version—*My Mother's Journal*. In 1953, Harriett's granddaughter Elma Loines reprinted Katharine Hillard's book, with a few added notes, in *The China Trade Post-Bag of the Seth Low Family of Salem and New York 1829–1873*. Neither editor concerned herself with identifying the array of characters and events that Harriett wrote about in China and South Africa. That task was begun by Dr. Arthur W. Hummel, historian, distinguished scholar of Chinese studies, and chief of the division of Orientalia, The Library of Congress, 1927–54. Hummel, recognizing the uniqueness of Harriett Low's diary, began his work on it in the late 1940s by having a typescript made of all nine volumes and then identifying almost every person or ship mentioned. He was able to identify some of the books read by Harriett Low and with his knowledge of Chinese explain customs and expressions unfamiliar to the Western reader. Unfortunately Hummel was not able to publish his work on the journal, but a copy of the typescript remained available to scholars in the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress, where the original journal is held in the Low-Mills Family Papers.

Having been introduced to the real Harriett Low by reading her



original journal while working on another project at the Library of Congress, I was stunned to see how much Katharine Hillard had left out of *My Mother's Journal*. Her protective stance toward her mother's position in society may have influenced her to drop anything controversial. The essence of the journal is there but the deeper story is not. Even her name was shortened from Harriett to Harriet since some members of the Low family in Harriett Low's lifetime found this spelling affected. But Harriett Low with two "ts" is exactly how she wrote it in the journal and in all correspondence.

I took up where Arthur W. Hummel left off. Using his typescript as a reference, I went back to the original journal and restored as much of Harriett Low's original punctuation and paragraphing as possible. Harriett wrote in short pithy sentences, often without first word capitalization. She made great use of the dash and her emphasis was one underline, often two underlines, and occasionally three. I have retained her underlines instead of using italics (contrary to modern usage) because they convey her voice and ideas more forcefully; I have added italics for all ships, book titles, and foreign words. All of Harriett's variations in spelling of proper names and place names have been preserved—for example, Dr. College for Dr. Colledge or Panía for Penha or Peña. Additional notes on events and people mentioned in the journal have been added with particular emphasis on the underlying commercial trade in Canton.

The only other way that I have intervened in the text is to try to identify every book or piece of poetry recorded by Harriett. A full citation for books is found in the endnotes; if possible poetry is identified as it appears in the text. It is not often that the reader can follow the private education of an American woman in the 1830s and to some extent see its effect on her thinking. I did not find all the obscure hymns and sayings, but I welcome any new discoveries or corrections.

Finally, *Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life* is being printed word for word to show the reader not only the highlights of Harriett Low's adventure in China but to show how daily events from teasing encounters with beaux to toothache to the cantos of Byron's *Childe Harold* define the reality of a young American woman in 1831. Tedium measured against temptation, religion versus romance, but out of five long years away comes a sense of balance and moderation that marks the American spirit.



## Volume I

May 24–December 18, 1829

1829 Sunday May 24<sup>th</sup> Embarked on board Ship *Sumatra*<sup>1</sup> bound to Manilla from thence to Macao where I shall probably take up my residence for the next 4 years and for you my Dear Sister [Mary Ann Low]<sup>2</sup> shall this journal be kept. I left home at 5 o'clock with feelings not to be described, nor imagined, but by those who have been placed in a similar situation. We were escorted out, as far as Baker's Island by a few friends from Salem which made it rather pleasanter for me though I cannot say that I enjoyed any thing that took place that day. The morning was delightful as it could be, a delightful breeze that soon wafted us beyond the sight of our native land. About 9 o'clock our party left us. However I behaved like a heroine, as I had resolved to be—at 10 o'clock was taken sick and remained so for the next day. Suffered nothing in comparison to what some people do, though enough to feel that state of utter hopelessness. Such prostration of strength and spirits as I never before knew or desire to feel again. Remained on deck most of the day but cared neither how, or where, I was going—continued pleasant through the night—

[Marginal note] This journal was commenced a week after we sailed. It then appeared like a month.

Monday May 25<sup>th</sup> Sick all day. A perfect day again, on deck most of the day speaking, and caring, for no one. My meat and drink was warm water which was none the better for smoke. Epsom Salts however, I drank as a luxury, which in my opinion is the best thing for Sea Sickness. Turned in early and slept tolerably well—

**Tuesday May 26** Fair wind to day. Begin to feel a little like myself. Saw some Porpoises today. One of the few amusements they have at sea is catching them. They did not succeed today, made some sport for us however. Think frequently of home; if I could only look in and tell you how smoothly we were going along it would be such a consolation. Took tea at the table for the first time. Walked deck a little while after tea and then was entertained by Mr. A. [Philip Ammidon, Jr.]<sup>3</sup> on the flageolet—

Squally tonight but I knew nothing about it—

**Wednesday May 27** Becalmed to day, low in spirits. Think a sailor's life the worst of all others. Tolerably well in health though have not felt bright yet. Cannot relish coffee or tea without milk. Lead a listless sort of a life, not having energy to do, or say any thing. Walked decks, read a novel, and spent the rest of the day in sleeping, talking & thinking. Stayed on deck till 8 o'clock. Went down, read over my Extract Book. Find some interesting pieces, remind me of those who wrote in it. You must excuse me my Dear Sister if in this you find many things uninteresting, but I give you free permission to omit reading any, or the whole of it. I write as much for my own amusement as any thing.

So few are the incidents in this place, that I am obliged to put in more about myself than I otherwise would. A less partial eye than yours however must never see it, that I strictly enjoin. We have some jokes, which if I could tell them would excite your risibles but will not have the effect coming from paper.

**Thursday May 28** Fair wind today going at the rate 7, 8 knot an hour. Looks bright. Not very well today. Finished the *Foresters*,<sup>4</sup> a flat thing enough. On deck part of the time. Walked after tea with Mr. A. talking about home. Our greatest desire is to see a sail bound home—walked I judged about as far as the sign of the Eagle. Then took my stand as is my regular custom at the Stern to think of home and all its pleasant associates.

Found on the shelf 2 books directed to Miss H. Low. Looked and looked again in hopes to find something, some word, for me but in vain I looked. Went to the cabin at 8, played whist till nearly 10, and then after a supper returned to my Sanctum Sanctorum.

**Friday 29** Rainy day dismal enough. In the cabin most of the day alternately sleeping and reading. After dinner was called on deck to

see a Dolphin which was playing round the vessel, a beautiful looking fish in the water about 3 ys [yds.] long. They did not succeed in catching him.

Take a lesson in the rigging of the vessel every day. I now know the head from the stern and likewise that it is a difficult matter, to cut the water with her Taffril [taffrail], which is more than I once did. That is not the extent of my knowledge however, but I shall keep it to myself. Think I am rather an apt scholar.

[Marginal note] very important certainly

I cannot write well, the vessel pitches about so. On deck after tea for a short time. Then went to the cabin. Mr. A. on the flageolet, this eve. Retired early, dreamed of home. I enjoy myself at night. I dream of some of you almost every night. Have had one severe attack of the pirates however which was not quite so pleasant—in my dreams—

**Saturday 30** A beautiful day, feel pretty well. Set on deck most of the forenoon, did a little sewing for the first time. Find it quite an amusement to work. In the cabin in the afternoon reading *High Life*,<sup>5</sup> find it very interesting. Walked decks. Eat and drink to fill up the time. Eve singing—

**Sunday 31** Arose this morning with a determination to spend the day in such a manner as it should be. At 1/2 past 9 we assembled in the cabin and Mr. Ammidon read to us a very good Sermon. We then employed ourselves as we thought best, till dinner time. At 3 o'clock Mr. A. read a couple more of Mr. Thatcher's<sup>6</sup> sermons. We then walked the decks. I stood at the Stern thinking of home and all associated with that sweet place till I wished that I was there, and not condemned in foreign climes to rove, but for a moment! I drive all such thoughts away—I never have repented of my resolution. If I could but drop one line and let you know how contented I am. It would relieve me much as I know I must occasion my Dear parents and friends many anxious thoughts.

Uncle and Aunt Low are as kind as they can possibly be. The weather has been much pleasanter than I had any idea it would be. The days begin to seem shorter than they did—a monotonous life enough,—eve in the cabin some singing.



[Marginal note] You can have no idea how tedious this first week was.

**Monday 1<sup>st</sup> June** Lat 34.30 A beautiful day again—not so much wind as we should like. My first questions in the morning are, How does she head, Captain?<sup>7</sup> and how fast are we going now? The afternoon spent in reading, wrote this morning for the first time. Intend now writing every day.

Walked deck after tea. Played whist in the eve till 10. A supper and turned in—

**Tuesday 2<sup>d</sup> June** Head wind for the last several days discouraging. You cannot conceive what a wretched thing it is to have a head wind at sea. Every one on board not so much fascinated with their mode of living as not to wish that they were at the end of their voyage. On the contrary impatient for their release from captivity. And to be going the very way we do not want to is distressing in the extreme. We have beautiful weather. And we are contented when we have a good stiff breeze from the right quarter but a head wind. It's worse than the tooth ache. It gives us all the blues. But my motto is

To be resigned when ills betide  
Patient when favours are denied  
And pleased with favours given.

[Nathaniel Cotton, *The Fireside*, Stanza 3]

But how far I act up to it remains for you to guess.

To day have spent chiefly in reading, but have determined on taking my work tomorrow. Oh Mary Ann you would hardly recognise your once industrious Sister Harriett if you were to see her now. I am confident I shall lose all my industrious habits on board this ship, but I as confidently hope I shall resume them again when I quit this floating habitation. But there is some excuse, and that arises from my not feeling perfectly well. In the morning I get up, and it is with great exertion that I move at all, my energy all seems to have left me—by the time I go to bed I feel as I used to at home. So day after day passes. But I am determined to have some method for the disposal of my time, or I shall never feel satisfied with myself.

This eve spent in the cabin very pleasantly—

**Wednesday 3<sup>d</sup> June** Head wind again. Mr. Ammidon prophesied something new to day but nothing new we have seen. The same round of faces, which are not very fascinating in their appearance I will assure you. However they are all orderly in their deportment and you hear no swearing, see no fighting or any thing of the kind. The greatest harmony prevails through out. The Captain first chop,<sup>8</sup> the officers excellent, the sailors all good, the Cook good, and sanc-tified enough in his appearance. Seems as though he thought it a sin to smile. The Stewart active and attentive. Uncle William kind. Aunt Low ditto. Mr. A. agreeable. Myself the same fascinating, engaging, enchanted, sweet tempered, obliging, passive creature that I ever was. And with all this so beautiful, to still have a head wind. The adage as “fickle as the wind” in now obsolete.

Spent part of the forenoon on deck, then went to my *Sanctum Sanctorum* for the purpose of combing my head, encouraging the hope that I should enlighten my ideas, and be able to add to my Journal. But in vain. I was obliged to defer it till the next day. After dinner as was my resolution took my work and was very industrious untill 5. I then took a novel called *Clarentine*,<sup>9</sup> read till after tea. Then I was summoned to the deck, as it was very pleasant. And it was per-fect, all but the head wind. I walked till I was tired. I then took my station leaning over the Taffril, thinking of home as is my usual custom. The new moon set in all its glory and seemed to shed a contemplative mood over the whole of us. I stood musing. Untill 9 o'clock as Aunt Low had gone below, thought it time to do likewise. Not however as I express it, untill I had seen the sun and moon drowned. A most beautiful sight to see the sun set at sea. I have not seen it rise yet. Head wind yet.

**Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> June** I awoke this morning and found the vessel was tacking about and was indulging the hope that we with a bright sun had a fair wind. But on asking as soon as I left my room, found the same incorrigible wind. As we were going too far to the east ward, & were not booked to Gibraltar, had Tacked ship and were going back to do the same days work over again—agreeable sound. Cheer-ing to drooping spirits. Oh who can tell the horrors of a head wind. But I think you will soon know, if I give you any more of it. But I certainly shall if it does not change by tomorrow. And do not know but I shall be inspired enough to pour forth in verse—but I think

rather a poor subject for poetry of all things. Eve we spent in the cabin, having some variety. As the wind died away to a calm—some encouragement that when it blows again it will be fair—

Saw some porpoises.

**Friday 5 June** A sail passed this morning before we were up. Very industrious, worked all the forenoon. After dinner took my book and set down to read, but had not been seated long before the Captain called, saying there was a sail in sight. I immediately run to the deck to see what I could see. Though with some slight fear, I was delighted to see it. I as soon run to the cabin and wrote a letter, fervently in hopes that she was bound towards our dear native land, but when she came near enough she hoisted a detestable Spanish flag. We spoke her, but there was no prospect there. Such a miserable looking set I never saw. She was bound to Spain. It was a disappointment as I wish so for you to hear from us, but I hope we shall see another soon. It made some sport for us however.

Finished *Clarentine*. Played whist this eve. It is almost impossible to read in the evening, the light flares so. You are obliged to have the wick long or it will go out and if you get near enough to see, it smoke in your face, which is not peculiarly pleasant. So there is precious little comfort in reading in the eve at sea.

**Saturday June 6<sup>th</sup>** Rainy to day—light airs. Captain got the blues. Nothing new. Commenced Aikin's *Elizabeth*.<sup>10</sup> Eve in the cabin. Drank to Sweethearts, and wives as usual, in a good mess of Punch—I, to mine. After a good stock of anecdotes retired.

**Sunday June 7<sup>th</sup>** A beautiful day but no wind. It really seemed like Sunday, everything seemed quiet—within and without. Passed the day I trust in a profitable manner—Mr. Ammidon read us Sermon as usual in our Cabin, one of Mr. Brazer's<sup>11</sup> and one of Mr. Greenwood's. The rest of the day was left at our own disposal. Just before tea Sail O was heard. We were all on deck in short time—a sound that makes us start like the cry of fire in Salem but which excites a great variety of feelings. A fear that it may be a pirate, though joy and hope predominate. A hope that she may be bound home, and a hope that she may have some of our friends in her. A desire to speak with her and a regret that we can not, as is generally the case. We watched her till dark—found she was bound to the

Westward but could not speak her—how aggravating. A most delightful eve. The moon as bright as day—and everything so still and quiet. It could not fail of producing corresponding feelings—we all sat musing. The evenings are quite long now. [Partly deleted: The sun is now so far to the North of us.] We retired about 10 after a little pleasant Chat.

Read Father's [Seth Low] letter today, hope I shall profit by his good advice.<sup>12</sup>

**Monday June 8<sup>th</sup>** Another pleasant day. We do not know yet what it is to have a storm—or any of the horrors of the sea. We feel just as safe as we do on the land. 2 Briggs in sight this morning. Bound the same way we are.

Spent the day in reading and working—I feel quite happy most of the time. I do not allow myself to think too much of home. I find it only makes me dull. And as it is of no avail I drive away unpleasant thoughts. It is true I think of home, and all the friends, the pleasures, and the many happy moments, which are never forgot, a great deal, and enjoy it. But all the unpleasant ones, the changes that may take place, the absence of time that must elapse before I revisit, with a thousand other things, I lay upon the shelf and like a philosopher say “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” [Matthew 6:34]

My [Her] March is on [o'er] the Mountain wave

My [Her] home is on the deep —

Campbell [Thomas Campbell, *Ye Mariners of England*, Stanza 3]

Saw a Ship to night about 5 oclock which proved to be the *Glide*,<sup>13</sup> which sailed 3 days before us. Did not speak her, as it was rather late. A tolerable pleasant eve.

**Tuesday June 9<sup>th</sup>** Head wind to day. The Captain looks blue. Lost his appetite. Mr. A. thinks it is tedious. Has an astonishing effect upon the spirits.

Read History all the morning. The sound of Sail O again after dinner. But it's of no use.

Mr. Johnson<sup>14</sup> mended my apron and Gown for me after dinner. Was at work on deck with his twine and Sail Needle. I asked him to mend, he readily assented, and it was done in less than a shake, and as you would imagine with double twine. The Gown, Sarah<sup>15</sup> made for me, ripped a little and Mr. Johnson mended it in Style. I prom-

ised to put him in my book. He is a droll creature makes a great deal of fun for us. A most splendid evening. Enjoyed myself much. The water was as calm and placid as it could be, the moon as bright. It was truly sentimental but I cannot say cheering, beautiful but did not satisfy—as we did not go more than 1 knot an hour.

But there's nothing lost on him who sees,  
With an eye that feeling gave,  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
A picture in every wave. [Thomas Moore, *Boat Glee*]

All seem to be in pretty good spirits but the Captain. He bears it pretty well.

**Wednesday June 10<sup>th</sup>** Wind tolerably fair—a beautiful day. Another Sail O to day. Begin to see them with less delight as they do not do us any good. Forenoon spent in reading. Worked and wrote. We have agreed to day to choose a committee to wait upon Mr. Ammidon and request him to deliver an Oration on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. Uncle W. [William Henry Low]<sup>16</sup> to write an ode for the occasion. Myself to read the “Declaration of Indepence,” and to conclude with a good dinner. Worked in the afternoon. After tea walked as usual—a most splendid eve. All I want is some of my nearest, dearest friends about me. Feel gloomy at times to think how long it will be, and to think what oceans roll between us.

Oh Star of Hope forever shed  
Thy cheering light around my head  
And let me hail thee from afar  
And claim thee as my guiding Star.

**Thursday June 11** Another beautiful day. Fair wind, but little of it. Studding Sails all set, which looks cheering. We have an awning spread all over the Quarter deck, which makes a beautiful seat. Generally take my Book and go up there as soon as breakfast is over. Saunter about awhile. See all that is to be seen. Hear the news of the day, find out how she heads. Take a look at the fowls and the pigs. Then to my book,—by the bye the pigs are a great amusement to us. They quarrel so. [Partly deleted: Mr. Johnson sometimes makes caps for them to keep them from biting.] You must know any little thing affords us amusement. O I would not be a sailor all my days for the wealth of the Indies. I would sooner live on potatoe skins and Egg



shells, provided I had one friend in the world. After dinner I take a nap—then my work, write, or a book as best suit my inclination. After tea I walk, talk and think—sometimes play whist, sometimes not. Sometimes we sing and sometimes not. Sometimes I think I will not write any more of this nonsense. Sometimes think I will—I think if I write any more now I shall melt, therefore I bid you Good Night.

**Friday 12** 6 o'clock Friday Eve. It happens to be Tuesday morn however. But no matter the occurrences have not been so numerous but that I can recollect them.

Well, Friday eve I went on deck. Walked, I should judge, as far as Buffum's Corner,<sup>17</sup> two or three times, had a very pleasant walk. In imagination went with two or three of my friends. About 8 returned home and had a game at Whist. The evenings now are quite long.

**Saturday 13** A beautiful day, stiff breeze, which is quite encouraging going along at the rate of 8 knot an hour—charming—

Went on deck after breakfast. After I had sky larked as much as was agreeable I set down and finished the history of Queen Elizabeth—found it very interesting, though there are many things in her reign that I do not like exactly.

Did what work I had to do, then commenced Anna Boleyn's History.<sup>18</sup>

Eve on deck. A most delightful eve. Felt rather gloomy however. Too pleasant an eve, to be so far away from all society. I long for a pleasant walk. Drank to Absent friends, Sweethearts and wives, and every body we could think of, and were quite merry the latter part of the eve. If we could only have the consolation to know that you were thinking of us at the same time. But no, while you are perhaps drinking your tea it is 8 o'clock with us.

**Sunday 14** Sea Sick to day. A heavy sea. But we are going along finely—shall make 2 or three degrees. Have got into the trades [trade winds]. Delightful weather have not had a squall worth speaking of since we have been out. Know nothing of the horrors yet. We are remarkably favored, a good providence watches over me whether on the sea or the land. I feel as safe as ever I did on the shore, though we feel our dependence on him more. It affords fine opportunities for reflection and I sincerely hope that I shall profit by them. We

assembled in the Cabin as usual heard 2 excellent Sermons of Mr. Buckminster's.<sup>19</sup> Wished this morning that I could take my old seat in Church.<sup>20</sup> What a treat it would be. I should not lose a word, I do not think, even if Dr. Prince<sup>21</sup> preached.

3 weeks to day since we left home. We imagined you all saying this morning, I wonder where they are. On deck part of the eve. Turned in early, as I felt pretty sick.

**Monday 15** Tolerably well this morning—in Latitude 16°25'. I bet with the Captain and Mr. A. this morning that we should be in 16°30', the Captain 16°49', Mr. A. 16°40'. I won, [partly deleted: as you will perceive] "more by hit than any good wit," I acknowledge. I have been engaged in reading the History of Anna Boleyn—have not felt like leaving it a moment. Very interesting. But I got so enraged with Henry 8th, I wanted to chop his head off—a merciless wretch. That ever any one would be such a fool as to marry a king. I dreamed that I was to be crowned Queen of England of all things in this world! Never should I deign to think of it in my waking hours: hardly tolerate it in my sleeping moments. Of all situations I think it the least enviable. Eve spent very pleasantly on deck. We then went below drank to Absent Friends sung a little, then turned in. Had a fine serenade to night.

**Tuesday 16** Fine wind, cheering; feel as bright as a lark. We live as comfortably on board a ship as I should wish. All that is wanting is one near friend who can partake with you of all your feelings. The heart will at times feel alone. Though you may live comfortably, peaceably, and happily, still there is a feeling of loneliness within, an inde-scribable something, that will not be satisfied. You will perhaps say, silly creature, to put such an idea in a journal. But this is not what can be called a regular journal I think, and I did not mean it should be. For I am sure to sit down and write you an account of the weather and a history of what happens of board a ship would be drier than this is, which is needless. If that is what you wish you can send to the Captain, he will send you his Log Book. But remember, this is written for you and me—that when I feel like it I can sit down and open my heart. An then again I am afraid to write any thing of consequence, thinking that it may be left to the mercy of the rude elements, and may be exposed to the satire of an uninterested person. Sorry should I be to know that a journal kept for a beloved and partial Sister should

ever be in such a situation or be seen with less partial eyes than hers. Commenced Chalmer's History of *Mary Queen of Scots*.<sup>22</sup>

Afternoon begun to work on my Lace Cape by way of variety—eve pleasant.

**Wednesday 17** Light airs to day, though pleasant. Walked a little this morning. Read and worked as usual during the day. Begin to be quite an industrious young Lady.

After tea took a long walk with the Captain we thought as far as the Danvers Meeting house—a delightful evening again. This is the time when we want that friend. However we all get together and talk of home the pleasantest theme to us all. Cockroches are the only things that have troubled us since we have been out. However those have not much as yet. Those kept Aunt Low fighting one night, very much to the annoyance of her husband.

**Thursday 18** A day big with events. Do not be alarmed! After breakfast Mr. A. called Albicore [albacore] Ahoy. I run up. There were 3 or 4 fish along side. Look very pretty in the water. About 1 yd. and 1/4 long the largest of them. Johnson got his harpoon all ready, and we all stood waiting with patience, but after staying an hour we gave up the chase and caught nothing. ✓

About 11 o'clock I was sitting below. I heard some on deck say the Sea Serpent. Not many minutes after Uncle W. called for a Tumbler. I then imagined it must be but a small serpent if a Tumbler would hold it. Said he would show me in a moment. He came back with one of the most singular looking things you imagine. His body was about 2 inches Long of rather a dark blue colour on the back. The underside was milk white. None on board had ever seen such a creature before. He had an immense number of feelers. His feelings appeared very tender. The least touch would make him spring or turn over. We put him in Brine, which drew him all up in a bunch so that you can not see his beauty now as he looks like a spider.

[There is a sketch in the margin of an animal resembling a worm with hairy wings. Harriett then deletes: "that in the margin is nothing like him"]

About 2 o'clock we had a most delightful shower. I went on deck took the place of third mate—commanded accordingly. About 5 saw

a sail. They tried to make me think it was a pirate—did not succeed however. They felt a little suspicious themselves I believe, as she hoisted her Topsails both at once which is not very common for any but a man of war. They say now though I did not know it, she cut some queer pranks, but kept her distance. She has not injured us. Do not wish to see any more sails at present, as there is no chance of our sending home by them. Thus you see we have had some variety. I have read the remainder of the time. This will do for to day.

**Friday 19** Calm weather, rainy, cheerless. However the time seems to go rapidly, we get engaged in reading or working. We seem to pass our time pleasantly. The Captain is sick which takes one from our party, and that we cannot spare. We get along slowly enough. Very warm weather.

**Saturday 20** O Dear, Have not made 1 degree to day. Calm, hot, rainy, comfortless weather. We are now in 7 degrees N. Lat. They say it will be the worst part of the time, now we have lost the N.E. Trades. Shall not meet the others till we get into 3 or 4—and when that will be I cannot tell, if we go on at this rate. A little Squally last night. Read and worked to day, never feel so much at home as when I am at work. Eve on deck untill it commenced raining and Lightning. We then retired to the cabin to talk think and drink to those dear friends who are far awa'. We then turned in to pass a hot sleepless night.

**Sunday 21** An exquisite Head wind to day. So you see we have all the varieties but I will not complain. We are as patient and thankful for the many comforts we do have, many very many more than I ever thought we could have on board a ship. I only want to give you a little touch of the whole. 4 weeks to day since we left all our dear friends, 1/4 of the time that we shall probably [be] on the water. The other 3 months will pass rapidly away. It really seems like Sunday even at Sea to me. I went on deck after breakfast. There all seemed still and quiet. The Jack's were all dressed clean, sitting with their books, forward. Every thing on deck nice. The heavens above and the waters below were alike serene. I stayed on deck an hour, then went below combed my hair and dressed in my black silk, and felt like a Lady, which is not the case except Sundays. At 10 we had our Sermon, one or two of Mr. Robinson's, an Englishman, (Not Pa

Nathan,<sup>23</sup> an association of ideas)—which were very good. After sermons read Abbott's [Abiel Abbot Low]<sup>24</sup> letter. It is really very pleasant to have those letters. Only when I have one I want to open all the others but I command all my self denial on the occasion. Have not yet transgressed. Only wish that I could sit down and answer them. I have so many things I want to say to you all. I long for the time to come when I can sit down and write with a prospect of sending them. It grieves me to think how many anxious thoughts I shall occasion the best of parents—but I comfort myself with the thoughts that you will not have time to think of me. Oh if I could get hold of that little Ellen [Ellen Low]<sup>25</sup> I should not spare her I believe. Rained hard all the afternoon. Have read and improved my time to day. Wished however that I could take my old seat in church.

**Monday 22** Squally to day. Do not get along at all. We head one way and the current carries us another. It seems as though we should never get across the line [equator]. Been reading Chalmer's *Mary*, all day. Not very well. In the afternoon a sail was seen, rather a suspicious looking character. The Captain concluded she must be a man of war. However she did not trouble us. Far different are our feelings now when we hear a Sail O. In me they excite no feeling but fear. Yes I cannot say but there is a faint Hope accompanies it, that she may be bound home, but so slight is the chance I do not dare encourage it. But we are now in the Latitude where we shall be likely to see pirates, if any where, and I do not wish to see a sail. Eve whist.

**Tuesday 23** Rainy, squally warm, pitching, jumping, Tacking, Tumbling, etc. etc. Head wind opposing current, and the like agreeables. The Captain says he never saw such weather in these Latitudes before, generally being calm, but now we have a heavy sea. Find it rather difficult to keep Bean soup in its place. One cautioning another not to spill on him, knives falling, chairs upsetting. "Never have seen a complete turn over yet," since on board a ship (recollect a certain old fashioned chair). I was to day though sent from one side of the cabin to the other, chair and all, when they were Tacking ship. It makes some fun for us. When you get up there is no knowing where you will fetch. Fear we shall not get to the line in 35 days. O dear, what a "stale flat and unprofitable thing" this journal will be. What can I do? Why this. Put it up. Good Night.



**Wednesday 24** I must write a little to day, if it is nothing but nonsense. The weather had been squally with a head wind. Seems as though we never should get to the line. However we are all in good spirits, have considerable fun. I have assumed a good many different characters to day. I suppose Father would think I was rather antic, but I behave very well. [deleted: one character was a . . . ] Commenced Scott's *Life of Napoleon*<sup>26</sup> to day.

**Thursday 25** Spent the morning in reading. Weather pleasant, delightful head wind. About 3 o'clock a sail in sight. Came near enough to see her colours, which were Dutch. Could not help wishing there were no ships but American, then we should be sure of seeing something from Home. She is standing the same way we are—a beautiful sight.

**Friday 26** Pleasant day, good breeze. Going along finely.

I fondly trust an air as soft,  
Is breathing health around my Home.

I imagine you now my Dear Sister hurrying and driving for the great emigration. O if I could only know when you were going.<sup>27</sup> I long to imagine you there comfortably settled, again a united and happy family. These separations are not pleasant—but fate decrees and I submit. If it was not for Hope how should we get along—

But thousand fears what time may do  
Still keep the restless pulses aching

Have been reading Bonaparte all day. On deck after tea stayed part of the eve. Then we had a game at whist. The evenings are monstrous long now, sun sets at six. And there is no twilight.

**Saturday 27** Lat 1.57. Old Neptune will soon visit us. We are almost on top of the world. A beautiful day again. Another week has passed rapidly away. Time flies swifter at sea than at shore. You will say it must go pleasantly. True, but I account for it in this way—that the time is passed in so monotonous a style. That is, we regularly rise at 1/2 7 and then spend chief of the time in reading—without bringing much work to pass so that when the week closes we have no evidence that it has been. It is marked by no events—and I should not know the days of the week were it not for our dinners. Methinks

I hear you say a novel way for noting time. But every Tuesday and Friday we have Bean Soup which I depend upon, and anticipate them from one to the other. It tastes more like what I eat at home than any thing else we have, though every thing is cooked in the best manner. Yet there is that relish wanting that you never can get any where but at Home.

**Sunday 28** A delightful morning. Neptune had treated us handsomely ever since we have been in his dominions. To day at one o'clock we crossed the line. Being Sunday he did not come on board.<sup>28</sup> We however treated the Sailors. Just 35 days to day since we left America. I this morning felt somewhat homesick. This afternoon have been reading Mrs. Judson's Life;<sup>29</sup> it is astonishing how much she suffered and lived through. But she was firm in the faith and is now enjoying her reward. How grateful ought I to be that I have so far been preserved from the dangers with which I am constantly surrounded. I pray that I may be grateful for the many blessings I enjoy and that I may daily learn to put my trust in that being who is continually watching over me. I hope that I shall not always live a useless life, but by a good example (if nothing more) I may do something for him who had done so much for me. We are now in South Latitude, shall be now making our way fast towards the Cape.

**Monday 29 June** 2° S Latitude A pleasant day, good breeze. Read Scott's *Napoleon* part of the day, some in *Childe Harold*,<sup>30</sup> and worked from 4 till 6 as is my usual custom. I enjoy that time that I work very much, I can then sit and enjoy my thoughts. It is a great amusement. The days are now short. Great demand for time, with Aunt Low [Abigail Knapp Low]<sup>31</sup> and I, as in former days—when I first come away my greatest trouble was how to get rid of it. I used to sleep as much as possible, but now I find constant employment by far the most pleasant as well must profitable, never so happy as then. I wish I was near, that I could just ask you all, Abbot and Haskelle [Seth Haskell Low]<sup>32</sup> in particular, to read Scott's *Napoleon*. It is very interesting, gives you a concise history of France at that time. I cannot write, the vessel pitches so, as you will judge by the writing.

**Tuesday 30** Another pleasant day, spent as usual. O what a task to find anything to write in a journal. I however write just what pops into my head. Mr. A. advises me to write my dreams, which are gen-

erally very interesting, as you probably recollect. Methinks I hear Mother say, I hope she does not tell all her silly dreams. No, Mother, I do not, only once in a while when they are very witty.

Mr. Johnson caught 2 Bonetas [bonitos] to day. A shark passed the ship to day, about 9 feet long. I did not see it. It passed so quick could not get on deck [in] time enough.

**Wednesday 1<sup>st</sup> July** 1 month gone—1/4 of our allotted time to be on the water. O I wish it was 3/4. Squally to night. Been dancing about on the great waters merrily. Pleasant mornings, squally during the day. Not an idea for to day.

**Thursday 2** Spent the day in reading Lord Byron, Scott's *Nap*. Worked a little and filled up the time as usual. Am now very industrious. Not very well today. The vessel pitches terribly— a very unpleasant motion. Took a dose of Calomel and Jollop [jalap]. Of course can not have any thing to say to day.

**Friday 3** Continues Squally. Do not feel bright. However it is Bean day, a sort of bye word in these parts. Mr. Johnson took out a tooth for Nancy<sup>33</sup> to day. Thanks to those who persevered in my having my teeth extracted. I should have suffered enough, I have no doubt, if I had not have had them out. She did for 3 days and nights.

**Saturday 4** I suppose to day you are roused by the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, etc.—and perhaps will be hearing an elegant oration—from one of our most promising young men. I should like to know who is spouting forth to day. (I imagine you still in Salem) while I, though in thought free as air, yet confined to one little spot, though constantly changing my place of abode, to all appearance the same, though we go 3° a day. What a tremendous puddle this is. [Deleted: partly paradoxical, or at least it might be made so.] Read Sarah Allen's<sup>34</sup> letter to day. I thought she must be at my side, a queer creature. I should like to see her. I wanted to sit right down and answer it. I should now like to look into Mrs. Ward's shop. I wonder what phrases are current there now.

Mr. A. read to day H. Prince's Jackson Oration, for want of a better, ode by Mr. Crosby, and so forth. "See bills, for further information." Opened Sarah's letter precisely at 10 but it was about 7 at home. She had probably just turned out. A delightful day. Beautiful moon now [fourth day of the new moon], but even that we do not

look upon at the same time. We set on the Sofa on deck thinking where we were last 4th of July.

**Sunday 5** “Another six days work is done. Another Sabbath has begun.” 6 weeks this morning since I left my home. O dear. Well, I must be thankful for all the blessing I receive, and keep on hoping that we shall again be united. A few short years passed away, and I trust we shall. It is all for the best.

I wonder who preaches for us to day. I shall hear one of Mr. Upham’s<sup>35</sup> and one of Mr. Colman’s,<sup>36</sup> good sermons. Have not written in my journal before for a week the vessel has been pitching about so. Have had all that to write this morning—being pretty still.

Sunday eve. Have spent the day below reading. This eve spent on deck. Got a little of the blues. Sunday eve seems to be favorable for them. Long still eve—a beautiful moon now. Have thought much of home.

**Monday 6** Pleasant day. Rather squally during the night. Spent the day in reading Scott’s *Napoleon*. The more I read of him the more I dislike him. He is the most selfish mortal that ever lived—of the most unbounded ambition, with the attending evils.

**Tuesday 7** A perfect day. Feel rather dumpish to day. Did not turn in till 12 o’clock. Have just taken a walk and now am going to read some more of that rascal Napoleon.

Have been looking over those old Albums of mine. In one I found a few lines from you, my Dear Sister. I was perfectly delighted. Hurried it over, but could not be satisfied that there was not more in another place. I searched, but in vain. Why did you not write more? I went back and read those few lines over and over again. Nothing happened to day. We have the most delightful weather now—just cool enough for comfort. Have not suffered any thing from heat since we came out yet. Has been but two or three days that we have been at all uncomfortable. I generally go on deck about sunset, to see the most splendid sight, which is now at 1/2 past 5. I want you to see such a sight, it would do you good—the most beautiful colours and figures that you can imagine. I watch them till they are gone from us, and think that the sun is then shining on you with noon day splendour. It quits us and we enjoy the mild radiance of the moon 4 hours before you now. Eve delightful.

Few watch the fading gleam of day,  
 But muse on hopes as quickly flown;  
 First, after tint, they die away  
 Till all at last are gone.

**Wednesday 8** S Lat 23°50 Another most beautiful sight this morning—that was a rainbow. It was very brilliant. Has been a delightful day, and eve far too pleasant to be at sea. I should like to be travelling in my own dear country now. I can not help sighing for my home now and then. Took a long walk with Mr. Ammidon. We all enjoy ourselves as much as it is possible, considering the circumstances. Uncle and Aunt are as happy as they can be. They have all that they wish for, but with all the rest of us, the heart, the heart is lonely still. Something wanting. We have every comfort and live as easy as possible. Spent the day in reading and working as usual. What a comfort it would be to sit down and write a dozen letters and know that you would get them in the course of a week or a month. The moon shining silvery bright. Had quite a frolic this eve.

**Thursday 9** Lat 26°50 A pleasant day. Are now going to the eastward fast. Now we must begin to look out for the storms. Growing cold. Imagine your Sister doubling the Cape. I am sure I forget what happened then. It happens to be Sunday now I am writing. However, say nothing of consequence. O that I could see you. I should find something to say I know.

**10 Friday** Lat 28°11' Occasional Squalls. A splendid rainbow to day—a most perfect sunset—a beautiful evening—and a squally night. They do not however trouble me. I have pleasant dreams and sweet repose.

**11 Saturday** Lat 29°30 Squally to day—not able to be on deck on account of the rain till just at night. Rather a gloomy day. The sun sets at 5 o'clock; makes the evenings very long. Saturday night again.

**Sunday 12** Here is again the weekly versary of our leaving home. It is never forgotten by me and I trust not by you. I was almost tempted to imagine you in New York to day, all so happy together but I will allow you this week. And then I shall imagine my Dear parents, Brothers and Sisters and one other near and dear one [her sister's fiancé George B. Archer] again united and happy. Would that I could



look in. How I should enjoy that sight, even if every child should raise its most discordant sounds.

[Partly deleted: Have not been on deck to day] Has rained pouring all day. Have been reading in our cabin. They accused me at dinner time of having the blues. I must confess my thoughts have often been across the stormy deep, to the peaceful land of America. Can it be wondered at my Dear Sister? Do not think me unhappy—far from it. I suppose you are now going to meeting. It is nearly dark with us. Eve spent in our cabin.

**Monday 13** Tolerably pleasant, though we are now in cold weather. We are glad enough of woollen stockings, and shut up the cabin.

**Tuesday 14** A great many Cape Pigeons and Albatross round the ship to day, they have caught a number. Some of them measure 3 feet when the wings are extended, the Albatross sometimes 15 to 20. It is almost a calm to day, so that they could catch them out of the Cabin windows. It is rather dreary weather I'll assure you. Cannot get exercise enough.

**Wednesday 15** Today, a bright sun, strong wind. Going under single reefed Topsails for the first time. Yes, Neptune is angry to day, the first time he has shown us his temper. Has given us a great lashing. [Deleted sentence which mentions Philip Ammidon turned 24 that day] It is a beautiful sight, or rather grand. Yesterday the water was calm, and placid, looked like a sea of glass. To day, tossing its white topped waves in grandeur. The vessel looked like a skeleton—so many sails in. Saw a whale spouting to day at a distance. Spent the day in reading. Could not work she danced so. Find sport to day at dinner time. Wish I was skilled in making caricatures; we have some fine scenes for them. Spent the eve in the cabin playing cards. Our evenings are now 4 hours long, beginning at 5 and ending at 9.

[Marginal note, written at Macao, November 3] A grand sight indeed. Almost makes me tremble when I think how we were tossed about on those great waves in that mighty deep. A glorious sight. Every one ought to go to sea, for they know nothing of the glories of creation untill they do.

**Thursday 16** Stiff breezes all night, could not sleep. Moderated some to day. A most glorious rainbow this morning.

Night before last, the Capt. saw a bow made by the reflection of the moon; it rained [and] it was of the pale light of the moon. I think the moon must have borrowed an uncommon share of light, to have lavished it in that way, though the Captain says he has frequently seen them. I have charged him to call me if he sees another, as I feel desirous to see all that is to be seen.

**Friday 17** Neptune is now calmed down. Should like to rouse him again, we do not get along fast enough. A perfect sunset to night.

**Saturday 18** Tolerably pleasant to day. Not wind enough. Shall not get round the Cape in 60 days. Feel almost sick to day. It is too, too long to be at sea. However we all keep up our spirits pretty well.

**Sunday 19** 57 days to day since we sailed. I hope 1/2 the time. This morning about 5 o'clock I was roused by the cry of Sail O through the trumpet. I awoke. They said there was a ship along side. I put my cloak on and up I run. It startled me. It seemed so odd to see any thing but sky and water. We hailed her; she was a Spaniard. We never shall see a Yankee. She is bound to Manilla—will probably keep us company. A beautiful sight to see a ship full rigged by the moonlight. Aunt Low would not get up, and they endeavored to persuade me that Mr. A. was hoaxing me, but I crept up the companionway and asked the man at the helm before I ventured to show myself. We frequently play jokes upon each other for amusement. We left the ship astern in a short time.

To day I imagine you in Brookline [Brooklyn, N.Y.]. On Wednesday last (I think) was a great emigration. What a time—I long to get the whole history. I imagine you every night writing that journal for me. Today I opened George's letter [George B. Archer]. I thought I would indulge myself, though the day I was supposed to open it was the 20th. Every letter I read makes me wish to be there it calls to mind so many pleasures. Home never is [deleted: enjoyed] rightly estimated till we see it at a distance. Absence [deleted: covers] loads it with charms that it in reality possesses. But I can say with Bishop Heber [Reginald Heber]<sup>37</sup> that as I did not leave that home and its blessing without counting the cost, I trust in God I shall not regret it. This day has been spent as usual. Another week has elapsed and we have been preserved, and every day see more of the wonders, and powers, of God.

**Monday 20** Lat 37.4 East Long. 1 Fine breeze, but quite cold, we are now so near the Cape. The wind is on her quarter and she goes along as smoothly; below I should hardly know we were on the water, it is so still. I am now going on a different plan with my journal. I intend to write every day and put some ideas or extracts of what I have been reading in the course of the day. It will be an advantage to me, as it will serve to impress it upon my mind. I have been reading Scott's life [of Napoleon], have finished it to day. Have somewhat moderated my rage in regard to Napoleon, but still think him (as he was) a man of the most inordinate ambition and selfish in the extreme. That all he did was for his own glory, not out of any regard for France or her good. But I think he had many good traits, his heart was not hard. But I now find in hunting for his virtues (I am pulling up vices) he had but few virtues. I however will let my judgment rest. This is evident; he had been the cause of many a tear, has made many widows and orphans. He was probably sent into the world for some wise purpose. He certainly had great military talents—I cannot get over his divorcing his amiable wife Josephine—he was however brought to know that he was a mortal man.

**Tuesday 21** S Lat 37°50 Long E 10°47 Cold and cloudy to day, fine breeze. Going at the rate of 6 1/2 and 7 knots all day. A most glorious sunset to night. O that you were only here to see it too. How much I should enjoy it if I only had some one who could enter into all my feelings. "Whose thoughts free current with mine could blend." A perfect eve, the Stars are very brilliant. Venus looked most splendidly. And the horizon was so clear you could see it till it seemed to dip the water, uncommon in these latitudes. Have been reading the *Quarterly Review*. An account of Bishop Heber or rather a review of his *India*. Very interesting. I could not help regretting that such a good and able man should be so suddenly taken away, in the midst of his labours. I should think Calcutta & Benares must be pleasant places to live in, particularly in the winter season. But the superstition of the Hindoos is beyond all account. I suspect it will be many years before the Christian religion, with all its strength, will have any effect upon that bigoted and degraded race. You must read it to know the beauties of the work.

**Wednesday 22** A perfect day. We are remarkably blessed in respect to the weather. In these latitudes we expected rough weather, but we have

had but one day yet when it has been so rough as to make it uncomfortable. O Mary Ann if I could describe to you the beauty of the sunset to night! I never saw anything half so splendid before. Bishop Heber gives an account of one that I should think might be similar—but my imagination cannot picture it to you. I have thought two or three times before I had seen a glorious sunset, but never did I before. It was worth the whole voyage. I thought how my Dear Father would have enjoyed it, and indeed all of you—one colour in particular, and that was a beautiful green. The atmosphere was remarkably clear. We cannot expect such weather long. I want you to read Bishop Heber's *India*. Read a little to day in the review [QR]. Have been at work it was so pleasant.

**Thursday 23** Another delightful day. Studding sails set, a certain sign of a fair wind, have been this day or two past. I never have given you so many sea phrases, but do not think I am ignorant. But it takes so much longer to write them than it does to speak them (they are abbreviated so much in speaking) that I cannot have patience. For instance Fore, top, gallant, Studding Sail is Fore To Gan Stun Sail. A great many Cape Pigeons and Albitross round the Ship to day. Afternoon cloudy; eve rained hard and strong breezes. Wind right aft, and rolled about merrily. Every thing in motion; chairs upsetting, crockery smashing. You could not hear yourself speak, there was so much noise. Had some thoughts of taking a bolt of Duck for a bed fellow, to keep me from rolling. However concluded that a bamboo pillow would be best. Have been reading the *Quarterly Review* an account of the discoveries of the North west Coast of N. America. Found it quite interesting.<sup>38</sup> Eve reading *English Fashionables Abroad*<sup>39</sup> and a game at Piquet with Mr. A.

**Friday 24** Calm this morning, after rolling and tossing all night. Shall probably double the Cape of Good Hope to day. Light airs and cloudy. I have got the blues to day, cannot write, I'll wait till tomorrow—

**Saturday 25** Light airs this morning. Have seen 3 whales to day. Came very near, had a fine view of them. Could not help thinking what grand sport it would have been for a whale man. So calm. "Have I not seen great Whales?"—Yea and waves too—

Becalmed this afternoon, the water looks like a sea of glass. I never have seen it so smooth before—but dreary enough, it is cloudy.

And this eve you could hardly tell the sky from the water. However we have amused ourselves with one thing and another, upon the whole have passed a very pleasant day. Take us all in all we are a very pleasant set, when we have a mind to be—with plenty of good things to eat and drink, plenty of books and work. We all of us have our dull moments. Have been reading, working, part of the day; the rest sky larking.

**Sunday 26** Longitude 19°11 8 o'clock. Roused again this morning by the cry of Sail O, about 6 bells, that is, 7 o'clock. It is an English Ship [*Roxbury Castle*].

4 o'clock PM. Now for the journal! An event. I went on deck after writing this, and found the ship was making for us. About 11 o'clock she came along side and to our joy we saw a little world. It was a large English ship, filled with passengers. We saw about a dozen ladies and a great number of gentlemen, babies, servants, etc.—it looking like a moving world. And you can imagine the pleasure it must have given us to have seen so many human beings and so much life on the water. We carried on a little conversation by the means of trumpets. The Captain agreed to stay by us till 12 o'clock to give us the Longitude, ours differing some from his as it had been some days since we have had a Lunar. He lowered his boat soon after and sent 4 of his youths on board the *Sumatra*, 3 of the passengers and the mate, the latter the only decent one among them. The other three were dressed as fantastically as you [deleted: must] can imagine. They appeared to think we looked on them with admiration, but I'll assure you they have been the subjects of many a joke. They and we however were very civil, and after taking a glass of wine and begging a pack of cards, inviting us to dine, offering any thing they had on board, asking and answering questions, they bid us good morning. I must describe their looks a little because we do not have such a chance very often. The first then that jumped on board was a long, lean looking chap, supporting a huge pair of mustachios and whiskers, on a pale and sickly phiz [physiognomy]. He for an Englishman was very cordial, but we accounted for it by his being a Mason. He wore a drab coloured pair of pants, blue coat, etc. Last but not least was his cap. It was made of leather with a strap coming down and buckling under the lip, which gave him a singular appearance. We have had many conjectures about that strap. He endeav-



ored to look interesting, but Uncle W. thought by the looks of his fingers he must be a tailor.

The second was fair to middling. His dress consisted of light pants, a blue frock coat embroidered from top to toe with cord, a military undress, and to crown all a scarlet cap. I cannot give you any idea of that—it is beyond description. But the colour was bright scarlet, drawn on one side and looked singularly I'll assure you. He was cultivating a pair of mustachios but as yet they were in infancy. He likewise endeavored to leave an agreeable impression. The third was dressed in common style but was a great buck. Indeed they all were. We conclude they are military characters, going out to join their regiment, as the vessel was bound to Madras, and Calcutta. They were however very polite and after mutual good wishes we separated, the *Roxbury Castle* moving on before us, much to the chagrin of Captain R. There is so much pride felt in beating another vessel. They left us to our reflections. I could not help thinking how differently we should have felt if it had have been an American. We should have been so delighted to have seen any one from our dear country. I was astonished to find that I possessed so much more love for my countrymen than any other people. To be sure, it is most natural that we should, but I always thought I could greet a strange Englishman with as much cordiality as I should a strange American. But now I know to the contrary. To be sure the prejudices we have towards Englishmen in particular influence our feelings in a measure. The cold haughty manner of the English is proverbial you know. I however will say no more upon the subject. I do not like the sarpernts. However we are much indebted to them for this day's amusement and many a standing joke. A severe headache follows so much excitement and exertion. By the bye, I have said nothing about the ladies. There were some very interesting looking girls. I should like to have gone on board their vessel. They were dressed very handsomely and looked very genteel. We think they must have confusion enough at times, judging by our own where there is only 6 or 8. There was 32 passengers there besides servants and those that belonged to the ship. With babies squalling and one thing rolling, another smashing, altogether they must have confusion most confounded. It has been a beautiful day, but has not seemed much like Sunday. I tried to read this afternoon, but could not compose my aching head nor settle my mind enough to pay much attention. I

know you will make sufficient allowance. Recollect our peculiar situation [deleted: and you cannot help excusing us]. 9 weeks since we have seen any thing like life. I think I have given you as much as you will want for this day. Make much of it. Such an event does not happen every day off the Cape of Good Hope.

[Marginal note] I have again altered my opinion of the English. How often we make mistakes from ignorance. All the English that I have seen are quite as cordial in their manners and even more so than the Americans.

**Monday 27** Fine breeze to day. The ship in sight all day. We keep up with her tolerably well, considering what a great tub of a thing we are in. Have seen several Whales to day. Have done nothing but read to day, pitching about on the great waters.

**Tuesday 28** Cannot see the ship to day. Fine wind, going at the rate of 7 and 8 knots an hour. Cloudy and cold. Now we have passed the Cape we are looking forward to St. Paulo [Island] and Java head, calculating how long we shall be. Now we shall have the most boisterous part of the passage. Got into my birth, alias troth [trough], and read over old letters, for the lack of any thing new. It is not the first time they have been pored over, nor will it be the last. O I long for the time when I shall have a fresh supply.

**Wednesday 29** Strong wind to day, dashing the sea about merrily. If you want a good idea of the confusion, the troubles, the fun, of a dinner when the vessel is rolling, read Silliman's account of his voyage to England.<sup>40</sup> He describes it very well. Some grand scenes for caricatures. O that I had a talent for description. Reading to day; do not feel like work.

**Thursday 30** Another boisterous day, the wind on her larboard quarter. I must give you a little idea of the actions we have had to day. The sea has been poring in upon us, down through our skylight, and such tossing and tumbling as I never knew before this afternoon. Mr. Johnson called Sail O, and I put on my bonnet, fearing nothing, and with Uncle, Mr. A. and the Capt. went to the deck, straining my eyes in vain to see the sail, when I happened to turn round (we were all standing on the lee side of the vessel) and there was coming over the weather quarter a torrent of water. It was as high as the Mizzen

top, and rushed down upon us with all violence and I thought for a moment I was drowned, but soon found to the contrary. But had a fine ducking I'll assure you. The rest were in the same predicament. Mr. A. lost another cap, very much to his sorrow. We were obliged to make our way to our staterooms and astonish ourselves with a change of dress. Black hats are now the tip of the mode. I did not trust myself on deck again that day. I cannot keep the skin on my elbows—am continually bruising myself. No exercise to be had if I go on deck. There I have to be tied in one spot and am in constant danger of getting wet. However we get along fast.

**Friday 31** Cold, gloomy, squally, uncomfortable weather. Passed a sleepless night. Shipping seas continually. A sail in sight; hoisted her colours. Find it is the *Roxbury Castle*. Shall not speak her to night. She is now at the windward of us. The Captain will feel proud enough if we get up with her.

**Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> August** We have passed the ship, though we can see her hull plainly. Capt. R. is now happy. We trimmed ship and sail much better than we did. Fine wind, going at the rate of 10 knot at night. The ship at dark came up with us a little. However we have beat her. Should like to speak her again.

**Sunday 2** Fine wind. When I went into the cabin to day it looked gloomy enough. The dead lights [extra shutters over cabin windows] were in and look like a tomb. The first time we have had them in the day time. Pitching and tumbling about merrily to day. Feel sick, owing to the motion, I suppose. However going along finely. We spend most of such days as these in our births, take our books and there stay. Somewhat squally to day. Ship not in sight.

**Monday 3** Continues fine breezes. Wind right aft. After dinner I went on deck and the face of the ocean exhibited a new scene altogether.

I ne'er shall forget the wonder the awe the delight that stole  
o'er me,  
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me.

The wind had raised a great sea. I never before have realized those "mountain waves" such as you know we have frequently heard of. It is really a grand sight, to see on each side of you mountains of water. But it seems as though each wave must come over us. I thought I

could imagine then how the Israelites felt when they were passing through the Red Sea. However I did not feel at all alarmed, as I expected too. But one thing makes me hop again. That is when she ships a sea or strikes one with her bow, it seems as though we were striking a rock and must go down, for a moment, and then the water splashes across the deck. To day there was a whale at a little distance, 50 feet long, jumped out of the water; his whole body, 30 feet in the air as near as we could judge. What monstrous strength they must have, to lift such a body so high. It was really a grand sight. I went below quite delighted with what I had seen. Dead lights still in.

**Tuesday 4** A beautiful day, hardly breeze enough. It seems like summer to day. The first time we have been able to walk for more than a week. Can get but very little exercise on board a ship. I long to get on Terra firma again. Made out to get a lunar [observation] to day. We are now in Longitude 59°15'. We get along pretty well. 72 days since we have seen land. But we have had most delightful weather most of the time. I cannot yet tell you what a storm at sea is. I may possibly be better able to imagine it but from experience I can say nothing. & My Dear Sister if you did but know it; it is a very rare thing to go round the Cape of Good Hope in the winter season and have such beautiful weather. We certainly ought to be very grateful. Had a long walk with the Captain after tea, talking about home and all its dear ones. I believe I should have exhausted his patience if excessive fatigue had not driven me to the Cabin. Indeed I do not know but I did.

**Wednesday 5** Another pleasant day, good breeze. Been reading and working all day.

**Thursday 6** Somewhat rainy to day, good breeze again. Dream about you all every night, which is very pleasant.

**Friday 7** Seems like April weather in America now, sunny and rainy. I suppose you are now melting (as it were), while we are wearing cloaks and mandarins. I went into the cook's office the other night. The fire was too pleasant to leave. It reminded me of our fireside at home, not from any similarity in the construction of the room, but the warming effects it produced. Excuse me for the comparison, but there has many a good thing come out of the Galley I'll assure you. And you would not guess it if you were to see the cook. He is cer-

tainly one of the most forbidding looking creatures, but understands his business.

**Saturday 8** Continues good breezes, but cloudy. The Capt. thought he saw a reef of rocks to day, astern, but afterwards concluded it must be an immense school of Whales spouting. Do not forget you Saturday nights.

**Sunday 9** Fine weather, a most delightful morning. O that I could look at home to day. Spent most of the day in the cabin. This morning saw a school of porpoises. The water all around the vessel as far as you could see was filled with them, black fish and porpoises. They go very swiftly through the water, and you frequently see them turning somersets out of the water, throwing themselves to a great height. We are in hopes to see the Islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam to morrow morning. Are now in the Latitudes and shall pass between them.

**Monday 10** Passed the Islands this morning before daylight, much to our regret, without seeing them. We had hoped we should have set our eyes on land, but we must now give it up till we get to Java head. St. Paul's and Amsterdam are not inhabited. St. Paul's is famous for a boiling spring where the thermometer is up to 240 at times. Vessels frequently stop and catch fish which are very plenty and very nice. It is a volcanic Island, which accounts for the boiling spring. If it had have been pleasant the Captain would have sent a boat on shore. The islands however have not many charms. It is tedious to be on the water so long, even to have pleasant weather so long and so little variety. It is a life to be endured, not enjoyed. Books is my only resource; cards have exhausted their charms, and almost everything else except eating, and that is every thing. The moment I have done my breakfast, I begin to anticipate dinner, and so on. I am now as fat as I ever wish to be. I have gained as much as 10 lbs since I came away from home, the weather is now so cold it is not comfortable on deck. Without great exercise, which it is impossible to take without endangering your [heads], I go bouncing about at a great rate.

**Tuesday 11** Fine wind, pleasant weather. Making our way swiftly toward Java head. I cannot realize that I am so many thousand miles from home. For almost 3 months now we have been floating on—from wave to wave we are driven—without change of scene except of weather—my prospects of happiness all lying in the future—which is



hidden. I have built many a lofty castle and many a mud hut, as suits the feelings of the time. Hope arrays herself in bright colours at times I'll assure you. And not infrequently do I return to my dear home and rest myself contented and happy, surrounded by those I love. But I fear many a day will pass ere that. Adieu to gloomy visions. I do not allow myself to borrow trouble. If I could only let you know how comfortable and happy we are, it would be a great relief to me.

Have been reading and working as usual to day. After tea went on deck. A pleasant moon, but cold. Mr. Johnson has been entertaining us with long yarns, which is his forte. I never heard any one spin such long and tough stories, and quite amusing I'll assure you. Then returned to the cabin and to pass away the time took a hand in a game of Whist. My eyes are rather weak, so that I cannot read long in the eve. We are all wishing for warmer weather and shorter evenings, which we shall soon have now, as we are steering to the Northward.

**Wednesday 12** A pleasant morning, good wind, and the water quite smooth. Was walking with Mr. A. this morning very comfortably, when suddenly found myself flat upon the deck. My foot slipped and unceremoniously prostrated me before him. I however soon recovered myself and found to my joy that my nose was quite as long as ever, and I met with no other injury than a black and blue finger. My whole weight came on my fore finger, which pained me for some time. After dinner I was seated in the cabin at work, when I was suddenly taken from my chair and thrown over the other side, by the sudden lurch of the ship, and as unceremoniously thrown back again, with all violence, but fortunately escaped without any broken bones, which is quite miraculous. Begin to think however that I must have some of the qualities of Gum Elastic, as I always rebound, very much to the amusement of the company. I am now very much troubled with Chill-blains, my old complaint in the winter season. After tea went on deck and set down to think of my home. Imagined Mother washing the children for school in the morning, and you domesticating. Then went to the cabin and for the sake of variety and amusement played the very interesting game of puss in the corner, with no little noise I'll assure you.

**Thursday 13** A capital breeze and pleasant weather, wafting us swiftly forward to our destined port. Have been reading *Letters from Geneva and France*.<sup>41</sup> Found them rather interesting. Working in the

afternoon and Uncle W. reading to us, which is very pleasant. After tea took a long walk with Mr. A., talking about matters & things at home, untill I was so much fatigued that I made the best of my way to the cabin. We are all longing to see Java head. After that we shall have some variety. We are now all ready to be amused with the most trifling thing that is new. We have got 1700 miles to run before we shall see it, but if we have good winds, will not take us more than 10 or 12 days.

**Friday 14** Strong wind and squally. Pitching, tumbling and tossing, very much to the annoyance of the Been soup. Oh the, [deleted: confusion] exercise, the skill, that is required to make sure of a dinner at such a time—and more especially to sit down with a good appetite. It is as good as a play however for a spectator. This eve saw a lunar bow.

**Saturday 15** The wind has moderated and is quite pleasant on deck. Walked some this morning, but my feet are very sore. Passed the day as usual in reading, working, walking, talking, laughing, and thinking. Thus day after day and week after week glides swiftly away, and bears us on and onward to our future home. This eve I set down on deck to think of home. If it was not too much trouble I would give you the picture, but we will wait till a future time.

**Sunday 16** Light airs and baffling. Another week gone; still the same scene and what shall I say for my journal. Shall I tell you what I have done to day—well there is nothing else I can say. Well this morning I arose as usual at 1/2 past 7, ate a good breakfast of warm bread (& you do not get nicer at home I know), then (as usual) walked the deck for about an hour. Imagined you all seated in the parlour. Father just taking off his boots and preparing to smoke his cigar (allowing for the difference in time, which is about 11 hours), fatigued with his days work (poor man). Mother [Mary Porter Low]<sup>42</sup> sitting near, perhaps wondering where Harriett is (would that you could know how comfortable) or perhaps relating some anecdote of that dear little Ellen's pranks. You my dear Sister enjoying the society of your dearest friend, perhaps, in one of those c. c. conversations—ha, ha. Grandmother is attending upon her little idol Charley [Charles Porter Low],<sup>43</sup> and the rest in bed. So you see I imagine you all again happily united, in a comfortable house at Brooklyn.

Well one of these days I calculate to be among you, entertaining you with what I have seen and heard in the great world. Yes My Dear Sister, I trust I shall see that happy time. Well, after walking deck I went below and read the Bible (as usual). Read sermons and hymns. Passed the day in as quiet a manner as possible on board a ship. There is no retirement. That is you can not be alone. Always wish myself at home on Sunday. Eve I spent on deck. Our little Sarah's birth day.

**Monday 17** Light baffling airs—cloudy, & almost calm—looks cheerless. All anxious for a “twister” again. You cannot conceive what an astonishing effect the weather has upon the spirits at sea—to see the sails flapping, the ropes and blocks creaking. It is a dismal sight I'll assure you.

**Tuesday 18** Light airs again. Mr. Johnson caught a porpoise last night. It was very large—he judged it weighed 300 weight. This morning we had the pleasure of seeing it dissected. Was a very interesting exhibition. It was about 2 yds long. The outside contains blubber which they get considerable oil from. The meat looks like beef, is very good eating. It has a bill about 4 nails long, with two rows of sharp teeth very regularly set, calculated to eat small fish. Eve was walking on deck and saw the most splendid meteor that you can conceive of. It was so very brilliant that it lighted the deck and left its track for as much as 20 minutes.

**Wednesday 19 August** Latitude 25°22' Light airs and baffling. Perfect weather if we only had a good wind but we do not go more than a degree a day. Every sail set and trying to push along, but it is dull business. If we had not have had these light winds, we should probably arrived at Java head in 92 or 3 days, which would have been extremely gratifying. However we must take it as it comes. Aunt Low and I have to preach patience all the time to the gentlemen. Have seen a number of the monarchs of the deep to day. Have walked considerably to day. Have been reading *Télémaque* in French.<sup>44</sup> Intend to learn that language if I do not any other.

**Thursday 20** Took the trade winds last night, much to our joy. Are rather light to day but will probably increase. Have spent a dull day. Cannot put the cause in this book. My journal was in great danger yesterday. Mr. A. got it away from me. I was quite alarmed

I'll assure you. I do not think he would have read it without permission however.

**Friday 21** Capital breezes. Met with the first accident to day of consequence since we have been out. At 1/2 past 7 carried away our Fore Top Mast and Royal Mast. Were going at the rate of 9 knot an hour. Was no danger attending but made something of a job for all hands. We have been remarkably favored in every respect. The Captain frequently tells us we do not know what it is to go to sea. But I think I know as much as I want to.

**Saturday 22** Here we are still beating about in the Indian Ocean. An immense waste of water, with fine breezes and pleasant weather. Every day calculating how many more days before we shall see land, which you cannot wonder at, after being 13 weeks without seeing that precious sight. We think now by Thursday we shall see Java head, how refreshing the thought. Have felt a little sea sick to day, owing to the increased motion of the vessel. Are constantly shipping seas, so that we are almost afraid to go on deck. I however stood there this eve musing all alone, leaning over the Taffril till nearly 9 o'clock.

**Sunday 23** Continues fine breezes and comfortable weather. Passed the day as usual. Have by the way of comfort however been reading old letters, a never failing source. Wish I could have some new ones. Ah that joy I trust is in store for me. I intended to have commenced a letter to Father to day, but on coming to the cabin I was seized suddenly with the blues, which cooled my courage.

**Monday 24** Delightful day, fine wind as usual. This afternoon about 5 o'clock heard the cheering sound of land O, and I'll assure you I was on deck in a short time. Christmas Island (within 4 degrees of Java head) had just opened to our view; it was 36 miles from us, but we watched it till we passed it. We left it astern about 9 o'clock. If it had been in the day we should have had a fine view of the Island, passed within 6 or 8 miles of it. I should have thought it a black cloud if I had not have known to the contrary. We shall probably see Java head tomorrow night. Christmas Island is inhabited by that very interesting animal, the wild hog. It abounds however in Cocoa Nut trees and Limes. The sight of land reminded me of the land I last saw. I could not help having some unpleasant reflections, though there were some pleasant ones. But to think how many thousand miles I

was from home, going among strangers, in a strange land, all passed through my mind, though I feel grateful that I [have] been preserved for so long a time through so many dangers and that I was permitted once more to see land. 3 months to day since I left home, and 1 year to day since I went on the water for the first time. (You remember that famous water party). Little did I think then that I should be tempted to cross the ocean. The weather is now getting very warm.

**Tuesday 25** A fine day again. Capital breeze. At dark blew very hard, was quite dark. The Capt. thought it best not to run for land, judging he must be near. We therefore kept off and on. About 1/2 past 11 saw Clapp's Island. And the next morning I turned out at 6 o'clock, after a sleepless night. Went on deck and could see land distinctly on 3 sides, Clapp's Island, Bowers Island, and the great Island of Java. Now we shall have something to see and I also calculate to get a good coat of black on. The sun is very hot.

**Wednesday 26** A beautiful day, fine breeze. A pleasant prospect now; land on both sides of us. You may judge of our felicity, after having but one scene for three months, to be suddenly enclosed with land covered with cocoa, pine apples, etc., in consequence of which before night my face was almost blistered. I set in the long boat all day, hardly spending time to eat. I must now without further comment give you a little sketch of the day. We entered the Straits of Sunda in the forenoon with a delightful breeze. Had a fine opportunity to view the land as we went very near in shore—some very high land covered with an impenetrable forest. Looked very green, many bluff rocks and points—but many pleasant little spots I discovered. I suspect I shall not amuse you much in my description of land. Suffice it to say that I was pleased with every thing I saw, but I cannot say that I saw any spot on the Island of Java or any other in which I should like to take up my abode. I could not help thinking what a grave yard it has been, and still is, for all foreigners. We are amused with seeing the Malay praos [*proa*—an outrigger canoe] out fishing. They are slightly built of bamboo. I was astonished to see how they managed them—they go out with the land breeze in the morning and return in the afternoon. They have another mode of catching fish, which is with what they call fish pots. We passed a number of them. We anchored off Anger [Anjer] about sunset, after a delightful day's sail, as we were in want of fowls and some fruit. But before we had anchored and were going



along with a stiff breeze, a boat came off with some fruit and for the first time I saw the Malays. There were three of them in this little nut shell (for it was not much better) and such a chattering you never heard offering their fruit, which we agreed to take. We lowered a large basket, and they held on by a rope and in a few minutes their little boat filled and they all went under water. I thought of course they were gone and it was out of our power to save them. But the men said it was as impossible to drown them as it would be to drown a fish. And I was soon relieved by seeing them astern. Two of them were swimming and holding their frail vessel up while the other baled it out. But the poor fellows lost their dollar and we got the fruit, which consisted of pine apples, bananas, mangoes, Sweet potatoes, & etc. However it was not our fault. Their fruit is rich. I suppose you will like to know what I thought of a Malay and how my modesty could with stand such a shock as to see a man unclad. But I agree with Bishop Heber in thinking their colour serves as a covering.<sup>45</sup> They seem like a different race of beings. Some of them had on jackets and sort of an apron, or loose petticoat. Their faces (those we saw) were bright and intelligent. They are very short. They average 5 feet 2 inches, the men; the women, 4 feet 11. Their teeth from the constant use of the betel become very black, which they take great pride in. A young man, before his teeth gets well blacked, feels quite mortified to see any one. For particulars of the Malays read Crawford's *India*,<sup>46</sup> which is very interesting, or rather it was to me and perhaps it may be so to you, knowing your Sister has passed them. After we had anchored, the residents at Anger sent the boat off with the news bag, the first mail since we have been out. There was an English Company Ship and two Dutch Ships anchored there. Uncle left some letters. And the Malays agreed to go back and get all that we wanted. I was much amused with them. They could talk some English in queer Style. They came back about 9 o'clock with their boat loaded (a little stronger than the other however). They stayed on board some time. Said there had passed 3 American Ships, within a few days. Did not know the names. They were much pleased with the American Ladies. They said, "Malay no good, American ladies very good." They are very careful to keep their ladies out of sight.

All along the shore, which is a complete forest, was filled with brilliant lights, by which they catch fish attracted by the light. It was a pretty sight I'll assure you, particularly to us who had not see

any thing [for] so long. About 10 o'clock we left Anger. About 11 I turned in, exhausted with fatigue and the excitement of the day which was great. A hot night below.

**Thursday 27** At 1/2 past 4 this morning I was awoke from a sound sleep by the dismal sound that we must dress and go on deck as soon as possible for we should drift on to the rocks in a few minutes. You may judge of our feelings if you can, but I cannot describe them. I was on deck in short time I'll assure you, and saw the reef of rocks within half the ship's length of us. It was a dead calm, not a breath of air stirring, and the current so strong against us that the ship was entirely unmanageable. The current drifted us at the rate of 2 or 3 knot. Had it not have been for the current from Stroom rock, we must inevitably have gone, but to our joy we were spared this trouble. Our boats were all ready to be lowered, we were close by Anger. The Capt. says there would have been no danger of our lives, but I do not think it would have been very pleasant. We think now, it would be impossible to go ashore in a calm on that rock, on account of the current that you meet from it. If it had been possible we should have gone. Need I say that we felt very grateful to our constant protector. The greatest danger in the Straits of Sunda and Gaspar lies in these strong currents. We are so apt to have calms here, and there are many Shoals and points to be avoided, which gives the Captain great anxiety, or rather keeps him upon the look out. We have passed a number of Islands to day, uninhabited. Have also seen the Coast of Sumatra, about which I saw nothing interesting. Have seen some very high peaks [and] Malay praos. Passed an English Ship which was anchored in 30 or 40 fathoms of water. They were obliged to send ashore to get some Malays to help weigh it. I had forgotten to mention before however that when we were off that rock, they let go their Kedger<sup>47</sup> in 60 fathoms with 120 fathoms of hauser [hawser] and the current snapped it off within six inches of the "bite," and in letting another down the chain got entangled, which made our case more desperate. If the first anchor had have held we should have done well enough. Now the Capt. says he shall not mention this when he goes home, but it is quite an event in our lives. It had been a beautiful day, tho' rather warm.

**Friday 28** I have nothing to say to day, but that we are sailing sweetly through the Java Seas, out sight of land, with a hot sun but a good

breeze till towards night. We sit on deck all the time now, under the awning, as it is the most comfortable place.

**Saturday 29** Little breeze this morning, but a favorable current which is carrying us to direct to Gaspar Straits. We saw the Island of Banca this morning at 10 o'clock, and before night we were safely through the dangerous Straits of Gaspar. At 1/2 past 8 we passed Gaspar Island, which is a fine run I'll assure you. Have seen a number of Islands. There is one Island which is near us called Tree Island, which is remarkable for having but one tree on it. That stands in the middle, and is sole monarch of the Island, is very large so that spreads all over the Island, which is of sandy soil.

**Sunday 30** Lat 1.4 14 weeks this morning since we left home, and we now find ourselves with a pleasant breeze and every thing comfortable in the China Sea. Pretty warm weather I'll assure you, but that is quite pleasant. We have had so much cold since our departure. I feel as though I should like to be at home Sundays particularly (always). We are out of sight of land to day. Have been reading Paley's *Philosophy*.<sup>48</sup> Like it much.

**Monday 31** Passed St. Julian's Isle this morning. Pleasant breeze and fine weather. We took off our sky light when we entered the Straits and have had no occasion to replace it.

**Tuesday September 1** Fine breezes. No land in sight.

**Wednesday 2**

**Thursday 3**

**Friday 4**

**Saturday 5** All [the above days] pleasant with a royal breeze. We shall have a capital passage. No land in sight. Have been writing to Father and Mother. All busy today getting ready to land [in Manila].

**Sunday Sept. 6** Pleasant day, with a charming breeze. Are now thinking of going ashore by Tuesday. I cannot say that I think of it with much pleasure. I however may be disappointed agreeably in the place.

**Monday 7** With a fine wind we are now in Manilla Bay. Passed Goat Isle about 7 o'clock this morning, and entered the Bay about 1, and

will probably anchor at sunset. The wind is light inside the bay and raining hard. Continued raining till nearly dark, notwithstanding I went on deck to see the shipping lying at Cavita [Cavite], a place where the vessels usually anchor in the S.W. Monsoons. There 12 or 14 ships there and looked pleasant I'll assure you. Some Americans must be among them. About 1/2 7 we anchored in the Bay within hail of an American Ship which proved to be the *Sabina*<sup>49</sup> which sailed 6 days before us. Only think I am now in Manilla Bay. I cannot believe it.

**Tuesday 8** 7 o'clock am A pleasant morning, but looks as though it would rain before night. I was up early and on deck. A very pleasant prospect I'll assure you. The Cavita one side, Manilla on the other—the Cascos [barges or lighters] with the natives going from one place to another looks quite lively. These cascocs are built out of solid wood, or rather dug out of trees. There is a covering of Bamboo, under which the family live—the wife was rowing. I should not have known it to be a woman at first. She had on nothing but trowsers. The men are merely covered about their middle. I did not like the looks of them so well as I did the Malays. Their faces are not so intelligent. Manilla looks pleasant from the Bay. It is a walled city, and we can hear the beating of the drums on the shores where the troop are stationed. After being examined by the Custom house officers and going through a variety of ceremonies, the Gentlemen left us in charge of the mate and went on shore to seek for accommodations for us. We were rather lonely. The Captain returned about 3 o'clock with dreadful news of the death of Mr. Forbes [Thomas T. Forbes]<sup>50</sup> and Monson [Samuel H. Monson], lost in a gale of wind going from Macao to Canton, with several other accidents, on account of heavy sea. Uncle W. could not come off as he was obliged to wait till late to get a permit for baggage.

**Wednesday 9** We awoke this morning early and found the rain was pouring down in torrents, and I had just made up my mind to spend a dull day, but thought I could amuse myself in writing a good quantity of letters. Soon after Mr. Johnson called and said Mr. Low was coming. We jumped with delight to think we were so soon relieved. He soon came up with Mr. Sturgiss [Henry Parkman Sturgis],<sup>51</sup> partner of Mr. Russell [George Robert Russell].<sup>52</sup> We breakfasted, and about 9 we started for Manilla in a government Boat. It rained hard,

but there was a covering to the boat so that we did not get wet. I really do not know what to say about Manilla. You cannot have any idea of the place by description. I am told it is like all Spanish towns. The forts, Convents and Churches take a great portion of the place. The roofs of the houses are covered with tile, mostly of one story and some of them very spacious. They have no glass windows. The sides and front of their houses are of pearl shell in little squares, and venetian blinds to some of them. The houses are all whitewashed, which the climate soon makes black, which gives the whole city an appearance of being smoked as though there had been a great fire. An immense number of people live on the water in Bancos,<sup>53</sup> Cascos, and smaller boats. We arrived at Mr. Russel's about 10 o'clock. The boats go directly to the gate. A canal runs from the river up to a Lake a little beyond, which affords us much amusement in seeing the Boats continually passing. He has a fine spacious house, very airy. The rooms are all one floor—very high and immensely large. Found a number of American gentlemen there after dinner. I had a most delightful ride with Mr. Russell on the Calzada [paved road or highway], where we met all the nobility of Manilla. It is the fashion to ride every day about 6. No ladies walk out. Very suddenly the postillion stopped; Mr. R. told me that it was the hour of vespers, when every one was obliged to stop and say a prayer for the occasion. I shall give you the particulars in a letter.

**Thursday 10** Spent the day in the house. Rode at night with Mr. Sturgiss. We rode through the city of Manilla. Mr. R. lives in the Suburbs, which is much more airy—the streets of Manilla are very narrow. Passed some very good looking houses, several churches, the Cathedral which is very large, convents, which are extremely sombre in their appearance. Think I should quite as lives reside in a prison. There are a great number here.

**Friday 11** Passed the day in the house, being rainy, we did not ride. Have passed the day very pleasantly, however, in reading, writing and in company with the family, all of which are pleasant. Company to dine. I wish you could see and taste the variety of fruits we have. There is no end to them. The cooks are famous for making little messes here, some of which are very nice. Most of the fruits are very nice and rich. Mr. Osgood [Capt. W. Osgood]<sup>54</sup> called to see us to day.



**Saturday 12** A fine day. Mr. Osgood and Hammond called to see us. This afternoon had a charming ride with Mr. Russel. Rode in Spanish style without my bonnet—none of the ladies wear bonnets, and all ride. Manilla abounds in pleasant rides. The most public is the Calzada, meaning public ride. On feast days and Sundays they all ride back and forth till dark—but there are many pleasanter than this I think. This afternoon in our ride, we met a funeral. They bury their dead without coffins, and going through the streets they are laid on a square board covered with a purple cloth [which] looked like cambric. On each corner there is a torch borne by 4 men. Then follows the friends. There is no order in the procession. The mourners had a sort of purple hood and scarf. The men carried children in their arms. There were several babes a month or two old. Their burying ground is quite picturesque in its appearance. The higher class are buried in the wall, which is 6 feet thick. They are put into small places, which is then closed with lime and brick. By paying 25 dollars a Spaniard can be buried in the wall. No foreigner can have a place in this ground. Every thing we see makes us value more our own country and its privileges.

We met two ladies on horseback. They have curious saddles, something like a chair. The ladies were dressed in most singular style—they had on red gowns, a white muslin kerchief on the neck and another thrown loosely over the head with a broad rimmed beaver hat over it. They ride very fast. We returned by the beach and the Calzada. Met a number of Americans, and saw a great many sights on our ride that would have shocked a young lady in America, but I have now got quite hardened. The American Consul, Mr. Hubble [George William Hubbell],<sup>55</sup> with Mr. King [Charles William King],<sup>56</sup> spent the eve with us. A most delightful eve, a full moon. We set in the verandah till 1/2 past 10. After hearing Mr. Sturgiss play on the flute about an hour which he does very well, we retired to our rooms. On returning from our ride we had the pleasure to hear that the *Emerald*, E[dward] Orne,<sup>57</sup> had arrived, which was very pleasant. We long to see him.

**Sunday 13** With the Spaniards it is Saturday. In going round Cape Horn, when this Island was discovered, they gained a day. It is rather singular; you can judge there is not much appearance of the Sabbath, every body at work and noise as usual. We cannot find a bible

in the house. Unfortunately left ours on board. We afterwards procured one from Mr. Sturgiss. After dinner had a most delightful ride on the Calzada with E. Orne. Seems like home to see him here. On our return we saw the Host [a Catholic procession]. Fortunately Mr. S. was before us on horseback and turned and stopped our carriage. If we had met it we should have been obliged to have alighted and knelt, which in the present state of the roads would not have been very agreeable. We returned, took tea with 10 gentlemen. I have improved so much now that I sit down to the table without the least fear. Don Emmanuel Rays and Mr. Ker<sup>58</sup> took tea with us—a delightful eve. You cannot conceive of the disgusting sights we see on our rides. The roads are beautiful, but such wretched looking objects I never saw before—little babies nearly naked crawling about in every direction, thatched houses about 10 feet square, all along the roads. And yet they all seem happy. They are the most thoughtless people! they never remember a thing a fortnight.

**Monday 14** The first thing I heard this morning was the ringing of bells and the military crossing the bridge, just returning from Mass. Sunday or holy day, they go to Mass in the morning. The rest of the day is spent in frolicking. About 10 we rode out through the city, to visit the churches. The Cathedral was not open. We went to the Church of St. Domingo. It is a pretty church, rather gaudy in its ornaments however. There were several women there had just been confessing. They go away happy, thinking they are absolved from all sin and ready to begin a new list. We then went home. Dined with 11 Americans. Then rode upon the Calzada and through the city with Mr. Russel. On our return there was a band of music at the entrance of the house. Mr. R. invited them into the hall where they played for about an hour, which was quite a treat. 2 famous Indian dancers came in and we had a fine specimen of their dancing. They danced the fandango, keeping time with the Castenets, with many other fashionable dances. They are very graceful in their movements. I was extremely gratified. We then took some tea which they think little of here, and again jumped into the carriage and with Mr. Sturgiss went to the city to the Palace Square to hear music. They have three fine bands here which play every Sunday and feast night from 8 till 9, one after the other. The music was fine and the evening perfect. We returned by the way of the Calzada, after spending a most charming day

and eve. Don Scarriger and Don Whoan or Don Juan called to see us this morning, one of which I shall give you an anecdote in my letters.

**Tuesday 15** A fine morning. Passed the day pleasantly as usual. Had a splendid ride with Mr. R., accompanied by Mr. S. [and] Mr. A[mmidon] on horseback. Rode into the country, which is delightful—reminded me of home. But it takes half the pleasure of riding in the country away, to ride through the suburbs, which are very extensive, and filled with babies and pigs which are brought up in the same style. I never knew any thing like the babies, and children a little larger than babies. We returned about dark. Mr. King and Mr. Fay [Thomas S. Fay]<sup>59</sup> with Don Emmanuel Rays spent the eve with us.

**Wednesday 16** Had a fine ride this evening with Mr. Sturgis. A new road. After we returned Mr. R. sent for a band of music and some dancers. We spent the eve in seeing them trip the light fantastic toe, which they do very well. There were 10 American gentlemen here. We of course passed a pleasant eve.

**Thursday 17** Have spent most of the day in writing letters to send home. Only wish you had them now. It will seem a monstrous while before you hear from us. Had a pleasant ride on the Calzada to night with Mr. Russel. Went this eve to the Palace Square with Mr. S. to hear the music. Very black and looked like rain so that we only heard one band. Thought it best to hurry home.

**Friday 18** Spent a pleasant day, as usual. It is impossible for gentlemen to be more attentive and polite than Mr. R. and S. Went to ride this eve with Mr. S. On our return, about a mile and 1/2 from home, the rain poured down in torrents without our thinking of such a thing. We however succeeded in getting our carriages secured before we got much wet. It afforded us much sport. The people were out in every direction, and the million of babies near, and women and children set up such a yell to add to our amusement. I was much afraid our horses would “act” in the midst of the shower, but we reached home in safety. Spent a charming eve at home notwithstanding we had severe thunder and lightning.

**Saturday 19** A pleasant morning. Rained in the afternoon. Prevented us from riding. However passed a delightful eve at home. Mr. Ker and Mr. Syme<sup>60</sup> from Syncaopore spent the eve with us. Tells us

there are a number of English ladies gone to Macao this year. Thunder and lightning again this eve. The bells all tolling as is the custom when there is bad weather. No prospect of our leaving Manilla till Tuesday morning. Uncle W. is now very impatient.

**Sunday 20** Rode this afternoon with Mr. S[turgis]. Spent this day not exactly as it should have been spent. My conscience frequently smites me, but I live in hopes when I get settled in Macao I shall spend the day more to my own satisfaction and as becomes one who has had the privileges I have had. Not that I should have any objection to keep tomorrow, but their Sunday seems no more like Sunday than this day. It is true they all go to Mass in the morning and confess, but they spend the rest of the day in frolicking.

**Monday 21** A pleasant morning. Rained this afternoon. Mr. Hubble the Consul called on us this morning. Mr. H. Hubble, Mr. King and Mr. Osgood spent the eve with us, but I did not enjoy it. The thought that I was to leave in the morning, again to be tossed about upon the mighty deep, lowered my spirits, & I was exceedingly stupid.

**Tuesday 22** This morning we left Manilla. Mr. R. and S. with E. Orne escorted us out, but I really felt as though I was leaving my home again. I have got so much attached, that I felt really gloomy. Reminded me also of the morning when I left my own dear native land. They left us about 9 o'clock, & I certainly have not felt so dull this 3 months. No wind, we were beating about in the Bay all day, and at anchor all night. I never left any place except my home with so much regret. I shall always remember my visit to Manilla with much pleasure.

**Wednesday 23** Got under weigh this morning about 3 o'clock. Light wind in the morning. At 12 the wind increased and before night blew very strong ahead, rainy and looked very squally. After beating about all day, the men all tired out, the Capt. thought best to come to an anchor in Mariveles Bay. We therefore about 6 o'clock dropped anchor in 17 fathoms of water. A delightful little Bay, surrounded on three sides by land very high, so that we know nothing of the hard weather outside. But we are all low in spirits and I certainly never felt more gloomy. I thought I would give the world to be on Terra Firma or some where with my friends. I turned in before 9 to lose myself in sleep.

[Inserted sketch and note]

### Mariveles Bay

What do you think of the Ship *Sumatra* lying at Anchor in this charming Bay? I hope this sketch will not get rubbed out as it was drawn from recollection 2 months afterward to amuse an idle moment. I think you will be quite charmed with the style and accuracy of the drawing. It was really a sweet spot. If I had have had spirits to have sketched it at the time, it would have made a pretty picture.

**Thursday 24** Weighed anchor this morning at 6 in hopes of getting out, but it is calm and the strong current drifted us up the Bay, and to prevent our going on shore, were obliged at 8 again to drop anchor. There is a small village at the head of the Bay—a Spanish settlement. The scenery all around is charming, but I feel half sick and nothing pleases. In fact, I am low spirited. 2 boats have just been from the village at 10 o'clock and left us some fish and a young deer. We were going to buy it, but thought it would be too much trouble, as it must have some one to feed it with a silver spoon. We were afraid it would not live, but the sailors have bought [it]. It is a pretty little thing and very tame.

10 o'clock. I have just heard the order to hoist top gallant sails. I suppose the Capt. is to make another attempt.

Made sail at 10 o'clock, weighed anchor and the current carried us out of the Bay. A little wind outside for a short time then again died away calm. Every one wearing a long face. Raining tremendously at times and gloomy enough. Towards night the Capt. thought he should be obliged to drop anchor again. Not a breath of wind, but a strong current carrying us astern which would soon drift us on to the rocks. But fortunately just as the orders were given to clue up the sails, a breeze sprang up. The Capt. and Uncle W. passed an anxious night. Land all round us, and the wind light and baffling. At 12 the breeze increased.

**Friday 25** Cloudy and rainy weather, but a good breeze which makes some smiling faces. But it is discouraging to be three days getting out of the Bay. But we are in hopes we shall again have our luck, now we have passed the Corregidor. I never knew it rain harder than since we have been out. I have felt really homesick this three days past. How shall I support 4 years absence. 4 months to day since left.



**Saturday 26** Wind continues strong and fair. Rainy and gloomy enough. We all have been busy below making preparations for landing again. There certainly is nothing like employment for making one happy. I have felt better to day than I have this week. Calculate we shall be in Macao in three days. I long, yet dread, to see this place. I have heard so many different opinions about it—some in favour but more against—but I have determined to take no one's opinion but my own.

I have been talking this eve with the Capt. about going home, and if I was only there what "long yarns" I should be able to spin. What a pleasure it would be—but I hope that is in reserve for me. I think it is our Edward's [Edward Allen Low]<sup>61</sup> birth day. I am not positive however. I had determined to write a lot of letters on this trip, but the vessel rolls so it is very difficult.

**Sunday 27** A pleasant morning and fair wind. Before noon rained pouring, and continued for the rest of the day.

**Monday 28** Sick all day. Squally, rainy, uncomfortable weather—a heavy irregular sea, which made us all sick. I was stretched on the floor or in my troth all day, untill 4 o'clock when I heard the sound of land, and never was sound more welcome. We have spent a most uncomfortable day. It exceeds any thing we have had, I think. But to our great joy, and thanks to a merciful Providence, we are preserved from dangers of all kinds, and are within a few hours' sail of our destined port. And glad shall I be to tread again upon Terra Firma. Anchored off the Lema Isles. Blew high all night. Must have been very uncomfortable outside.

**Tuesday 29** A delightful morning. Seemed like one of our beautiful May mornings at home. I arose about day light. We started at 6 o'clock and anchored off Macao Roads at 10 o'clock. Uncle W. and Mr. A. went right on shore soon after & left us—returned about dark. Mr. A. went right up to Canton that night. Mr. R. [Samuel Russell]<sup>62</sup> has a house and every thing necessary prepared for us.

**Wednesday 30** This morning all busy enough getting our loads of things out of the boat. A heavy sea which makes it very difficult for a boat to come along side—indeed we were obliged to lower them over the stern. You would have been amused to have seen us tied into a chair, swinging over the stern of the ship, but we got along

very comfortably. Saw many things on our way, very amusing. An immense quantity of Boats in which whole families live indeed 2 or 3 generations. The women steer the Boats, and frequently have an infant slung to her back, the common mode of carrying children among the poor class, and the poor little thing only has a shaking if it cries. They sometimes use their children very cruelly.

One idea of the Chinese amuses me exceedingly. That is that a vessel cannot go without eyes. They therefore have a large eye on each side of the bow which looks very singularly. If you ask them what those are for, they say, "Hiyah. How can see, without eye."

Macao from the sea looks beautifully. Some most romantic spots. We arrived at Macao about 10 o'clock. Took Sedan chairs and went to our house, which we like the looks of much. The streets of Macao are narrow and irregular, but we have a garden to our house where I anticipate much pleasure. There are two, one above another. All the isles have flat stones and as smooth as a floor. You ascend 5 flights of steps and come to an observatory from which we have a fine view of the Bay and harbour and can see all over the town. Round it there is a terrace and many pretty plants. It is not in as good order as it must be soon. With this little spot and a few birds, I shall get along very comfortably. I had no idea there was so pretty a place here. Again I want someone to enjoy it with me. We dined to day at 5 o'clock, had a nice dinner and thankful once more to be in a place I can call home. I was astonished to see what immense loads these coolies carry on their shoulders. Every thing is carried by them. Some little boys I see with two heavy loads slung on to a long pole and carrying it apparently with the greatest ease. It is very amusing to hear the Chinese talk English. We can hardly understand them.

[Marginal note] It appears that I have lost two days here.

**Thursday Oct. 1** Uncle W. left us to day. Capt. Roundy with us. Had a number of calls to day, Mrs. Fearon [Elizabeth Fearon],<sup>63</sup> Mrs. Morrison [Eliza Morrison] and husband [Dr. Robert Morrison],<sup>64</sup> Dr. College [Dr. Thomas Richardson Colledge],<sup>65</sup> Mr. Beale [Thomas Beale].<sup>66</sup> All very pleasant. Passed a very pleasant day.

**Friday 2** Had a number of calls to day. English [East India] company's minister [George Harvey Vachell]<sup>67</sup> called to see us. Through some mistake of the servant we did not see his card untill he left, and I

was much astonished. There was nothing ministerial in his looks, indeed I thought him a great buck, and treated him accordingly. I have had so many charges with respect to these youngsters that I do not know as I shall treat them as civilly as I ought. Mrs. Allport [penciled in later].

**Saturday 3** Mr. Van Caneghem, Dutch Consul,<sup>68</sup> and Capt. Whitehead [W. H. Whitehead], H[onourable] C[ompany's] Service<sup>69</sup> called this morning. Invited us to a musical party on Tuesday eve. Amounts to a ball. All the ladies of Macao are to be there, but we shall decline. Macao is very gay at present, a great many strangers here. The ladies live in great style here—houses furnished elegantly I understand. Capt. R. left us this morning [for Canton] much to our regret. Dr. College called to day with Mr. Perreira [Antonio Pereira], a Portuguese.<sup>70</sup> The Dr. is very polite and friendly.

**Sunday 4** We did not feel like going to church to day, as we have not been out at all and have no one to wait upon us. Dr. College called this morning, to give his advice, not on account of sickness, but friendly. He is a very fine young man. Mr. Russel recommended him as a friend and he has been extremely polite. He reminds me of Mr. Upham [her pastor in Salem], his manner of speaking and teeth. A beautiful eve, but we are quite lonely.

**Monday 5** More calls to day. Dr. College again, and wishes us to take tea with Mrs. Turner [Mary Turner],<sup>71</sup> a very fine woman [who] called upon us the day after we arrived. She is amiable and pleasant. Every one speaks highly of Mr. T. Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt]<sup>72</sup> says she is a jewell and deserves all the praise that can be given her. The Dr. wishes us to secure her friendship, and she will give us advice and we can depend upon her. The Dr. called for us at 6 and waited upon us at 6 o'clock. For the first time went out, took tea and passed a pleasant eve. She is a sweet woman, perfectly easy in her manners. Has 4 pretty children, one about our little Ellen's age [then 2 1/2 years old]. I was perfectly delighted to see something that looked like home. Her house is very elegant, or rather the furniture. We returned about 9. The Doctor stayed at our house untill 10, the first night our house had been open so long, as we have generally been asleep at 9.

**Tuesday 6** No one in, letters from Uncle. We hear from him almost every day. Van Caneghan's party to night, every one going.

Spent the evening in writing letters. Wrote to E. W. Ward,<sup>73</sup> Uncle [Elijah] Porter,<sup>74</sup> and a note to E. A. Breed,<sup>75</sup> also to S[arah] Allen. Wrote you by the same opportunity.

**Wednesday 7** Finished letters this morning, then went to make calls. It is according to the Etiquette of the place to return calls soon after they are made. We therefore took [sedan] chairs and called first upon Mrs. Fearon. It was a long ride, at the furthest end of the town, but a most splendid house and romantic situation. You go into a gate up a long circular isle, on both sides trees and flowers of all descriptions. Seems like a perfect paradise. The house stands high. You ascend an immense flight of stone steps and enter a verandah with a marble floor and filled with plants. You then enter the drawing room, which is furnished elegantly. The rooms are large, and it seems like a palace—a view of the town and the country round from the windows. We made a pleasant call. She invited us to dine and take tea with her, but we declined. We then saw Mr. V. C. [Van Caneghem] He regretted very much that we were not at his Ball. They had a fine time. We then called on Mrs. Morrison, the minister's lady. She is a very pleasant woman. Saw her little boy [Robert], about 4 years old, who can translate Chinese into English. You have no doubt heard of Dr. Morrison. I believe he understands Chinese better than any English person. We then called on Mrs. Allport,<sup>76</sup> a very interesting woman just from Calcutta. We then returned home. Letters from Uncle soon after. Also an invitation to a Fancy Ball at Capt. Whitehead's, a week from Friday. We intend going, if nothing happens to prevent.

**October 8, Thursday** Mrs. Turner came over this morning. Spent an 1 1/2 [an hour and a half] with us. She is a sweet woman. Brought two large books of costumes for us to choose from for the Ball. Shall not tell you what they are untill we have worn them, but we shall have enough to do untill the time comes. Mr. College, Mr. Ploughden [William H.C. Plowden], the English Consul,<sup>77</sup> with Mr. Millet [Charles Millett],<sup>78</sup> a droll chap, called. Afterwards Mr. Grant [Alexander Grant]<sup>79</sup> and Capt. Hynes [Captain John Hine]<sup>80</sup> of the company's service called and with purchasing dresses, receiving things from Canton, writing letters, and other things, has kept us much upon the go. Eve wrote to Capt. Roundy in Canton.

**Friday 9** No one called, but have been very busy; find enough to employ my time. I long to go to walk, but cannot untill we have chairs, or some one to wait upon us. We are having chairs made in Canton. I however, have a fine walk upon the terrace which is delightful. In the morning it is beautiful. The birds are flying through the house all day. Frequently see 5 in the hall and dining room at one time. There are some trees round the house in which they lodge. Some fine singers among them.

**Saturday 10** Aunt and I alone all day. Had a polite invitation from Mrs. Morrison to attend public worship on Sundays which we shall gladly accept. I long to go to Church once more. Here we now sit at 8 o'clock, both of us writing. Aunt L. making up her days accounts, and I for the sake of scribbling, writing to you.

I will credit you with considerable patience if you ever get as far as here in this journal. I however think I should seize with much eagerness such a packet from you, and hope too one of these days. I saw a ship passing up to Canton, from our door this morning. I watched it for a long time, hoping that I should see the stars and stripes, but could not make any thing of it but an English signal. Three more ladies arrived here yesterday.

**Sunday 11** A fine day. Aunt Low not being well, and not having our chairs, we were obliged to stay at home. I endeavored to pass the day as it should be, but you have no idea how difficult it is to keep alive religious feelings or to spend the day in a proper manner. I read one of Buckminster's excellent sermons aloud. Had no sooner finished it, feeling some what disposed to be serious, but Mr. and Mrs. Fearon and a Mr. Griffith<sup>81</sup> called. Soon after, Mrs. Turner. They go to church and on their return make calls. Thus you see there is no country like ours for religious privileges. The Chinese pay no sort of regard to the Sabbath, go on with their work as usual. You hear their Gongs every little while, Chin Chining Josh.<sup>82</sup> This day is a feast day with the Catholics. Apew, our Compradore,<sup>83</sup> came in this afternoon. Wanted to know if we wanted to see a walky. We could not divine what he wanted, but he wished us to go with him. We did. He led us up on to a terrace that looks into the street. We stayed some time, and saw nothing. He then thought it "more better" that we go in, and he would call us again. We at last saw a procession of the Catholics, and it was really worth seeing, though I cannot tell



you what it was for or any thing about it. But the men were dressed in loose white satin trowsers with a loose sort of gown [that] came down to their knees of Blue Satin. They carried a great many splendid paintings. They wore no hats, and in their hands carried lighted candles. Their were several little girls, rigged up with wings to resemble angels. With a fine band of music, it was really worth seeing. The cannons all round the fort then fired, and the bells ringing, it seemed, as you may judge, more like a festival than a sabbath. In the eve I read another sermon. A most delightful eve—took a long walk on the terrace all alone. Invited twice to take tea out tomorrow eve but declined.

**Monday 12** We have had no calls this morning. Busy preparing our dresses. This afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Cleveland [Lucy Hiller Lambert Cleveland],<sup>84</sup> her husband, and James. Can you judge of our delight, three Salem ladies meeting in Macao. Only think of it. So you see the thing that we were anticipating before we left America has come to pass. It seems almost impossible, as though it must be a dream that we are so far from home and together. We were obliged to tell them considerable unpleasant news, which made them rather dull. She has had a fatiguing voyage and is very thin,<sup>85</sup> but I can tell you it was delightful to see some one from home.

**Tuesday 13** Mr. Cleveland and son left us to day. Capt. Whitehead called this morning to see Mrs. C. and to invite her to the Ball. We have as much as we can do, there are none but men tailors here. We are obliged to cut and fix our own dresses, thinking them more trouble than they will do good, as it is difficult to make them understand the language. I am sure you would be amused to hear them talk. When we speak to them they always say Yes sir, and make such dreadful work talking that it is very difficult to understand them. But I find that I succeed better than at first.

**Wednesday 14** Mr. Millet called to day. Capt. Roundy sent me an elegant pair of earrings from Canton for which I am much obliged. The Capt. and I are great friends. I had no idea though of that attention. I to day received from my Dear Uncle a splendid wrought comb in addition to a very handsome plain one before received, beside an elegant wrought dress and every thing else. You have no idea how attentive they are, Uncle and Aunt. I dare not express a

wish, for they are sure to be gratified, and if not expressed Aunt L. anticipates them. I hope one of these days not to cost them so much, but a great many things are necessary. Uncle W. is ambitious that we should appear as well as any body. Wrote to Capt. Roundy.

**Thursday 15** Dr. College and Dr. Pierson [Alexander Pearson]<sup>86</sup> called, Sir John and Lady Claridge<sup>87</sup> with Capt. Whitehead. Lady C. is about my age. Had a very social call, although a titled person. I have altered my opinion of the English entirely. We have found none stiff, as we anticipated. On the contrary, affable, polite, and pleasant. Busy all day.

[Marginal note] Dr. P. left us a catalogue that we could take any books out of the library.<sup>88</sup>

**Friday 16** Letters from Uncle to day, with a most elegant card case for me. He is too good, and indeed both of them. No calls to day, but busy, as the ball is to night. We went at 8 o'clock to Mrs. Turner's to call for her. From there to Mr. Whitehead's where we enjoyed ourselves much and returned at 3 o'clock, the first time in my life that I was ever out so late. Every thing was elegant. The costumes of all countries and ages. I shall give you all the particulars in a letter which I shall send the first opp. [opportunity] and shall not trouble myself here. We had some fireworks in the court in front of the house. One gentleman took the character of Paul Pry<sup>89</sup> and was very amusing.

**Saturday 17** Rather stupid to day on account of last night's dissipation. Capt. Hinz [Capt. John Hine], Dr. Bradford [James Hewlings Bradford],<sup>90</sup> an American, Mr. College, Mr. Ploughdon, Mr. Gardner,<sup>91</sup> Mr. Howard,<sup>92</sup> Mr. Chinery [George Chinnery]<sup>93</sup> called to see us to day. Mr. Howard is a beautiful singer and added much to our last evening's entertainment. He also took the character of Pry and did extremely well. Mrs. Neish,<sup>94</sup> a most interesting Scotchwoman, called to day. She is a sweet woman, but I regret to say she leaves tomorrow for Bengal. Will return in the spring, however.

**Sunday 18** We to day attended public worship at Dr. Morrison's house. Were quite pleased and delighted once more to hear something good and pass our day something as we used to. There were only 6 auditors there, but the sermon was very good. They use the Church form here altogether. On our return we found the cards of

Mr. Lindsay [Hugh Hamilton Lindsay],<sup>95</sup> Mr. Huddleston [Robert Burland Hudleston],<sup>96</sup> and Mr. Clarke [Henry Matthew Clarke]<sup>97</sup> here. They said they had been to church but did not see us, concluded we were at home—but they missed it. Sunday is a famous day for calling, but we intend to discourage it by making none ourselves. After we returned Capt. Whitehead and Mr. Aborn [Daniel Aborn]<sup>98</sup> called. I must tell you one joke we had. Capt. Whitehead says Miss Low, you must excuse me, for I have got a strange question to ask you, and that is if you are engaged? or “rather he says, is it the custom in America for disengaged young ladies to wear a plain ring on the fourth finger of the left hand?” He said he had heard it observed that I wore a ring on that finger, but he says I am not deputized to ask you this question nor do I intend to propose myself, but I wish to know if it means any thing in America? I told him I should not satisfy him, but it was a ring I valued highly. But he says no lady in England is allowed to wear a ring on that finger, particularly a plain one, before she is engaged. It made much sport for us. I did not however let him know that I felt any curiosity (though I did much) to know who was so observing, but I told him I should always wear it on that finger.

Mr. Hubble [George W. Hubbell]-Supercargo of the New York Ship *Sabina* spent the eve with us. It seemed good to see one of our own honest country men. Edward Orne has arrived at Canton. We feel quite proud to think our Ship *Sumatra* again beat the *Sabina*. She had 9 days, we 7 from Manilla.

**Monday 19** Wrote to Uncle W. this morning. Soon after received letters from him and one from Capt. R[oundy]. The *Liverpool Packet* has arrived. We have no doubt letters in her as she sailed 10 days after us. If not, how woful will be the disappointment. Do not neglect an opportunity.

I forgot to tell you of the walk we had Saturday afternoon. We went out with the cooly, and he carried us all round the Prio [Praya] Grande, over the great hill and back through the town, a monstrous walk. And for the first walk it was terrible. It is so long since we have walked that it overcome us all. The streets here are intolerable, hilly, irregular and horribly paved. You meet no one but Portuguese and Chinese men, and they annoyed us very much by their intent gaze. We however on our walk saw two women with small

feet. I was perfectly astonished although I have heard so much of the small feet. I never could believe it, always thought that I must be deceived, but it is a fact. These women's feet were about the size of our little Charley's. Only think of a full grown and rather a fat person having such feet. I thought she must be in torture with them, but she walked apparently with the greatest ease. They had a little cane in their hand.

The men here dress their hair most singularly, having the front of their head shaved close to the skin. The hair they let grow long on the back of the head and braid it from the top, and you almost always see them with a cue of hair hanging to the bottom of their trowsers. They take great pride in their long hair. In our walk we saw a little child about the size of Ellen. Its Mother had commenced braiding its hair and shaving it. The braid was then about as long as your finger. It looked very funny.

[Marginal note] This walk was on Saturday. [October 17]

The Chinese are a most singular people. They appear to me to be a most united people. They will do any thing for their countryman, and I cannot find that they will use any means to accommodate a foreigner by beating down their own countryman. They will impose greatly upon foreigners if not closely watched. Our servant or Compradore is [a] very shrewd fellow, speaks pretty good English; he wanted to know to day if Mr. Cleveland was not 30 years older than I am. [He was 32 years older.] I asked him how he knew how old I was. O, he says, "I can see; I can sava (know)." He inquired if I had father, mother, Brothers, and sisters, and if they "liky have me catchy" this country. He made many enquiries which amused me much. His name is Apew. The boy's name is Apun. The others I know nothing about.

Have written a letter to Capt. Roundy this morning. He writes me word that he and E. Orne with Mr. Green [John Cleve Green]<sup>99</sup> intend coming down to see us soon. I mean to begin letters to send home in a day or two. Since we have been here we have been constantly busy. I cannot conceive of people's calling this a dull place. Walked this Afternoon with Dr. Bradford. He took tea with us. On our return found Mr. Lord, supercargo of the *Liverpool Packet*, here. Said the letters had all gone to Canton. He did not know whether

there were any for me, but there must be. This morning Mr. Astell [John Harvey Astell]<sup>100</sup> and Mr. Alexander [Henry Robert Alexander]<sup>101</sup> called, and Mrs. Turner.

**Tuesday 20** Went out this morning, called on Mrs. Ingalls [Inglis],<sup>102</sup> Mrs. Griffith and Lady Claridge, Mrs. Cathre.<sup>103</sup> Had a very pleasant morning. Left Mrs. C[leveland] at home. Dr. Bradford and Mr. Abonne [Aborn] called. We were invited to Mrs. Fearon's to tea and to walk in the garden. I cannot stop to describe it now.

My Dear Sister it is now over a week since I wrote last in my journal. I have had so much to do with company and visiting my journal is sadly neglected, but I will try and remember something that has happened. The garden at Mr. Fearon's is the most romantic place. It is very extensive and abounds in serpentine walks. A fine view of the sea, you ascend hills, immense rocks and trees. There are several temples in the garden, one very high. In another part a cave in the rocks, where the celebrated Camoen[s] wrote his *Lusiad*. A bust of Camoen[s] stands in the Cave.<sup>104</sup> I shall go and see it again, and will describe it. It is a wild and delightful spot. We passed the eve pleasantly at Mrs. F., in company with Dr. Bradford, Mr. Fillmore [Phillimore],<sup>105</sup> Mr. Card, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. They have a splendid place. Left Mrs. C at home. What would I give to have you here to enjoy every thing with me. It is all I want now. Every wish is gratified excepting that one, that cannot be, of seeing my friends.

**Wednesday 21** Our good friend Dr. College called. He is the best man I have seen yet, every body loves him and speak well of him. He has been truly kind to us. We are under great obligations to him. It is a shame that he is a Bachelor. Capt. Whitehead and Mr. Bradford called, and Mrs. F. to invite us to a party tomorrow eve. We accepted. Mr. B. dined with us. After dinner, or rather at 5 o'clock, I walked on the terrace all alone, till the posts all looked like men and so dark that it was not pleasant. I was thinking of home sweet home and half inclined to wish myself there. I frequently do My Dear Sister though I may appear to you to enjoy myself, and I do. But there are times when one wants a comforter.

**Thursday 22** Capt. Hogg [Arch Hogg],<sup>106</sup> Mr. Blight [James Henry Blight],<sup>107</sup> Mr. Bradford, Capt. Fillmore called to see us. So you see not a day passes but that we have as much company as we wish and



more than we wish when we have so much sewing to do. No letters for us by the *Liverpool Packet*. What do you mean. How cruel. She sailed 10 days after us and not a word for any of us. Hard, hard, hard. Well, I shall do as I would be done by and write as often as I can have the privilege, for there is nothing I enjoy so much as writing home.

Went to Mrs. F[earon]'s. this eve. I enjoyed myself much. You would be astonished to see your once diffident Sis dancing the first quadrille, not without much urging however. You must know I am the only spinster in the place, and I am pulled about in every direction.<sup>108</sup> I do not like the situation exactly. Mr. Howard was there, a fine singer, amused us much. We had considerable singing, some dancing, and the evening passed very pleasantly. They sung some fine glees, and with a fine band of music, it was really delightful. We had a supper which was rather tantalizing. Most of the company dined there and were not at all hungry, and we who dined at 3 o'clock were obliged to look at the niceties, as the satisfied party were the majority. We returned at 12, not much delighted with our host. He seemed inclined to tell every one that his wife was the daughter of a baronet and a general officer. She was well born and bred. Which made him quite ridiculous, but we excused him by thinking that he had had a dinner party.

**Friday 23** Calls all the morning. Wrote to Uncle. Had much trouble to write a page, continued interruptions. Mrs. Allport and Mrs. Ingalls [Inglis] called. Mr. Ploughdon, Mr. Millet and Mr. Smith [Thomas Charles Smith],<sup>109</sup> Mr. Card and Mr. Griffiths. Mr. Ploudon came to invite us to an entertainment this eve. They are to have theatricals. They are to have several scenes from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, etc. We declined at first on account of Aunt's severe headache, but Mr. Millet politely offered to Chaperon me. But I thought proper to decline the civility. He said he would go to Mrs. Turner's and request her to call for me. He went directly over, and she sent me a note saying she would call. Aunt Low afterwards concluded to go and under the protection of Dr. Bradford we went at 1/2 past 8. The performances were fine, some good singing and the young gentlemen acquitted themselves in grand style. We had a very good farce called *Killing no Murder*<sup>110</sup> with several other scenes from different plays. After the performances we had a fine supper. Every thing elegant and nice, and every one enjoyed themselves. Between the

scenes the gentlemen and Ladies walked in the verandah. The party was social and pleasant. I like their manner of fixing the supper tables, they have small tables that will hold about 10, so that it makes it much more social. The party broke up about 2. I thought it impossible that it was more than 12.

**Saturday 24** Feel bright this morning considering the dissipation. Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill [John B. Thornhill],<sup>111</sup> Mr. Clarke and Dr. Bradford called. After dinner felt rather dull and retired to our summer house, which appears to be remote from society. I took my pencil and for a little amusement sketched a slight view of the surrounding hills and scenery, which is very pretty. Would that I was more expert in sketching from Nature. It is a delightful employment. I intend to practice some. From the front of the summer house we have a fine view of the fort [Monte Fort] on one high hill. On another hill near stands what is called the Gear [Guia], signifying Beacon.<sup>112</sup> [It] is very high and it is a convent, I believe. Below we have a view of the town and the Beach, a view of the Church [St. Francis] and Franciscan Green where the Ladies walk. And every Saturday eve there is a band that plays here, which is pleasant. I can hear them from the summer house. On the other side we have a little view of the sea, which would be complete if it was not for a new house built up lately which interrupts the view much. On the other side we have a fine view of the harbour and surrounding hills. On the other is an ancient Church and convent. It is really a delightful spot. I love it now, and if we remove as we some [soon] expect too I shall regret it much.

I had just got interested in drawing. Mrs. C. called to know if I would walk with her, as Dr. B. had called for us. I went, though reluctantly, had a pleasant walk. Dr. B. took tea and spent the eve with us. Mr. Vachell called to day.

**Sunday 25** Capt. Roundy came down this morning to make us a short visit. We went to church this morning attended by Dr. B. Liked Mr. Vachell very well. They have the Church of England forms. On our return as is the custom here, we received a call from Mr. [William Baynes] and Mrs. Baynes [Julia Smith Baynes],<sup>113</sup> the prettiest woman in Macao. She is a beauty. A Mrs. Shaw between 60 and 70, who last year came out to Bombay for the benefit of her health and is now on her way to England, is a fine old lady.<sup>114</sup> She attends all

the Balls and parties and is a very interesting woman. Ask Grand-mother what she thinks of that. A Mr. Brister and another youngster called with her, 2 Mr. Morris's [Frederick John Morris],<sup>115</sup> Mr. Astell and Mr. Ravenshaw [Henry Thomas Ravenshaw].<sup>116</sup> After dinner we retired to our sweet summer house, where we were soon joined by Dr. B. who called for Mrs. C. to walk with him\*, but we never make calls or walk on Sunday. He therefore took tea and spent the eve with her.

[Marginal note] \*Do not believe her, Dear Mary Ann. It is not the first time a young lady has screened herself behind an old one! Ask me to walk, for sooth!!! Mrs. C.[leveland]

Amused us by giving a description of the manner and time it takes to dress a gentleman, which does them not much credit. I wish I could give it [to] you in full, but it is too much trouble as I am a week behind hand in my journal.

**Monday 26** This morning Capt. R[oundy] undertook to bore my ears. I like a heroine fainted away, from fear. But the operation I think is rather unpleasant. Dr. B. in this morning. Our good friend Mr. College and Mr. Bannerman [James Bannerman],<sup>117</sup> the last of the select committees that are to call on us. Mr. Clarke called. This Afternoon Dr. B. called for us and we went to Mr. Beale's where we were cordially received by the old gentleman and entertained beyond measure. He has an aviary filled with the most choice collection of birds. The bird of Paradise he has, which is by far the most beautiful. You cannot imagine plumage more perfect. You have seen them stuffed, but you can barely judge of its beauty. It is much too handsome for the temper it possesses.<sup>118</sup> The next most beautiful are the gold and silver pheasants. Their plumage is rich and they seem conscious of their beauty. The next is the Mandarin duck which is clothed in a great variety of colours, but put on to suit the most fastidious taste. They are remarkable for their fidelity. Mr. B. gave us a history of one of them. He says the husband and wife always keep together and if one dies, the other never marries.

Another singular bird is what is called the dagger breasted pigeon. Its colour on the back is slate colour, the breast white with a red spot directly in front, which resembles blood. They look as tho' they had had a fresh wound. I cannot describe to you the beauty of

these birds. They are too numerous. In the Aviary, which is made of wire, is a large tree, which is completely covered with birds of all descriptions. We could not think of seeing the whole in once going. He has some of the richest parrots I ever saw, magpies, mockingbird and almost every thing you can think of. After we had looked sufficiently at the birds, we walked in the garden, which is literally filled with plants and trees the most rare. In the garden he has a pond with a great variety of golden fishes. What astonished me as much as anything was the air plant, which grows without earth. It is first put into a shell of cocoa nut till it shoots and is soon after suspended to a tree or wall and grows upwards. About six we were joined by Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Ingalls [Inglis], Mrs. White<sup>119</sup> and Captain Whitehead. We then went to the house and took tea made in Chinese style. Each one's tea is put into a covered cup till sufficiently steeped, is then drunk with out cream or sugar; did not suit my sweet taste I'll assure you. We had much sport again about the ring, which still remains on the fourth finger. Capt. W. thinks there is no hope. We left Mr. B. about 7 after engaging to breakfast with him on Wednesday morning. On our return Mrs. C. entertained us with her guitar while we worked.

**Tuesday 27** At home to day. Received some calls but cannot think who. Never mind. Dr. B[radford] dropped in in the afternoon. We went to walk with Mrs. Allport and did not see him till the eve. We went to the Campo, a beautiful place. The Campo is out of the town some way, is between two high hills, and the sea washing up on one side. I ascended one of the hills, which is very high, and on looking round, found my party at a great distance below. They had not followed my rash steps, but I was not sorry. It was a perfect spot and I shall try it again. Coming down I was accosted by Dr. Peirson [Pearson], who had very politely come up to my assistance. He thought that I was in some danger of losing my neck, but it is not the first time I have climbed a hill. We returned and spent a pleasant eve. Dr. B. came in about 8 and left about 12. He leaves town tomorrow. Mrs. C. and his honour were full of fun and amused us all much. I suppose you will think it rather a late hour, but it is not very in this country. Capt. Roundy was here and we passed a pleasant eve, I'll assure you. A letter to day from E. Orne.

**Wednesday 28** Uncle W., E. Orne and Mr. Greene came down to day to spend a few days with us. Had a fine breakfast this morning

with Mr. Beale at 10 o'clock, and another look at the birds and plants. He has several Magnolia trees in his gardens, one American one. Dr. B. called this morning to bid us Adieu. Invitations to a Quadrille party at Capt. Whitehead's on Friday eve. On Monday the 9th invited to a Quadrille party at Lady Claridge's. Received my Album from Manilla to day. Often look at the piece you wrote my Dear Sister. I cannot get over the disappointment of not receiving letters by the *Liverpool* Packet. It is the strangest thing imaginable that out of so many correspondents I could have not one line. Walked on the Prio [Praya] Grande with Capt. R. before tea. Spent the eve at home with our pleasant little party.

**Thursday 29** Capt. Whitehead and Mr. Syme called this morning. Mr. S. we saw in Manilla. Mr. Higginson<sup>120</sup> called from Canton. Mr. and Mrs. Cathre. Mr. H. spent the eve with us.

**Friday 30** Our friend Dr. College, Mr. Dent [Thomas Dent],<sup>121</sup> Mr. Matthewson [James Matheson]<sup>122</sup> called. After dinner I went to the Campo with Mr. H. to see the gentlemen play at Cricket. There was a tent fixed for the ladies. The English will enjoy themselves where ever they are. I stayed about 1/2 an hour and returned to dress for the party. I did not think of going till to day, but every body says I ought to go, that we are indebted to Capt. Whitehead and we ought to go. Mrs. Turner offered kindly to Chaperone me. Aunt did not go. Uncle W. went. I enjoyed myself much. I danced every dance but one and when I came away was engaged for the 4 next quadrilles. So you see I am coming on. They will not take no for an answer. I can now get along tolerably well. We have fine music.

**Saturday 31** Mr. Beale, Mr. Plowdon [Plowden], Mr. Vachell, Mr. Higginson and Mr. Ulmer [Jacob Gabriel Ullman]<sup>123</sup> called this morning. After dinner took a delightful walk with Mr. Greene. Went to the Beach some distance beyond the Campo. Returned quite fatigued. Passed a pleasant eve.

**Sunday 1 November** I suppose you are now enjoying a fire, but we still find it comfortable with windows and doors all open. Most delightful weather. I wish all invalids could be transported here. This air could not help restoring them. Attended church this morning, had a pretty good sermon from Mr. Vachell. After service Sir Andrew Ljungstedt and Sir John Claridge and Mr. Millet called. After-



wards Mouquah,<sup>124</sup> one of the Hong Merchants, called. He is a great character. He had on his winter dress. It is rather a singular dress. The cap is blue in front, the top scarlet with a blue glass button on the top; the whole dress was blue of different shades. I asked why they did not let ladies go to Canton. He says "too muchy man want to look." He says "Canton too small no walky." He was very gallant I'll assure you. "It have China custom, no lady go Canton, and no can. Suppose Emperor say can, Can do." Houqua,<sup>125</sup> Kinqua<sup>126</sup> and Fenqua are down but they have not yet called.

Spent the evening at home. E. Orne and Mr. Greene and the Capt. [Whitehead] still with us. About dark we, Mrs. C. and I, went into the summer house with the guitar and had some psalm tunes which is pleasant I'll assure you, a new moon shining upon us gloriously. Could you only see our little spot here how delighted I should be. I have bet with Mr. Greene to night that I will be up to morrow morning at 6 o'clock.

**Monday Morn Nov. 2** 6 o'clock Up this morning at 20 minutes before 6 so I think I have fairly won my gloves. A splendid morning my dear Sis. And I hope you have as pleasant a one. The bells are ringing. Mrs. C. is sitting by me manufacturing a bonnet. The China men are jabbering below. I should admire to have you hear their jargon. There is no words to be made of it to my ears, it seems to consist of low guttural sounds. They are a stupid set of people. They spend most of their time in sleeping. That is the servants. They will do only just such work as belongs to each one, and when that is done, you hear them snoring.

This morning made some calls as Mr. College called and wished us to return Mrs. Thornhill's call, and as we follow his advice we went. He went with us to Mrs. Thornhill's, left us. We called at Mrs. Ingall's but could not make the porter understand who we wanted. Were obliged to come away without seeing her. Called at Mrs. Allport's, a very pleasant woman. Went out in our new [sedan] chairs, they are very handsome, but just like hot houses. We have as yet no venetians and the glass draws the sun. I was glad to get home. Mr. Robertson [Alexander Robertson],<sup>127</sup> Mr. Syme, and Mrs. Fearon called this morning. After dinner Uncle W., Mr. Orne, Mr. Greene left us for Canton, and we are all in the dumps. There is no pleasure in having folks leave, after so short a visit. True, it is better than

nothing. Mr. G. says he shall call and see you on his return. He is a sensible young man and very agreeable, when you get acquainted with him.

A delightful eve. Walked on the terrace alone some time thinking of home and calling to mind all your faces. I have them all yet in my mind. After tea Capt. R[oundy] and I went on to the Prio Grande for a short walk. I never saw a more splendid sight than then, the water rushing upon the beach wave after wave in gradual succession, and the moon shining upon each made the water on the edge of each look, like I am sure I cannot say what, but so brilliant that it made a flash like lightening and all the colours of the rainbow. All around the shore for some distance you would see this brilliant light. I never saw any thing like it before. I came home perfectly delighted with my walk. It was if possible, more splendid than the water at sea of a dark night.

**Tuesday, Nov. 3** Up at 6 o'clock again, and now I am hungry enough, cannot write any more untill after breakfast. Intend writing in my journal every morning before breakfast. Then you will be likely to get all the particulars of my life at Macao. We are invited to horseraces on Thursday. What do you think of that at Macao.

10 at night Have passed a tolerably quiet day. Had only two calls, Capt. Whitehead and Mr. Ulman. After dinner we all went to walk. Went to Cecilia's [Cassilha's] Bay beyond the Campo, the gents all on the Campo playing at Cricket. Mr. Blight joined us, had a beautiful walk. He returned, took tea with us. The bells have been ringing and guns firing all day because that villain of a Don Miguel<sup>128</sup> is chosen King of Portugal, and to night all the high places and Churches are illuminated. Looks most beautifully. The fort and convent on top of the hills look very brilliant. Many of the Portuguese houses likewise are lighted. Hear to day that Dr. B[radford] on his return to Canton took cold and is now quite sick. O, Mary Ann I have been thinking about home all day. Did not feel well this morning and got low spirited. What would I give to see you. Good Night My Dear Sis. Pleasant dreams and sweet repose to you. Always remember me in your prayers. Though far away, I need them more than ever.

**Wednesday, Nov 4** Most charming day. Mr. and Mrs. Perreira with Dr. College called to day. Mr. Clarke, Huddleston, and Smith. Went out with Mrs. C[leveland] to make calls. Called on Mrs. Shaw, there

saw Mr. Lindsay, then on to Mrs. Ingalls [Inglis] who was not at home; on Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Fearon, Mrs. Allport. Invited to walk in Mrs. F's beautiful garden, but did not go as Mrs. C. was too much fatigued. Spent the eve at home, have all got bad colds and feel excessively stupid. Have heard to day that Capt. Doudle [George R. Dowdall]<sup>129</sup> of the New York Ship *Ajax* is dead. He was well when Uncle left Canton. It is quite sickly there now I believe. Dr. Bradford is dangerously ill. I am sorry to hear it. Spent the eve at home. I have got low spirited Mary Ann and have to day sighed several times for my home.

**Thursday 5** Invited to Tiff [tiffin] with Capt. Whitehead as we all go to the horseraces. But declined and called for Mrs. Turner at 2 o'clock and from thence to the race ground but without thinking that I should enjoy myself. I cannot tell you why, but my spirits seem to have a lead attach[ed] to them. The race ground is at what is called the barrier, which prevents all foreigners from passing over that spot. The course is about 3 qrs of a mile. It is a delightful place & I was much amused at the novel scenes. There was a temporary house of bamboo built for the ladies, and I'll assure you My Dear Sis it was very interesting to look upon the motley group below us. Chinese of all descriptions, dressed in their most singular dress, some with those large basket hats. Many of them wear nothing on their heads but carry a fan, which they hold over their heads to screen them from the sun. They some of them had bags on their backs about 1/2 yd. square in which they deposit their babies. The poor little things were knocked about in the crowd, as though it was a bit of wood. It is a very common mode of carrying children. Portuguese and Lascars were mixed with Chinese, and to hear the mixture of languages, none of which I understood, made me think of the confusion of Babel but led me to wish that those foolish people had been content to live on the earth while they were permitted. Some of the races were very good. Some large bets made. We returned about 7 o'clock and had a long discussion upon the merits of the English. Concluded by thinking they had been extremely polite to us, but that it is necessary to treat them with some reserve and that the men are a good for nothing set of rascals. Do not tell any body. But all they care about is eating, drinking, and frolicking. Sir Andrew called.

[Marginal note] Quite a modest conclusion.

**Friday 6** This morning Sir Andrew Lungstead called with the poor Miss Ulmers [Ana Margurida and Joana Ana Ullman].<sup>130</sup> You have heard me speak of them from Mr. Ammidon. Sir A. recommended them to my kindness. He has been very kind to them. They understand English but are afraid to speak. Their Father was formerly rich, but is now much reduced, and his daughters have no society. I shall call often on them and do what I can for them, but that is not much. Capt. Hinz [Hine] called to day, says there was much money lost yesterday. At home all the evening, a delightful evening. I walked in the garden some time with Capt. R[oundy].

**Saturday 7** Capt. Roundy left us this morning. We shall not see him again. He thinks he shall go to New York on his return. We miss him very much. He is worth a Jew's eye.<sup>131</sup> Would that I could be there as soon. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Alexander and Ravenshaw called to day. Letters from Uncle to day. Mr. Bradford some better, though very sick. After dinner went in to the summer house. The band was playing beautifully on the green and echoing across the water sounded charmingly. I stayed there wrapt in thought till the moon had commenced her nightly work, cheerfully and without a cloud upon her brow, rejoicing that it is her turn to gaze and be gazed upon. Invited to a soiree at the Albany on the 18th.

**Sunday 8** Awoke this morning wofully disappointed to find it nothing but a dream. I thought I had just received by brother Abbot and you my dear sis were here with me & I had just asked you what you thought of yourself in China? You never were more plainly before my eyes. Abbot I did not recognise for some time—but when he laughed, I saw the same little eyes. But it is pleasant to see you in dreams and I can bear the disappointment better than not receiving letters by the *Liverpool Packet*. I cannot think of that without wishing to weep. You can hardly imagine the disappointment nor do I wish you to. Perhaps in the course of time I shall get callous to these things, but I hope I shall never have enough of them.

Aunt Low has just gone to Church at Dr. Morrison's. I thought I would not go. If I go to Mr. Vachell's, when I look at him and think the last time I saw him he was betting at a horse race, or dancing with him, that I lose all reverence for him or what he says. I resolved to stay at home and read my own sermon, and I think I shall feel

quite as well satisfied with myself as by going to Church, and I sincerely hope a little better.

Have read several excellent sermons to day aloud to Mrs. Cleveland. In the afternoon commenced a letter to George [Archer]. Before I had finished got quite in the blue thinking of you all My Dear Sister and how much I would give to see you. I then walked on the terrace alone. Mrs. C. played and sang for us in the eve.

**Monday 9** Mr. Blight, Mr. Fox [Thomas Fox]<sup>132</sup> and Mr. Holsworth [Richard Holdsworth] called. I did not see them. Preparing to go to Lady C[laridge]'s quadrille party. Wore a white muslin trimmed with yellow satin over white satin. Though the plainest dress in the room, it was handsome as I wished. The ladies here dress a great deal. We do not pretend to vie with the English Ladies in any thing, but good conduct. I danced every dance and had several engaged when I returned about 1 o'clock. We had a fine supper. Sir John is a very fine man. Lady C. behaved very well.

**Tuesday 10** For once we have had a peacable day, not a call to day. Letters from Uncle to day.

**Wednesday 11** Our friend Dr. College called to day, and Mr. Gover [John Gover].<sup>133</sup> We hear to day poor Bradford is still very sick. He has an excellent physician however and every thing will be done for him that is possible for man to do. I fear he will not recover, poor man.<sup>134</sup> Only think how short a time since he left us in perfect health.

After dinner had a very pleasant walk at what is called the Bishop's walk. There is a delightful view of the Bay and harbour, with a pretty view of the town and surrounding country. It is a most romantic spot. I am [in] hopes at some time I shall be able to get a sketch of this place. I should delight in it. Before we returned the full moon arose in all her splendour—to illumine our rough path. It was really a charming scene. Mr. Newell [Capt. D. R. Newall]<sup>135</sup> and Mrs. Allport went with us and returned with us to tea. Passed a very pleasant eve. Mrs. Allport is a sweet, sensible and interesting woman.

**Thursday 12** Mr. and Mrs. Morrison called to day to invite us to go out upon the water with them on Saturday—a sober party she says. We engaged to go, if— Went out this morning to make some calls with Aunt Low. Called to see Misses Ulmans, Mrs. Turner; she went



with us to Lady C[laridge]'s, Mrs. Fearon's, and Mrs. Perreira's. Went to Mrs. Cathre's. Have heard some stories this morning which will be a good lesson for us, I hope make us more on our guard than ever. You have no idea how circumspect it is necessary to be in this place! Do not think it concerns me. Not in the least, or rather only as far as it concerns the whole sex, & I intend to learn a lesson by another's experience. It concerns a lady who has been staying in Macao the last 6 months. Thank fortune she has now gone. It really made me quite melancholy—and I longed to be at my Dear home, in the bosom of my friends and those I love. But I must make myself contented and happy as possible. But it is a heartless way of living. There are but few here who we can put confidence in.

After dinner went to walk or rather took chairs and went with Mrs. Cleveland to the Beach, a most delightful place. We stayed as long as we dared, then returned home. I have no one to walk with me and it is not proper for me to go alone, so that I cannot have the privilege of walking when I like. I however mount upon the terrace and there walk alone and enjoy my own pleasant thoughts.

You may perhaps say, she has got the blues. Pray make allowances. Imagine me as happy as a lark. Ungrateful should I be if I was not, for there is not wish of heart ungratified if it is in Aunt's power to gratify it. But alas— I am sure you would think I was happy and easy if I were to stand before you and let you gaze upon my round, fat visage. I will assure you, that I look much more like the "frigate" than I ever did and feel quite anxious as my appetite remains and cold weather (the most fattening thing) is approaching.

Mrs. Turner is a sweet woman and we take much pleasure in her society. Also Mrs. Allport.

**Friday 13** A delightful day, though rather warm. No calls to day except Sir Andrew. Having windows put into the hall, preparing for cold weather. No fire place in the house yet. Shall have to put a stove in the dining room. Some of the houses look quite winterish, carpets, fireplaces, and curtains. Mrs. Allport and Capt. Newell called for us to walk after dinner. We went to the Campo, ascended a hill where we had a fine view. A pleasant walk. Returned and took tea with Mrs. Allport. Passed a pleasant eve. She is a woman of fine principles, modest and affable in her manners, good sense and feelings, another who we think we shall take comfort in.

**Saturday 14** Passed a delightful day. Mrs. Cleveland quite sick with the headache, but she insisted on our joining the water party as engaged. We all met at Mrs. Morrison's. Our party was pleasant though small. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. M., Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Rieves [John Reeves]<sup>136</sup> with Aunt and myself. We went to the Isle de Verd,<sup>137</sup> there landed, while the Tiffin was prepared. We then after having our refreshment got under weigh. The scenery all around us was delightful. The sun was behind us on our return, just setting behind the hills and shedding its softened beams upon the city of Macao—which added much to its beauty. As we approached the busy scene before us was quite new and amusing. A vast number of the poor people live upon the water and appear cheerful and happy. But you would wonder that [there is] a smile upon their faces, when apparently so miserable. Their dress is singular. We saw a Josh [Joss] house<sup>138</sup> at a distance which formed a very pretty scene. Shall visit it nearer before I pretend to describe it to you. It stands among immense rocks and trees on the sea shore, is fancifully ornamented and presents a picturesque view from the water.

We returned about 6 o'clock quite delighted with our sail. On our return Mrs. Turner called in and took tea with us sociably. Passed a very pleasant eve. She is a woman after my own heart. She brought her little Richard with her, just the age of our Charley [5 years old]. I took him in my arms, and he went off to sleep. It really seemed like being at home to have a child in my arms.

**Sunday 15** Attended church this morning. Mr. Vachell gave us a very good sermon. Letters from Uncle after church. Mr. Bradford rather better, which I am very glad to hear. Mr. Newell waited upon us home, Mr. College and Mr. Beale called in after church, a pleasant creature. Now I am going to write to Capt. Roundy and E. Orne, so Good Bye my Dear Sis. I suppose you are now sleeping. I should like to know who you are dreaming of and all about you. We three passed our eve together.

**Monday 16** Good Morning Mary Ann. What do you think I would not give to see you? I have just started from my comfortable bed and feel desirous to see and talk with my sister. I so often dream of you and awake and find myself at the same immeasurable distance, still separated by oceans and seas, and I can only approach you by the unsatisfactory way of writing, either (I fear you will say tedious jour-

nal) in this or on a sheet of paper, which there is no more prospect of reaching you.

Monday 10 o'clock at night Aunt Low gone out, left me to keep house. While she was gone had four of the Macao beauties call to see me. Now I suppose you would like to know who they are. The first is Mr. Howard. [He] is a shrewd, quickwitted, sensible young man. And a handsome face withal, a fine singer, and affords considerable amusement at the parties, as he possesses great imitative powers and frequently gives us specimens of all the great English Actors. He wears under his chin a long black beard, black mustachios and whiskers. It seems like looking through a forest and discovering at a distance two stars to look at his eyes. Seriously though, it is an outrageously long beard. But it is English style. The next was Mr. Clarke, Mr. Morris and Mr. Alexander, all clever youngsters. Mrs. Fearon called. I did my prettiest I'll assure you with so many beaux. Aunt Low made some purchases and returned. We spent the rest of the day at home. Capt. Winslow [George Winslow]<sup>139</sup> took tea with us. Dr. C[olledge] is to perform an operation on his eye tomorrow; he is very expert at such business. You would think us very industrious if you could look in upon us. We work almost every eve when at home untill 11 o'clock.

**Tuesday 17** At home all day, busy enough. Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt] and Mr. Vachell called. You would have no idea to see him that he was a clergyman, though he behaves very well for all that I know. Sir A. is a fine old gentleman [aged seventy]. Engaged to open the Ball with me.

**Wednesday 18** A fine day. Went out this morning in my chair to make calls, and now is it worth while for me to tell you where I called. At any rate I will tell you. I called first at Mrs. Shaw's, then at Mrs. Duncan's,<sup>140</sup> a new comer, but merely a bird of passage. The name is quite familiar. Then on Mrs. Baynes, the Macao beauty, but her ladyship was not dressed. Therefore I bid the bearers go to Mrs. Fearon's. You have no idea of the difficulty we have in making them understand where we wish to go. I almost get cross sometimes, they seem so stupid.

Found Mrs. F. at home sitting by a good fire—but doors all open. She is surrounded by every thing comfortable, and elegant. I then on my return called on our lovely friend Mrs. Turner. She is a woman

I do love. She has some sweet children and she is an excellent mother. She gave me a large bunch of artificial flowers to dress my pate, which by the bye has lost most of its natural ornament, and I fear will be bald, as I understand this climate affects the hair. I then returned home, where I found that good man Dr. College. He stayed with us an hour. Offered me a pony, but I have no place to keep and take care of it. I therefore declined the kind offer.

At 8 o'clock we went to the Albany, where we were received with every mark of attention. The entrance was decorated with flowers and brilliantly lighted, and in the centre a large oval piece of transparent paper, silk, or something of the kind, and the word "Welcome" printed in large letters decorated with flowers had a very pretty effect. The drawing room, stair case and supper room were also handsomely decorated with flowers and greens. We had some fine fire works in front of the house, dancing, etc. Mr. Howard gave us some amusing reminiscences, among which was brother Jonathan's visit to America. He was however very delicate and proceeded to take off English peculiarities. I danced every time and got into quite a hobble, for I engaged for four, deep—about the middle of the evening. And when it came to the third could not tell for the life of me who I had engaged to dance with: 2 gentlemen came and both claimed me for that one, and both were equally urgent. I however danced with Mr. Card, hoping there was time for 2, but poor Morris was deferred till the first dance the next evening—when that will be no one knows. I do not tell this with the least vanity Molly, for it would not be so if there were many ladies here. But you know they are scarce here. There are 20 times the number of gentlemen, only a little sprinkling of ladies. I have no rivals, as there is but one other spinster in the place. As a gentleman told me at the supper table, that I ought to make a speech as I was the only spinster, as acknowledgement for a toast then drank. We left the party highly gratified with our evenings amusement. Waited upon to my chair by Morris. Hope I have not offended him, for he is a pretty little fellow. It was about 2 when we arrived home.

**Thursday 19** 11 o'clock this morning found us just seated at the breakfast table. Passed a quiet day, had no calls, for I suspect all rose late. I suppose Father will think his daughter is in a fair way to be ruined, but tell him it would be considered very ill natured in this

place [for] the only young lady to stay away, & I must say that it is the only amusements we have here. Retired early.

**Friday 20** Mrs. Perreira [Aurélia Pereira]<sup>141</sup> called to see us to day. She was most splendidly dressed in a rich crimson velvet pelisse neatly trimmed, with a handsome white hat. She is a very pleasant woman.

Cool weather this day or two past make us think of carpets and stoves. Went to walk this afternoon with Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Allport, Miss Brightman<sup>142</sup> and Mr. Spottiswood.<sup>143</sup> Had a delightful walk and returned. Took tea with Mrs. Turner and passed a very pleasant evening. Letters from Uncle to day.

**Saturday 21** No calls. Card from Mr. Ploughdon [Plowden] requesting our company on Monday eve at the [East India] company's house. The young men are to perform a play.

This eve proposed walking in Mrs. Fearon's garden and taking tea with her. We went expecting to pass a social eve. We walked up, were overtaken by the Charming Mr. Howard and Clarke. They left us at the gate. We had a beautiful walk in that paradise of a place. It is large, wild, and romantic. It is a work of art it is true, but it resembles Nature so perfectly that you would not think but that it was originally formed in this way. It was a high hill, and the walks have been dug out. Such immense rocks and trees. It is almost frightful to look up in some places and see the great rocks piled upon one another, and as if the least touch would throw them down. There are several Banyan trees, growing with their roots almost out of ground, spreading over the rocks. I wish I could give you any idea of it by description. We then went to the house where we were soon joined by Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Inglis, Captain Whitehead, Mr. Chard and several others. Cards were introduced in the evening, the same as any other eve. It did not suit our Yankee notions however. [It violated the old New England custom of beginning the observance of Sunday at sunset on Saturday.] We had a little supper and returned in our chairs about 10, not pleased with the evening altogether. Have resolved to avoid Saturday evening visits in the future, as we know not what will take place among people who think but little of Sundays.

**Sunday 22** Went to Dr. Morrison to day. I do not like him very well, though it is better than nothing. I believe he is a very good man.



Passed the evening in writing George [Archer] and this journal. Do not know as I shall ever get my letters ready to send home, for I get but little time to write.

**Monday 23** Dr. College called to day. Letters from Canton, I had one of the kindest letters from Uncle; wish you could see it, for it would do you as much good as it would me, to know how kindly your sister was treated by her good Uncle and Aunt. Received or rather Aunt Low [received] a note from Mr. Dent, one of the drollest things you ever saw. I should like to have you know him, he is a pleasant creature. He requested to accompany us to the play<sup>144</sup> to night, which offer we accepted. We had satin play Bills sent this morning, which I shall send to you for you to see the style in which every thing is carried on in Macao. I'll assure you every thing corresponds. We went to the play at 7 accompanied by Mr. Dent. You would have been amused I am sure. We had several scenes painted by Mr. Chinnery, a famous portrait painter. The play was performed very well. Some parts were admirably done, but the most amusing part was the female character. Mr. Chinnery was one, and they could not have chosen one less fit to perform a female part. But however the ridiculous appearance made much sport. He represented Miss Lucretia MacTab [McTab], and Mr. Alexander was Miss Emily Worthington, a tall lean looking man with a gruff voice, but she was breaking the hearts of all the young beaus, and you have no idea how ugly she was. It was so inconsistent that we could not but laugh. After the play we had a farce called *Bombastes Furioso*. It was very amusing. After the farce a supper which lasted until nearly 2. We had some fine singing and enjoyed it much. Little Morris was very polite, wished to have the quadrille after supper, but no one was disposed. We therefore postpone it. I am glad he was not offended.

**Tuesday 24** Alone and undisturbed to day. Arose at 8 as usual at this season. An invitation from Mrs. Allport to spend Thursday eve with her sociably. Busy at work on my dress.

**Wednesday 25** Mr. Clark, Lindsay, Alexander, and Astell called this morning. Also Mr. [James Frederick Nugent Daniell] and Mrs. [Jane] Daniell,<sup>145</sup> an elegant woman. After noon walked with Mrs. Allport and Capt. Newell to the Pania [Peña Hill], a delightful spot. You can see all over the town, the Bay and harbour. They returned and

took tea with us. Passed a very pleasant eve. [Partly deleted: Mr. Vachell called to day.]

**Thursday 26** Mrs. Turner made us a long call this morning, a delightful woman. Took tea sociably with Mrs. Allport. No one but Mr. [Thomas] Dent there, and he is very agreeable.

**Friday 27** Mr. J. Sturgis [James Perkins Sturgis]<sup>146</sup> called this morning, the first time he has called on a lady these 20 years. It is that time since he left America. Mr. Smith and Mr. Millet also called. Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Inglis and Mr. Dent spent the eve with us. We passed a delightful eve. Mrs. Inglis leaves in a few days [sailed December 2 in the *Fergusson*]. The anniversary of our last Thanksgiving. How much have I to be thankful for this year.

**Saturday 28** Have a bad cold and feel as blue as indigo. Sir Andrew Ljungsteadt called but I did not see him. Mrs. Fearon and Mrs. Griffiths called, engaged to spend Monday eve with us sociably.

**Sunday 29** St. Andrew's day. Attended church to day. Mr. Vachell gave us a very good sermon. The first sunday in Advent. After church Mrs. Allport called in. Mrs. Inglis called to bid us Farewell. Sweet woman, I could not bear to have her go. The afternoon and eve I spent in writing letters to George [Archer] and Father and Mother. Also letter to Capt. [Roundy] and E. Orne. Received a letter from Capt. this morning.

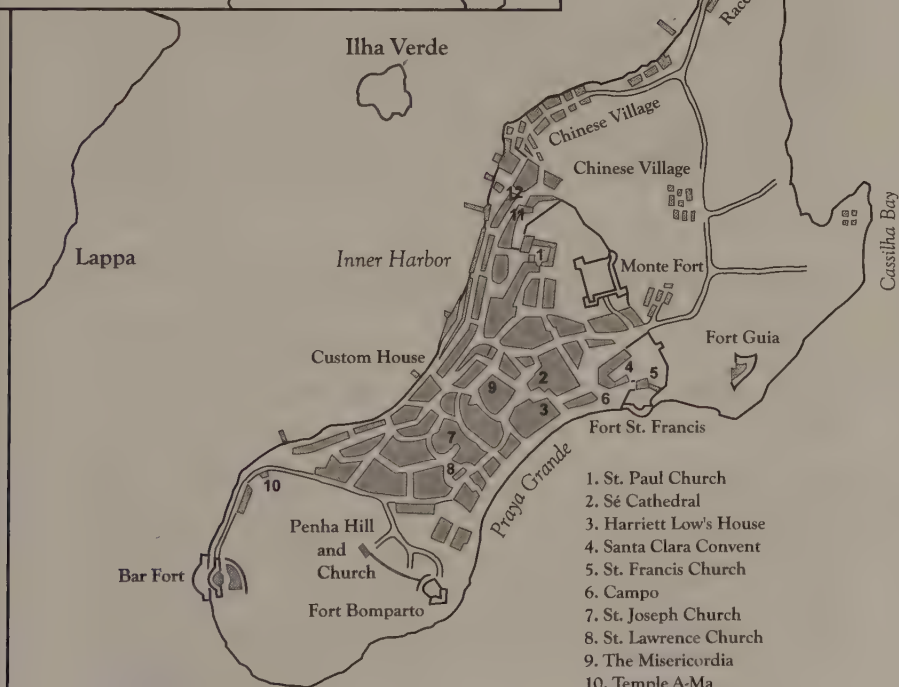
**Monday 30** At home, busy at work all day. Mrs. F[earon] and Griffiths spent the eve with us.

**Tuesday December 1** At home. No calls I think. I should like to know when our Thanksgiving is this year. How happy we all were together the last year. It did not pass my mind I'll assure you. Our regular thanksgiving will be at Christmas I think this year, as they are all church people. Would that I could join you all at home. I do feel a strange propensity sometimes to be on the other side of the world. I had a delightful walk with Mrs. Allport this evening and Mrs. Cleveland. We went to the Pania [Peña]. I took my pencil to take a little sketch of the surrounding scenery, which is very beautiful.

**Wednesday 2** Mr. Vachell called to see us to day. Letters from Canton. Has been a great fire in Canton, 200 homes burnt. The Chi-



# CHINA



## MACAO 1831 (Portuguese)

1. St. Paul Church
2. Sé Cathedral
3. Harriett Low's House
4. Santa Clara Convent
5. St. Francis Church
6. Campo
7. St. Joseph Church
8. St. Lawrence Church
9. The Misericórdia
10. Temple A-Ma
11. St. Anthony Church
12. Protestant Church and Graveyard

nese will not put out a fire. They say it is Josh pigeon [God's business] and no can. It destroyed one of their Josh houses. They are a most remarkable people.

**Thursday 3** Had a fine walk to the Campo with Mrs. Allport and Capt. Newell this eve. On our return Vachell joined us. We had a beautiful walk. There is some of the most charming wood, water, island scenery in Macao. I cannot conceive of any one's describing Macao as being a place of no beauty. There are some magnificent houses. The streets are generally very bad, but no one wishes to walk in the streets. Mrs. Allport took tea with us.

**Friday 4** Mr. Dent and Mrs. Cathre called.

2 American gentlemen, Capt. Winslow and Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Dent took tea with us.

**Saturday 5** Finished my dress, made calls to day; called on Mrs. Daniell, Mrs. Turner, Miss Ulmans, Mrs. Perriera. She lives in a perfect palace. She has 18 Caffres<sup>147</sup> live with her and is obliged to keep 12 sepoys to take care of them beside China servants, Bengalies and every thing else. She has an immense household. Afternoon read *Tales of a Kuzzilbach*.<sup>148</sup> Evening mended silk stockings, delightful employment.

**Sunday 6** Went to Dr. Morrison's church to day, had a very good sermon. Spent the evening in writing letters home.

**Monday 7** Spent the eve with Mrs. Turner. Returned rather low in spirits. Heard some tales that I did not like—not concerning us, mind ye.

**Tuesday 8** Got up this morning low in spirits. Felt disgusted with human nature. I took my book after breakfast and went to our sweet little summer house. I stayed there wrapt in admiration. The scenery around is so beautiful. I took my pencil and book and attempted to make a sketch. I entered into the spirit of it so much that I thought I could get an exact likeness and did succeed very well. I stayed there several hours and had determined to stay till I felt in better humour. Mrs. Cleveland came up and handed me a letter from my good correspondent in Canton, Capt. Roundy, which quite cheered my spirits—also letters from Uncle. Also an invitation to a party at Mrs. Daniell's tomorrow evening.

Altogether made me a little more myself and I went to the house, convinced that there are exceptions to every general rule.

A most charming eve. Aunt Low and I walked upon the terrace a long while talking of the dear ones at home, the sweetest of subjects.

When January has passed I shall begin to think you have heard from us. Then I shall feel much easier. If I could only know that you could hear, I would not mind not hearing myself—but it is the thoughts that I am making you all anxious and unhappy when I am so well that it worries me much. When the troubles that we had anticipated were all pictures of the imaginations, it seems hard that you should not know it before. But there the time will soon come now, I hope for you to hear from us and us from you, and we must wait patiently.

I forgot to say that I went to Chinnery the portrait painter's room yesterday. He has some fine likenesses. He is remarkably successful. How I wished that I had a little of the needful that I could put into the man's hand that he might take my beautiful phiz that I might transport it across the great waters into your own hands, for I flatter myself you would like it. But there, what's the use of wishing.

**Wednesday 9** Up this morning in good season. How are you Sis. I suppose you are just thinking of turning in, to use a sea phrase. I think I shall now bid you good morning, take a walk in the garden, mount the terrace with my pencil and book, and if the sun is not too imprudent, shall proceed with my sketch.

Spent the day at home. Went to Mrs. Daniell's in the evening. Had a very pleasant eve. The party was small and social. The latter part of the evening we all played "How do you like it?" which quite carried me back to our home parties. Mrs. Daniell is a sweet woman. Her manners are more like Cousin Sally's<sup>149</sup> than any ones. She seems perfectly amiable, and she has a husband as pleasant. He is a great favourite of mine, and I think he likes me. Now you will say, Harriett, exactly; vanity of vanities. Well what is more I know he does.

**Thursday 10** At home cutting a white dress, so you see we have employment all the time. This Afternoon Mrs. C[leveland] and I walked. Oh, how I wish you could be here to ramble over the hills



with me. I want some one amazingly. No young girls here, and they are not willing to have me go alone. Aunt Low's feet are so lame she cannot walk.

**Friday 11** An invitation to spend the eve with Mrs. Fearon. She is a very lively pleasant woman. There were no other ladies there but us three and Mrs. Griffiths. Mr. Syme, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Campbell [James William H. Campbell],<sup>150</sup> Mr. Ilbury [James W. H. Ilberry],<sup>151</sup> Mr. Chinnery, Capt. Hope.<sup>152</sup> We had some fine music from Capt. Hope's band belonging to his Ship [HCS *Herefordshire*]. It was quite a treat, I will promise you. A perfect eve. We retired in good season after passing a pleasant eve.

**Saturday 12** Mr. College called to see us this morning. How I wish you knew this gentleman. He is a good creature. He has been so kind to us. I cannot help liking him. I gave him a piece of cloth made from the fibre of the pine apple. He insists upon it he shall put it in the museum<sup>153</sup> and say presented by Miss Low. Some 50 years hence, he may look at it and think of me. After dinner Mrs. Allport called for me to take a walk. I went and scrambled over the hills finely.

**Sunday 13** Went to Church this morning. Heard a very good sermon from Mr. Vachell. Spent most of the day in writing. Wrote to Susan Orne,<sup>154</sup> by *Chunqwa* [sailed December 14]. Wrote Capt. Roundy and I delight in writing him because he answers them so punctually. A letter to Haskell, and a long one to R. and C. Gray. Intended to have written all the evening, but Mr. Goodwin passed the evening with us and prevented me. Letters from Uncle to day. If ever there was a good man on earth he is one I believe.

**Monday 14** A fire in the drawing room for the first time. Looks like home. Capt. Newell called this morning for me to walk with him and Mrs. Allport after dinner. Mrs. Fearon in a long while, invited us to another small party at her house tomorrow eve. The Miss Ulmers [Ullman] in. After dinner we set out on our walk. Went to the josh houses and to the barrier. Passed through a Chinese village, and the sight of us set every thing in motion. We got safely through however, after much alarm. Mrs. Allport took tea and passed a pleasant eve with us.

**Tuesday 15** Mr. Vachell called this morning, proposed walking to another Josh house on Thursday. Went to Mrs. Fearon's in the evening. Rather low spirited. Did not enjoy it so much as usual.

**Wednesday 16** Mrs. Morrison called, invited us to pass a social eve at her house tomorrow. Commenced making a bonnet. Letter from Capt. Roundy, one from E. Orne enclosing Susan's letter. Called on Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Cathre and Mrs. Allport with Mrs. Cleveland. Evening at home. Wrote to E. Orne.

**Thursday 17** Finished my bonnet. Could not walk with Mr. Vachell on account of the rain. Went to Mrs. M's [Morrison] in the eve for such a pleasant eve. They are good people, I believe.

**Friday 18** Have written a letter in great haste to Miss Mary Ann Low. Sent it to Canton to go by the Ship *Fanny* [which] sails in a few days [December 26]. Enclosing one to Mr. George B. Archer. Have also written one to Capt. Roundy. If pleasant we are going to visit St. Paul's Church<sup>155</sup> this afternoon. But we did not get out there on account of the sickness of Mrs. Cleveland.

[Sunday 20.] Here it is Sunday evening. To morrow morning I part with my journal. I feel as though I was to part with a friend. Take it my Dear Sister, correct the errors if you can. It was written to amuse at sea and according to promise has been kept up while here, but in a hurried style, for I have hardly a moment for writing, or I should have looked it over and endeavoured to have corrected the sentences. But it is going to a partial and beloved sister who I know feels to[o] much for her sister to expose it to any one less partial than herself. And I trust she will keep it to herself when she knows how much she would feel hurt to have it exposed. It will be handed her, God permitting, by Capt. Roundy, one who I feel perfect confidence in, and I trust will be safe if his life is spared. And I pray God it may be. I never shall forget his kindness to me. He is a good man and one to be respected. I was in hopes that I should have finished the book. Hope the next year I shall find every day's account in a neat book like this, written by my Dear Sister. I have now several more letters to write, and my arm aches wretchedly, for I have written steadily ever since church this morning. Good bye my darling. Once more I say keep this to yourself.



## Volume II

January 1–September 3, 1830 and Letters,  
October 27, 1830–January 25, 1831

*Eight Months in Macao by a young lady  
in the year 1830 by the author of a  
Journal at Sea published in 1829*

Macao January 1<sup>st</sup> 1830

**January 1<sup>st</sup>** Wrote A. A. Low per *Franklin*. Made many parting calls to day with Mrs. Cleveland though not at all in spirits. Have heard that there are no letters for us on board the *Israel*, which made me quite gloomy. Walked after dinner as engaged with Mrs. Cleveland and Higginson. Our good old Ship *Sumatra* passed Macao to day with a smacking breeze. Received a few lines from Capt. R[oundy] per pilot. Think on the good ship with much pleasure. Dr. B[radford] and H[igginson] took tea with us.

**January 2** Mr. Turner, Capt. Newell and Mrs. Allport called, also Higginson and Bradford. They are daily visitors as you will perceive. The Sloop of War *Vincennes*<sup>1</sup> arrived to day. Attended Dr. M[orrison]'s Church to day. Quite a full congregation. Wrote to G. Archer to day.

3 Dr. B. introduced Mr. Buchanan [McKeen Buchanan],<sup>2</sup> Mr. Stuart [Charles S. Stewart],<sup>3</sup> Mr. Lardness [James L. Lardner]<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Dorning [Lt. Thomas A. Dornin],<sup>5</sup> all of the Sloop. We were much pleased with them. An invitation to a small party at Mrs. Daniell's this eve but declined as we had previously engaged to receive com-

pany at home. Had a long walk with Mr. Vachell in company with some others. Spent the eve at home with Mr. Robertson and Higginson. Passed a delightful eve.

5 Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Stribling [Lt. Cornelius K. Stribling]<sup>6</sup> called. Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Shawe and Mr. Vachell with Mrs. Allport took tea with us. So you see in Macao we can muster quite a little party.

6 Took a long walk with Mr. Vachell and Mrs. Allport and Aunt "over the hill and far away." Some delightful views from the high hills. 7 of the officers of the Sloop with Dr. Bradford and Higginson took tea with us. They were all very agreeable, and though only two ladies we succeeded in entertaining them quite to our own satisfaction. Mrs. C. was sick and could not see them.

**January 7** Higginson and Mrs. Fearon in. I have been employed in copying some views for Mrs. C. from Chinnery's sketches.<sup>7</sup> She will soon leave us, to our sorrow. Walked to Cecilia's [Cassilha's] Bay after dinner with Mrs. Allport and Aunt. Capt. Newell met us on our return and joined us. Passed the eve alone with Mrs. C.

8 Mr. C[leveland] came this morning and carried his wife away. We are now very lonely. Shall feel the loss of her society astonishingly. We spent the evening as engaged with Mr. Vachell at the rectory. Passed a very pleasant eve though rather in low spirits. Mrs. Shawe, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Allport composed the party—with ourselves. 6 of the officers of the Sloop called.

9 Commenced Irving's *Columbus*<sup>8</sup> this morning. Find it very interesting. This afternoon Mr. Vachell called for us to walk. We went, not being aware that the wind blew very high, and foolishly ascended a high hill, where I am sure it would have been much more safe to have scud than to have gone as we did with royals and studding sails out. Although I kept crying, stand by top gallant Halyards it was of no avail. We were beating against the wind. And when at the height of the precipice my dress entangled round Mr. V's legs, and in trying to extricate himself he caught his foot in the trimming which came very near throwing us both over the precipice into the sea. And great would have been the fall thereof. But after much labour we weathered the gale and arrived safely under the lee of the hill. Aunt Low



and Mrs. A[llport] were wise enough to turn back. But Mr. V. and I are much alike in that respect. We both dislike turning back and will persevere if possible. Mrs. Allport with Capt. Webb,<sup>9</sup> Winslow and Higginson spent the eve with us.

10 Attended Church this morning, heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Vachell. After Church Mrs. Shawe, Dr. Johnstone, Mrs. Allport, Mrs. Turner and Capt. Whitehead called. Dr. B[radford] passed the eve with us.

11 *Tête à tête* with Mr. V. this morning. Aunt Low out a while. Old Gover also called. We afterwards made calls on Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Turner. Invited to take tea with Mrs. G. *sans cérémonie*. She is a French woman. Her husband is an English man. She entertained us by singing to the Guitar. Mr. Vachell with Dr. Pierson [Pearson] and Mrs. Allport were the party. It was very pleasant.

12 Walked this afternoon with Capt. Newhall and Mrs. Allport. Dr. Bradford, Higginson and Lieutenant Stribling spent the eve with us. Stribling is a man of good sense and strict principles, quite uncommon I should think in this employ.

13 Capt. Newhall and Mr. V. called for us to walk at 4 o'clock. We had a charming walk and returned by the way of the barrier. Mr. Bradford and the elegant Magruder [Lt. George A. Magruder]<sup>10</sup> took tea with us. I think my letters mention him. Shall I never see him again? (Friendships formed to be broken.) An invitation to Mrs. Fearon's but declined.

14 Mrs. Allport and Dr. Bradford called. Aunt and I walked to the beach *à la solitaire* after dinner. On our return met Bradford just coming to meet us with Magruder.

15 Busy to day cutting out a new silk dress of light green. Had a delightful walk after dinner with Mr. Vachell and Mrs. Allport, over the hills and far away. Mr. H[igginson] and Bradford spent the eve with us.

16 Mr. Higginson, Mr. Vachell and Dr. Johnstone [Dr. Andrew Johnstone] called. Spent the eve with Mrs. Fearon, but did not enjoy it, for they were all Gambling or rather to speak more softly they

were playing at Loo, and being quite against my principles, of a Saturday evening too. And not liking the party I took a book and amused myself till it was time to go home.

17 Dr. Bradford and Magruder waited upon me to Church. Had a good sermon from Mr. Vachell, and they returned and spent 1/2 an hour with us. Capt. Newell and Mrs. Allport called. After dinner wrote a long letter to you My Dear Sis—which is my greatest comfort to sit down and tell you every thing that is going on.

18 Wrote this morning to M. E. Foster and Mr. Peabody. Walked after dinner with Mr. Vachell and Higginson and Mrs. Allport. Had a “wonderful” walk in any quantity of sand. The beach on the way to the barrier is very long, and when low tide is very hard. H. spent the eve with us.

January 19 Mr. Stribling called and introduced Mr. Latimer [John Richardson Latimer],<sup>11</sup> one of the residents at Canton and one of our own country men. The first impression was not pleasant. Walked after dinner with Capt. Newell and others. On our return met Mr. Vachell. He waited upon us home. Mr. Magruder and Buchanan spent the eve with us. Mr. B. just returned from Canton, brought us the news of the Steam frigate *Fulton*’s explosion. Made my heart jump at first to think you have all got to be in a Steamboat. How I long to hear of your safe arrival.

20 Capt. Newell and Mr. Vachell called for us to walk but it is so warm we preferred staying in the house.

Mrs. Allport, Mr. Stribling, Magruder and Vachell spent the eve with us. Enjoyed it much. They are soon to leave us. Mr. S’s farewell visit. Magruder will call to morrow.

21 Mr. Buchanan and Magruder called this morning to say that word so full of power, farewell. “Farewell Magruder,” comes from the bottom of the heart, and “if forever, then for ever fare thee well!” [Byron, *Fare Thee Well*, Stanza 1] What nonsense, I should think I was in love. I am sure I am not quite. [Two lines scratched out with such force that the pen breaks through the page] . . . is dangerous in this place, for you no sooner get interested in a person than they depart.

[Marginal note] How touching. What a fool.

22 Walked this afternoon with Mr. V. in company with Mr. Higginson, Capt. Newell, Mrs. Allport and Aunt Low. Mr. V. took tea with us.

23 Walked this afternoon. Overtook Capt. N[ewall] and Mr. V. Had a pleasant walk to Cecilia's Bay. Went into the Cathedral this afternoon. Were not edified.

24 Went to Dr. M[orrison]'s church this morning, accompanied by Mr. Higginson. After church Mrs. Allport, Mr. B[radford], Mr. Latimer and Blight called. Mr. H[igginson] dined with us. Heard of young Ulman's death [J.G. Ullman died January 22, 1830]. Wrote to Abbot [Low] to day. The Compradore Chin Chin'ed us not to ring the bell on the next day, being New Year day. They have an idea it will call [yin] or the devil. They fire crackers all day for the purpose of keeping off the evil spirit for the coming year.

25 A great day with the Chinese. They all have a new suit of clothes, and keep a sort of holiday, go home to their families, Chin Chin Joss, etc. They are all obliged to pay their debts at this time.

Mr. Latimer, Dent and Bradford called. Spent a delightful eve with Mrs. Allport. Mrs. Shawe, Mr. Vachell and Mr. Dent composed the party. We had a merry time.

26 The servants most of them got a little too much Samchew this morning. They drink a bumper [two lines deleted because of ink blot from lines scratched out in January 21] . . . of it and frequently say wrong. Our Compradore did not hesitate to say that "he was too muchy drunk."

We went with Mr. Vachell this morning to see the King's picture.<sup>12</sup> It is a very splendid picture. The painting cost 800 guineas. The artist was Lawrence [Sir William Lawrence]. Walked after dinner with Mr. V. to the barrier.

27 Went this morning to Mr. Chinnery's gallery of paintings. He has some fine portraits. Called on Mrs. Morrison and the Miss Ulmans. Poor girls, they are deeply afflicted. I do sincerely pity them. Their brother was their only hope. Their Father is very aged.

Mr. Latimer, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Dent, Mr. Vachell and Mrs. Shawe took tea with us and we spent a pleasant eve.

28 The whole town in commotion to day to celebrate the coronation of Don Miguel. For 3 successive evenings the town is to be illumi-

nated. The churches and forts from the top of the hill are very pretty objects. The whole town looked quite brilliant. A temporary fort was erected on the green where they had a masquerade Ball. I mean the Portuguese. We were invited to Mrs. Baynes' and Mrs. Daniell's this eve. We spent a very pleasant eve with Mrs. Baynes with the other ladies. Mr. Vachell, Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt], Gover, Mrs. Fearon and Mrs. Allport called. Finished Dr. Abbott's letters from Cuba.<sup>13</sup>

29 Lady Claridge, Mr. Ploughdon [Plowden] made their parting calls to day. They leave in the *Bridgewater*. Mr. Latimer, Bradford and Capt. Newell called. Dined with Mrs. Morrison to day. A small party made for Mr. Ploughdon. I had the honour of sitting between him and Mr. College. We had a very pleasant time and every thing that was good. I was overjoyed to day at receiving a letter from S[usan] Orne per *N. England*. Quite an unexpected pleasure.

30 Mrs. Fearon and Dr. Bradford called. Took a long walk after dinner with Mr. Vachell. Bradford took tea with us. We walked in the eve to see the illuminations.

31 The *Bridgewater* sailed to day, takes our good friend Mrs. Shawe and many others. 15 went from Macao. Heard a good sermon from Mr. V. to day. We like his sermons much. Eve alone, wrote to Uncle.

**February 1<sup>st</sup>** Capt. Locke [Capt. Robert Locke],<sup>14</sup> Mr. Beale and Bradford called. Walked with Capt. Newell. Were joined by Bradford in love lane and Mr. Johnson [Johnstone] on the *Praya Grande*. Mrs. A[llport] and Bradford took tea with us. My Brother Willy's birthday. I drank his health. Can he be 15?

**Feb. 2<sup>d</sup>** Mr. B[radford] in this morning to bid us good bye. Walked after dinner with Capt. Newell. Invited to spend the eve with Mrs. F[earon] but declined. An invitation to dine with the security merchants<sup>15</sup> to morrow at 7 o'clock. Will be something quite novel I think to dine with Chinese.

3 Dr. and Mrs. Morrison called, also Dr. Johnstone and Mrs. Allport. Dined at Mrs. Turner's and never was more amused to hear the different observations they made. They gave us a full account of their [Chinese] customs. Old Tinqu<sup>16</sup> has 5 wives; the others 5, 6, and 7. T. was quite entertaining, did me the honour to hand me to my chair. Mowqua, Gouqua<sup>17</sup> and Kingqua left soon after dinner.

4 Mr. Dent and Blight called to see us. The former walked with us after dinner and took tea with us. Mowqua called upon us to day. He speaks very badly; it is almost impossible to understand him.

5 Mrs. Allport and Mr. Vachell called, just returned from Lintin. Walked with them after dinner. Mr. V. spent the eve with us.

6 Mr. V. called, Clarke and Alexander. Spent the eve with Mrs. Allport in company with Mrs. Grant, Dent, Dr. Pierson and Mr. V. Some little things transpired which make us rather uneasy, but all is well that ends well. Time will prove. Mrs. Turner sent me a note to day requesting me to stand as proxy to her child, as its Godmother was in England. Mr. V. assured me there was no responsibility on my part. I consented after much hesitation. E. Orne [of the *Emerald*, Capt. Webb] passed Macao to day, received a letter per pilot. The Company have decided all their difficulties<sup>18</sup> with the Chinese, and the Ships are all ordered to Whampoa Chop Chop. The Capt's. are all off, and many happy hearts and smiling faces are the consequences. They have all been very anxious to get away.

7 Attended church to day. Heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Vachell. The child was christened and was very good. Mr. V. waited upon me home. Uncle W. had just arrived from Canton very unexpectedly. We have not seen him before for 3 months. Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. Fearon and Mr. Chinnery called.

8 Mr. Beale, Sir Andrew Ljungstead, Mr. Turner and Mr. Vachell called. Walked to the barrier with Mr. V, he joined us in love lane. Mr. and Mrs. Allport took tea with us.

9 Made calls this morning with Uncle. Called on Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. Daniell, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Fearon. Walked after dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Allport. Heard to day that the ladies of the Factory have called on Mrs. Fearon. Was very happy to hear it, as she has heretofore been excluded.<sup>19</sup>

10 Mr. V. in. Walked to the barrier with him. Spent the eve with Mrs. Fearon in company with Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Robertson, Vachell, etc. Some rumors that the ladies will shortly be in Canton.

11 Mr. College, Mr. Perreira, Dr. Pierson, Mr. Allport and Mr. Blight called. Dined at the Company's. It was rather stiff, I thought. The



gentlemen appeared to be afraid of the ladies. They kept at the bottom of the room, for which I afterwards gave them a lecture. Mrs. B[aynes] made a move [to leave] quite early. [As the wife of the Company's president of the Select Committee, it was her privilege to set the time for leaving.] We went down with the others to our chairs, and lo and behold, our carriages [chairs] had gone home. To avoid the cool air Mr. V. insisted on our returning to the room. We accordingly did, and to the great surprise of its inhabitants, for Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Innis [James Innes],<sup>20</sup> bachelor-like the moment the ladies had quitted the room had taken their cigar and were taking real comfort. The cigar was gone in less time than you could speak, but it took a longer time to deposit the ponderous tongs. It is a great offence to smoke in a room where ladies ever enter—but we were quite moderate upon them. They handed chairs and we set down, and it was really the pleasantest part of the evening. But too short; the carriages came in a few minutes. Mr. Lindsay says, "Miss Low, we are just scolding about the villainous formality of this place." Upon which we had a warm discussion joined by the cheers of the party and some reiterating, "That is right, Miss Low, give it to them; they deserve it." Mr. Clarke, Mr. Vachell, Huddleston, Lindsay and Innis were there.

12 A great auction to day. All Mr. Ploughdon's furniture sold. Mr. V. called for us to walk after dinner. He tells me that party of gentlemen set a long time after we left, criticising the different dresses. I dare say they were not spared. He says the observations were very good. He said that he would tell me the general opinion of mine, and [as] it is one I feel quite proud of I will put it down—that it was quiet and elegant, that is neat and elegant. We walked to the hills on the pania [Peña]. As we were to have company in the eve, we took but a short walk. Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Fearon and Mr. Vachell spent the eve with us.

13 Went to look at Mr. Robertson's house. Think we shall like it much. Mr. Baynes and Mr. Vachell called. Walked in the Afternoon. Mr. Blight, Mr. Fox and Mr. V. joined us at the barrier wall. Mr. Blight took tea with us.

**February 14** Went to the Chapel this morning. Heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Vachell on Faith and works. After church

Mr. Daniell and Mrs. Allport called. We took a quiet walk this afternoon with Uncle. We do not usually walk of a Sunday afternoon. Read in the Evening Montgomery on the Deity,<sup>21</sup> it certainly is very fine.

15 Mr. Dent, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Vachell, Dr. Morrison and Mr. Innis made their parting calls. They all leave tomorrow for Canton. Walked this afternoon. Huddleston and Lindsay passed us on horseback upon the Campo. They tell us they are to take their ponies to C[anton]. I told them they ought not to take ponies and ladies at the same time. H. says, "Miss Low, do not put ponies first." I told them they thought as much of their ponies as they did of the ladies. They begged my pardon and moved on. Mrs. B[aynes] will certainly go [to Canton] tomorrow. Mr. Vachell joined us in love lane and walked with me to the barrier or nearly there. We returned by the way of the hills. Mr. and Mrs. Allport and V. spent the eve with us.

16 Mrs. Baynes has this morning left Macao with all her children for Canton. She went in the Company's cutter. We shall now be all on tiptoe untill we hear. Thornhill, Clarke, Campbell, Rieves [Reeves], Huddleston, Smith, Alexander, Morris and Mr. Vachell called this morning. Varieties of opinion respecting the ladies residing in C[anton], some for and some against. Walked after dinner. Mr. V. met us on the hills. Returned by the way of the Gear [Guia]. They start at 10 o'clock tonight.

17 Mr. Fox and Mr. Allport called to see us. The Ship *Red Rover* arrived from Calcutta, brought us news from Salem to the 11th of August [1829], the latest we have heard. Some failures. I suspect there has been cracking work in Salem this summer. Spent the eve with Mrs. Allport. The *Nimrod* arrive[d] this eve from Manilla.

18 Mr. Hart called upon us this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Allport and Mr. College dined with us. We had some amusing anecdotes, which shows the singularity of this place. This is certainly a wonderful place—thereby hangs a tale.

2 ships arrived today. The *Union* from Manilla and a vessel gone to Lintin.

19 Uncle has left us to day for Canton. Mr. Whiteman and College called. Mrs. Whiteman is coming out this year. Walked after dinner

with Mr. and Mrs. Allport. Spent the eve alone. Feel quite dull losing Uncle.

20 Rather unpleasant; did not walk, as we were engaged to spend the eve with Mrs. Allport, where we met 10 gentlemen. I had no idea there were so many in the place. Beale, Chinnery, Van Cannegham, Robertson, College, Fox, Whiteman, Ienar, Otaduy [Eugenio de Otaduy]<sup>22</sup> with Mr. A. There were French, English, Dutch, Spanish, Scotch and American, last but not least, there. And Portuguese.

21 As we have no Church I have spent most of the day in writing home *Per Ship China and Panther*. Wrote E. W. Ward, S. Allen and Mary Ann my dear and letter to Mother finished. With reading and a short walk occupied the day. We heard of Mrs. B's [Baynes] safe arrival yesterday. The Hong Merchants, it is said, have called upon her, but they always call upon the Chief upon his arrival. They say "in one or two days more can see if that lady come up." It is not certain again whether there is a law against it. Walked with Mrs. A[llport]. She says an American Ship has arrived and six passengers, but we could not credit it. But upon our return the servants told us six gentlemen Americans had been here. I was delighted beyond measure but disappointed in not being at home. And then I was puzzled to know who or what six passengers could come out here for. My imagination pictured some who I was acquainted with, but it could be no such good news. We dispatched the Compradore [Apew] to the tavern<sup>23</sup> to gather if he could some particulars, but he came back and said the gentlemen had gone to Mrs. Morrison's. We were then to be kept in suspense a little longer. We waited patiently about an hour at the end of which there came a note from Mrs. Morrison saying she hoped to have the pleasure of introducing a batch of friends from our dear country in the morning. But still no news from the Ship; when or what time she sailed was still a mystery. I was anxious enough. I begged Aunt L. to dispatch a note and all particulars, but Apew then came in with the desired information. The Ship *Roman* [Captain Thomas Lavender] 125 days from New York, which was music to my ears. The passengers would call on us in the morning. I then fancied myself reading heaps of letters. I went to bed to dream of the pleasure that awaited me in the morning.

[In her excitement, Harriett made Monday, February 22 into February 23 and possibly omitted a day or combined two days before Sunday, February 28]

23 This morning every minute was an hour untill at last the gentlemen came. There was a Mr. Abeel [David Abeel], a Missionary,<sup>24</sup> Mr. Breechman [Elijah C. Bridgman] from Andover institution,<sup>25</sup> come out to assist Dr. Morrison in his labours, a Mr. Talbot [G. A. Talbot], brother of C. Talbot [Charles N. Talbot] now here,<sup>26</sup> Mr. Hunter [William C. Hunter]<sup>27</sup> and Mr. Bogueith [Frederick A. Boker],<sup>28</sup> I think his name was. They could tell us nothing of our friends, but one of them said he was in Salem a few days since, said it was still standing, and things appeared to be going on as usual. They assured us there were letters on board for us, and we should receive them in a day or two. You may judge of my anxiety—the Ship was at Lintin. We spent the day at home. And to pass away an anxious afternoon we sent for Lucy and Richard Turner. I romped about, played hide and go seek with them, and fancied myself playing with our little Sarah and Charles. They are very good children and amused us much. I often wish we had some children here, they are so much company.

24 A rainy day and no letters to day. Mrs. Allport came over this morning and set with us sometime, promised to spend the eve with us. I copied the Town Signals this morning that I may know when and what a Ship is when she comes in, as they are all made known by the Telegraph [a device displaying prearranged flag signals]. Mr. Fox kindly brought me his to copy from.

Mrs. A. spent a delightful eve with us. She is a most lively woman, a most agreeable companion.

25 I arose this morning low spirited and anxious for my letters. I set down to read, but every step I heard my head was out the window to see if it was the desired messenger. I set till it was time to dress in my own room. I then equipped myself and went to the drawing room. Aunt Low handed me a few lines just received from Capt. Lavender [of the *Roman*] in which he says, "I send you a box containing papers and all the letters which were sent." Judge of my distress when she told me there had no box come. How I wished myself a man that I could run to the boat and overhaul it, but in a few minutes in came the much desired box. Now do you not think patience has her

perfect work. For 9 long months without receiving a line, and then to know that there are letters for you, and to have such detentions, it is dreadful. But to proceed, the first thing I saw was my Father's handwriting. I then knew that he was alive. I then litterally grabbed at the others, and hardly waited to see who they were from. One after another was torn open. I wanted to read them all at a time and was vexed that I could not read faster—one the ink was so pale it was impossible to read that first—another so much of it I must leave untill the last. I then caught up a paper which margin was filled with pencilled writing. Judging it to be something very important I read H. Allen is to be married to a rich merchant in Antwerp. I instantly communicated it to Aunt, but in my haste I had made a mistake. I found my letters said nothing of this important piece of information. I then give it a more careful examination and found the truth of the story. My Dear Mother's and Father's letters were then carefully perused, and all the others in due time. Yours my dear sister were read the last but with not the least interest. It was a great treat to me. They all carried me directly home, in the midst of you. But we are now anticipating earlier dates, as you mention sending by several Ships before. And you may judge how happy I felt to know how well and happy you all seemed there. I had been very anxious to hear of your safe arrival in New York and to hear how you had all got through the hot weather; it must have been a great exertion. But how many thousand blessings have we all to be thankful for, particularly the last year. We cannot be grateful enough.

We took a walk to the Beach this Afternoon as agreed, as we had not walked for several days. But my thoughts were all with you. I returned and spent the eve in reading the newspapers and glean-ing little bits of news.

26 This morning my letters had another reading. We passed the eve with Mrs. Turner. Saw little Lucy and Richard and her sweet little babe. Mrs. Allport was also there. We made some calls this morning on Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Grant. Went in the China Shops with Mrs. A. to purchase a silk dress. Made great bargain, getting for 1/2 a dol[lar] what they asked a dollar for—the first time we have been a shopping since here. The doors were thronged to see the Fanqui's [foreign devils] but were very civil. Mrs. B[aynes] is quite contented in Canton. Mrs. Fearon is going in a few days.



[Marginal note] Dispatched another letter to C[anton] this morning, to Mother & S. Allen to acknowledge the letters received.

27 This morning received 2 more letters from the *Roman*, one from Father and one from A. A. Low. They were put on board after the others. Went to Mr. Robertson's house with Mr. Whiteman. Pretty sure that we shall have it. Called on Mrs. Fearon and Mrs. Perreira this morning. A note from Mrs. F. requesting us to take tea with her, but are engaged with Mrs. Morrison. Took the little poem sent me by A. A. [Low] on Curiosity into my [sedan] chair to amuse me. Liked it much. Spent a very pleasant eve with Mrs. Morrison. She is a very pleasant woman. To my great joy I hear Dr. M's daughter [Mary Rebecca Morrison]<sup>29</sup> is on her way to this place from Malacca. She is about my age. I hope I shall find her a pleasant companion.

28 Sunday morning, but little like Sunday. No church. I took a fine bath this morning. Feel much refreshed. Ate a good breakfast, read a Chapter in my Bible and so forth. Set down in my room to bring up my journal which was nearly a week behind hand. After writing a few minutes hear there is a youngster here wished to see us. Now I must go and hear what he has to say. Not dressed but must make haste. Now 10 o'clock, hope he will not stay long.

Here I am again. Have been detained 2 hours by that little monk. I do not know what his name is but he has given us the whole history of his life and adventures, which I was not disposed to hear as I knew nothing or cared nothing about him. Also a long history of the Indians of the North West coast of America, and the Sandwich Islands, all of which would have interested at any other time, but I was in a hurry to go to my room, write, read, etc. But he tells us the Ship *Tartar* has arrived, which was the only gratifying part. But I made excuses for him. He is just entering manhood, a little consequential and thinks he is a beauty I suppose. Well he is a little black eyed fellow. So we shall expect more letters to night or tomorrow. I shall now read over my others, then Mr. Upham's second century sermon.<sup>30</sup> Good bye for the present. This youngster is the Clerk of the Brig *Active*, now [bound] for Lintin.

7 o'clock Sunday eve. I have just returned from seeing a procession of this wretched set of people, the Catholics; if I could discover any

signs of devotion in their hearts, I could tolerate them, but to see such mockery is beyond every thing.

In the first place came six or 7 men with a black silk drawn over their faces. With muffled drums, they were all dressed in black robes. I do not know what they represented. Then followed others bearing a banner, with the cross and other banners, with latin inscriptions. One of those in front was blowing the trumpet. Then followed about 20 little girls about the size of William H. [her brother who was 14], dressed as angels, with wings, hooped petticoats, and all sorts of finery. The little things were bearing banners in their hands. Then followed men chanting, dressed in black and white without hats. Then came a car borne by 4 men with the image of our Saviour bearing the cross. It rested on his shoulder—the cross was 4 yards long. Then followed the padres chanting again, then the military with a band of music, then citizens dressed in the ordinary dress. The bells were ringing. There was no order, nor did the people, either high or low, appear to feel. They bore long lighted candles in their hands, but these they used as weapons of defence, putting them into the children's faces as they passed, some were throwing stones at them and all sorts of capers. An unruly mob mixed in with them which destroyed all appearance of solemnity. It is now lent and they have many of these processions. When I see these things I thank my God that I was born where they worship him in a more Christian way, at least in a place where every person knows what they worship and where I hope is more heartfelt than I think it here. But I will not judge. I suppose you see more of these things now [in Brooklyn] than when in Salem. Apew came to me and told me that the Portuguese's Joss would make a walky today.

But it seems little like Sunday; there is nothing to put us in mind of it. Mr. and Mrs. Fearon called here to day. She leaves here for Canton tomorrow—so you see they all mean to make the attempt.

I have commenced Mr. Upham's sermon and will now finish it. Aunt Low is in her room writing her beloved husband while I am scribbling to my beloved Sister. I have read my letters over again to day. Hope by tomorrow to receive some more. Good Night my dear. You I suppose are now fixing the children off to Sunday School. Dear little things I wish I could see them. That little Ellen if I could only get hold of her.

10 o'clock. Must say one more word to you and tell you what I have done. In the first place I had a cup of tea, eat an apple tart, very nice, made of dried apples, finished Mr. U's sermon, which I liked very much. I then read my Bible. I then took Hall's journey through the United States<sup>31</sup> and went to the drawing room, there read untill my eyes ached. I then stretched myself upon the couch and took a Short nap, but my neck being quite tired with the uncomfortable position would drive me up. I then walked the room thinking of how my day had been spent, etc. I then took a glass of Beer to keep Aunt L. company, as she complained that she had to take it alone, but I had almost as lives take a glass of Elixir R [elixir of rhubarb—a purgative]. I walked the room a short time untill Aunt took her [household] expenses, which always affords me a laugh to hear the old man [Apew] giving it in broken English. We then started for our rooms. I wished then that I could throw myself down without undressing. I feel so sleepy—but seeing my book on the table I took my pen and have given you this very edifying and interesting account of my self. You may now be hearing one of your hot Orthodox Sermons—& I have just committed murder, have killed a huge moschetto [mosquito].

I think if you were here now you would say my chamber looked like me. I will now give you the contents of my table, for I feel desperately inclined to fill this page, and if I think I shall have more than enough I shall stop short. So it is time to begin. In the first place is Thatcher's *Sermons*, on that Johnson's *Walkes*,<sup>32</sup> my little Bible given me by my Dear Father, which is read every morning and evening. I regret much however that it is not larger print, as it is very hard to read at night. Then there is Montgomery on the Deity, a most beautiful thing, then three volumes of the modern traveller giving a history of Persia, China and Turkey,<sup>33</sup> all lent me by our good friend Mr. Vachell, a Prayer Book, Hall's *Travels* in the United States, and Mr. Upham's Lecture, an orange, a comb, keys, ink stand, 2 Cologne Bottles, a pair of gloves—all on a table 3 by 2—a pocket hankerchief and Lip Salve, 2 vases. I [am] very sorry I said I would stop short, for I am in that state of mind were it not for that I would edify you with a folio but my eyes ache, so Good Night again.

**March 1<sup>st</sup>** Though near 11 o'clock, I cannot go to my bed without saying one word to you My Dear Sister. I have been quite industrious

to day, have been making a Gingham dress. Mrs. Allport called for us to walk this Afternoon. We went to Casillas Bay, where there is a delightful Beach. We roamed on the Strand for a little while, amused with seeing the boats. The scenery was delightful. The sun was shining upon the distant hills, and through the haze they looked of a rich gold colour. The Company's cutter was winging its way along with a stiff breeze fast to the shore, and tomorrow I suppose Mrs. Robinson will leave for Canton. I understand it came down to carry her up. I have not heard whether Mrs. Fearon went today. If she did, she must have had an unpleasant time—a head wind, which is a most uncomfortable thing, to my knowledge. The wind is now blowing a ten knot breeze outside. On our walk I saw signals made I think for an American Ship—perhaps the *Ivanhoe*. Have not yet our letters from *Tartar*. A letter from Uncle this morning in which he says Mrs. B[aynes] is quite happy in C[anton]. The Hong Merchants have called to see her.<sup>34</sup>

Mrs. Allport took tea with us. I do really love her. I wish you could know her, she is a charming woman. I do hope she will not go this season to C[anton], for we shall be alone if she does, as there is no prospect of our going this year. We are to remove soon, as we have taken Robertson's house, but it must be cleaned and colour washed before we can enter it. I am now very sleepy. I shall bid you Good Night, hoping by tomorrow to receive another package from you.

**March 2<sup>d</sup>** Have received another package to day from my kind and faithful Sister giving me an account of the great emigration, also the robbery. Fancy a pack of thieves overhauling your love letters. I should be afraid of seeing them in the next papers. It was rather a rude welcome to the city however, but will learn you to be on your guard. Mr. Beale, Mr. College, Van Basil [Magdalenus Jacobus Senn Van Basel], a Dutchman,<sup>35</sup> and Mr. Ienar, a frenchman,<sup>36</sup> called on us to day. Mr. C tells me another American Ship has arrived, the *Ivanhoe*. They are to make up for lost time. Hope I shall have letters by all of them. I expected more by the *Tartar*. We walked to the Campo, to Casillas Bay this afternoon. We are quite independent in the absence of our beaus. We sally forth alone and feel perfectly safe.

Met Mrs. Turner on our way home, took her 2 children home with us. Mrs. Fearon was obliged to return on account of a strong head wind—she was several miles out. I went to bed with a severe head ache.

3<sup>d</sup> Went this morning over to our other house to see about the painting. It is a much better situation than the one we are now in.

Mr. Perreira and Sir Andrew Ljungstead called. No letters yet. We walked to the Pania this afternoon with Mrs. A[llport], met Mrs. Morrison. On our way home overtook Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Turner. The Praya [Grande] is now the grand resort for all the ladies. It is dull enough here, there is nothing to interest or excite one. The weather is gloomy. Mrs. A. spent the eve with us.

4 A dull day. We went to our other house and to Mrs. Allport's in the morning. Mrs. A. called for us to walk, Mrs. Thornhill and Mrs. Daniell called this afternoon. We walked back and forth upon the Praya, but it is dull music. Read your letter again to day, my dear Sis, and every time discover some new word which explains a sentence, before an enigma. Have just finished a letter to Uncle.

5 Dull unpleasant weather. Have been low spirited to day. There is nothing to interest one now, no one to come in, and we have had no letters from C[anton]. We took a walk to Casillas Bay this afternoon with Mrs. A. to get a breath of air, a hot sultry day. Mrs. Fearon left here yesterday morning for Canton, but she will have a dull time now enough. Have been reading Sale'm papers. See the marriage of Agnes Archer.<sup>37</sup> We spent the eve alone. Nothing for my journal now. One day certifies another.

6 Another cloudy foggy unpleasant morning. Have been reading Hall's *Travells* in the United States. I do not think he does the Americans justice, nor do I believe any Englishman ever will. He professes not to be prejudiced, but I think every page shows it. He is constantly drawing comparisons. I feel quite enraged with him at times and would fain throw his book by, but I am constantly in hopes to find some thing to redeem it. He seems to think himself a mighty body, and I am sure he may justly be called an egotist. He in some places makes the Americans appear quite ridiculous. I hope I shall have patience to finish it, but it requires a great deal.

Have finished a pink chintz dress to day, and put it on and walked out with it. The mosquitoes are biting. I must make haste and get under the curtains, so good Night.

We yesterday afternoon sauntered out with Mrs. Allport. Went to our favorite seat upon the Pania. Returned by the Praya, met Mrs.



Daniell and Mrs. Thornhill, stopped and had quite a laugh at Mrs. [Louisa Douglas] Robinson's<sup>38</sup> expense. Mrs. Daniell gave us a very humorous account of her embarkation for Canton. Being no wind and Mr. R. very anxious to return to C[anton] he hired a fast boat to tow them up. The boat they went in is one of the Ship's boats. The cabin is very small and in it is Mr. R. and wife, 4 children, one infant, 2 ayahs and an English servant. I'll assure you we had much fun. Mrs. A. spent the eve with us.

**Sunday eve 7<sup>th</sup> March** This morning I stayed in my own room untill near 2 o'clock reading, etc. I then went to Aunt Low's room to mend my pen thinking I would write to some of you. By the bye read all my letters over per *Roman*. Have had no letter from Uncle for a week. Well as I said before I went to Aunt's room and found her seated in her easy chair with a lap full of letters. Delighted to see any thing in the shape of a letter hoping there was some for me. I was prepared for a disappointment. I said, What, letters! and none for me. I dreaded an answer. She said that the package put on board for us had not yet arrived, that it was so large that they put it on board a Ship to go to Canton. I think I must have a share in that great bundle, though I fear that [it] is mostly for Aunt—as you say nothing about writing by the *Ivanhoe*. There were several letters for Uncle sent down for our perusal, one from D[avid] Low<sup>39</sup> very amusing, one from Mr. Lamb, Kinsman, etc., all entertaining. They all speak of the great failures and say they suppose we have been informed. By that means we have not yet heard except 2 or three by the way of Calcutta. Mr. Lamb mentions the birth of a daughter, with which he seems quite delighted. I returned to my room, wrote a long letter to Uncle Porter [Elijah Porter]. After dinner wrote M. Allen. Then Mrs. A[llport] called us to walk. We went to the Pania to our favourite spot as usual. I was quite delighted to seat myself feeling so excessively languid that it was with difficulty I reached the place. We saw on the beach just below two Chinamen who looked rather savage [and] at a little distance a boat of which we have been cautioned. These boat people are rather dangerous as robbers. Mrs. A. expressed some suspicion. She thought they looked saucy, said she should keep her eye upon them. We all got comfortably seated upon the rock, and we saw them moving for the hill. My heart beat violently. I immediately fancied them stealing my clothes, but I did not wait for them to get nearer

than the foot of the hill, which was not high, than I took to my heels as the saying is. They mounted the hill and took our seats. They did not follow us, but we were quite frightened. Aunt had on a crape shawl, she had determined if they seized it that they should have to fight for it. You may think us imprudent in going to these places, but we have always been with perfect safety. It is not common for these boats to come to this place. We sometimes take a servant with us, but we have felt so safe we thought it quite useless. We never go to the barrier, as the gentlemen say it is not safe. We returned after our adventure, had a cup of tea, and we feel lonely enough. Aunt L. is reading in the drawing room, and I came in here to scribble, more to keep myself awake than the thought that this stuff will ever amuse you. The evening is hot, the Moschettos begin to buzz around me, the light flairs, my eyes ache, and I for the want of something today must put up my book. You perhaps are now jumping out of bed to pass a more agreeable day, or rather to pass a more profitable day, than I have—to hear your hot orthodox preachers. Well I have read two of Mr. Colman's [sermons] and will now read another, so good night my dearest.

**Monday 8** I read two excellent sermons last night which kept me awake untill 9 o'clock, which is pretty late of Sunday evening when alone. This morning I set in my room reading Hall's *Travels*, which lower my opinion of Mr. Hall every page. But something more interesting is to come. About 1 we went to our house to see that the painters were going on with their work, then returned after a while [and] had some dinner. Oh, stop, Mrs. Thornhill called. I must go on regularly or I cannot get along. I then went back to my room and Aunt to hers. I began to make a belt for her, but was soon stopped by hearing her call me. I thought it might be letters and so it was, "any quantity," 3 was my share. I looked in vain for one from you my Dear Sis, but I did not much expect it, for the *Roman* sailed from N. York about the same time. But I had a interest in all. They were from our family in Salem. I had two from Brother Nat, [Nathaniel Phippen Knapp]<sup>40</sup> the first I have received since I left, and one from my faithful correspondent, my dear Cousin Sarah [Orne]. She is a good girl, though something queer. Nat's letters give us lots of news and many papers. While reading our letters the bell rung and an American Captain [Pulaski Benjamin]<sup>41</sup> was announced. It was some-

time before I fished out his name. I think you would have been amused at hearing me. I at last got that, his native place, the name of his Ship, where from, where bound, what cargo, etc. I was then ready for him to depart, for we were engaged out to tea and it was then after 7 o'clock. We were not dressed. The poor man found he was not going to get any tea and he made his exit. Otherwise I have no doubt we might have chained him for the evening. We then dressed us in 1/2 a jiffin and went to Mrs. Allport's, where we found Mrs. Turner and Mr. Otaduy, a Spanish gentleman, and to morrow we all commence taking Spanish lessons of him in Spanish. He has kindly offered to assist us; quite delighted, I'll assure you. He encourages us that in six months we shall speak. Well, time will prove.

We returned about 10 o'clock. First read my letters once, then seated myself in Aunt Low's room and there set reading the *Ladies Miscellany* [a Salem paper] to her untill 1 o'clock when we thought it time to adjourn for the night. Went to my room but not to sleep. I was thinking that I had some friend still on the other side of the great waters, but what a barrier between us. I thought then I would give worlds to see you all. At times it seemed as though I could not wait. Now good bye my dear till to night. It is now Tuesday Morn.

**Tuesday Night 9 o'clock of the 9<sup>th</sup> of March** Have just returned to my room, sleepy, fatigued and low spirited, but cannot rest untill I have said good night to you. I have been thinking of you all the evening. Aunt and I have been alone, and neither of us felt in a talking mood. I cannot tell you why, but we have such turns once in a while. After finishing my work I read awhile, then took up my light, took a billious pill and here I am sitting all ready to jump into bed when my pen drops. There, I have just dropped my pen and got a great spot of ink on my night gown. I am not going yet though. I have not made up my day's work. Slept but little last night, though well this morning. Finished Aunt's belt and made a pair of sleeve linings for myself. Dressed me to see Capt. Benjamin, the last night's visitor. [He] is going to Canton to day. At 1 o'clock met Mr. Otaduy at Mrs. Allport's and took our first lesson in Spanish. Think we shall like it much. It will serve to amuse and take up some of the time which is now rather dull we are so much alone. Returned about 3. Read Hall's *Travels* after dinner untill Mrs. A. called for us to walk. Strolled on the Praya untill we were tired, then returned and spent

the evening dull enough. Oh my dear sister if I could now spend one hour with you all round the six foot table, what would I not give. I fear one would call for another. Patience, Harriett, patience. So I will have, with resignation and contentment. Thankful too for so many million blessings as I am constantly receiving—how many more than I deserve.

You are now I suppose domesticating about house. I contrive to fill a page with something. I have been thinking this eve how delighted I should have been if Abbot had have come out in the *Roman*. I do hope I shall see him yet. I should feel so happy, but every Ship now I shall expect him. Again I say Good Night. Would that you could hear me. Now I am going to read what I have been writing. I am sure I do not know—odd mixture sure enough but I am sleepy.

10 Here I am again in my chamber about 10 o'clock. My eyes ache drumming over the Spanish. We have been studying hard all the evening, and now have been trying to construe, but have come to a place I cannot get over—shall therefore put it by till the morning. We went to our house this morning. Begins to look nice. It is very near the Cathedral. The Street was all in a bustle. They are mourning, or rather ringing the bells, because the Pope is dead, which we heard of a long while ago. The people assembled to say Mass for him; the bells ring about every 5 or 10 minutes.

We walked this Afternoon with our good friend Mrs. A., she returned with us to tea. Went to Casillas Bay, the Beach was fine to night. A letter from Uncle says he called on Mrs. Fearon in Canton. There is no disturbance yet.<sup>42</sup> He says he has dispatched the *Panther* and *China*—that is all I have to say for I am desperately sleepy. Oh! invited to Mrs. A's tomorrow eve with several ladies and our only beau Dr. College. So *Beaunas noches* my Beloved Sis—have got another pill before me. What a fuss you would make. No one but G[eorge] would get it down. Well I would make a fuss too, to be coaxed a little, but alas I have none to coax me.

**Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> March** It is now about 11 o'clock, but I must begin with the morning. I arose early and studied my Spanish. Got over the sticking place. At breakfast recieved a note from Uncle. Afterwards wrote him a short letter in answer. We went over to the house. The weather has been excessively hot and oppressive for the season. The sun has shone more to day than this long while, but the air so

close that it took my strength away & I have been on the couch reading or working all day, and feeling so languid that it was burdensome to speak. We had a violent shower of rain with some thunder and lightning which has cleared the air, and there is now blowing a strong northerly wind. We have passed a delightful eve with Mrs. A. in company with Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Morrison and Mr. Ienar. Played a pretty game introduced here by Mrs. Cleveland. Dear woman I should like to see her. On our return found to our great astonishment Uncle W. in the parlour. But the poor man had just arrived and was quite sea sick, so that he has gone to bed. It quite startled me at first seeing him. I thought at first he had heard some bad news and had come down to see us, and was so much startled that I did not appear glad to see him, but I am sure I am perfectly delighted. So you see my darling one day goes off after another, and there is little to say to interest you. I hear tonight though that Mrs. Robinson had a very bad time going to Canton. They struck upon the fish stakes and were obliged to get into a small boat in the middle of the night, and were beating about for 4 hours with all those little children. Only think what a dreadful time they must have had. They however arrived safely on Sunday eve. The Company will be down again before long.<sup>43</sup> Good Night my dearest sister, Mother, Father and all hands.

12 Again find myself seated to my book. Again passed another day and what shall I say to Mary Ann. I fear nothing to interest, though I have the vanity to think (you will say you were never deficient in that article) any thing will be interesting, and knowing it to be the only way to satisfy you [is deleted] to write every thing. Well this morning Uncle was quite well. We all went to the house. Studied a little, went to Mrs. A's to take another lesson in Spanish, like it much. Being rainy we passed the rest of the day alone. Uncle read the newspapers to us in the evening of which we have "any quantity." I cannot finish the page for I have been scratching my head sometime for something to say and cannot find an idea or any thing else. *Adios señora*. I am now going to write a little of the verbs.

13 Saturday night and my book before me again. And all I have to say is that the rain is pouring down and seems to say a fine night to sleep, or that corresponds with my feelings. It will serve as a soporific. Have been in the house all day, has been very unpleasant. We



should have been dull enough had Uncle not have been here, but he has kept us alive. I have mulled over the verbs a little and finished a pair of stays. And where were they cut out? In our front chamber in Crombie St. in Salem. Only think how many thousand miles from here. I always think of these things, and it carries me back to those days. I saw a Ship from our front door this morning. Hope it is the *Mar[garet] Forbes* to bring my [sic] lots of letters. I have nothing more to say but that I have an idea I shall sleep soundly and I hope you will the same. It is the children's holiday today I suppose, so you will have a merry time while I am sleeping.

**Sunday Night March 14** But how little like Sunday at home. We never should know it from any appearances here.

After breakfast I read the papers awhile, then went to my room, dressed me, set down and read my Bible and an excellent sermon written by Mr. Tuckerman [Joseph Tuckerman],<sup>44</sup> then wrote a long letter to Susan Orne. Just before I had finished heard some one calling boy, or Ly. Peeped out my window and saw Dr. College. He came in, and I saw Uncle and Aunt go out the gate just before. He stayed with me talking about a variety of matters untill they came home. He was very agreeable; he then stayed some time. When he saw fit he departed—he is a good creature. After dinner Mrs. Allport called for us to walk. As we had not been for three or four days we went to Casilla's Bay. Had a very pleasant walk upon the Beach—met Mr. C. on horseback. Returned and read another good sermon. Have commenced a letter to Aunt Cleveland to day.

Was coming to my room after tea to write, but Uncle said it was not polite to leave them alone. I went back and talked with him. You know my Dear Father always said I was very polite, and I really believe I am [the] essence of politeness. It is cold, and I must to bed. Good Night.

**March 15** This morning arose early and set down to studying Spanish verbs, and it appeared to me two hours before they called me to breakfast. At any rate, I was so hungry I could hardly speak. I made a fine breakfast, as you may suppose, in this state. Before we had left the table we heard the porter's bell and Mr. Perkins was announced, the Supercargo of the *Ivanhoe*, but made my exit out of the other door, till I was dressed. At 1 o'clock we went to Mrs. Allport's to take another lesson in Spanish. Mr. O[taduy] thinks we get along

very well, which is quite encouraging. We then called on Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Thornhill and invited them to visit us tomorrow evening—returned home and made a good dinner. Set out for Mrs. Allport's to have a walk, the pleasantest day we have had this long while. Set down after tea to my verbs, but Mr. Beale sent us *Deverieux*<sup>45</sup> and I took my work while Uncle read. We have now separated for the night. (And I came pretty near killing a moschetto then—knocked off his hind leg, I guess.) I have been reading a little of Hall's *Travels* since I came to my room—find it rather tedious. I cannot think he does our dear country and good people justice, and I must say I think him a man of strong predjudices. I think he is vexed that we are so well off as we are. I am quite enraged with him at some parts of it. He makes himself and Americans both ridiculous. If it was not so cold I would write a letter, but it is 11 o'clock, and I shall be better off in a warmer place. Good Night.

**March 16** Can I my Sister write tonight. I cannot bear to go to bed without doing it, though it is now almost 12 o'clock. But we have had a pleasant day, so I must. In the first place it has been a charming day. We (no stop). I was up two hours before breakfast studying the Spanish verbs with all my might, which always gives me a good appetite. After that went to the house. Returned after stopping to see them paint a long while. They do it in a very different style from our painters. They use little brushes about two inches wide, or rather, pieces of wood with something on the edge. Capt. Grant called. Mr. Perkins Supercargo of the *Ivanhoe* dined with us, a very pleasant man. After dinner walked in the garden, as we were to have company in the evening. Passed a most delightful eve, have had quite a party. Mrs. Daniell, Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Allport, Mr. College, Mr. Beale, Mr. Otadue with ourselves, have played an interesting game, introduced by Mrs. C[leveland]. O dear, the squitos are buzzing in my ears. The carcasses of numbers lie before me now (some satisfaction). But I must go to bed so good Night—O if you could only hear one.

**March 17.** what you call 5 minutes past 11. at night I have been hesitating some time whether to make up my accounts to night or not. I have *Devereux* lying before me. The Spanish will call for attention tomorrow, and I shall be behind hand so I have concluded. We have had a most charming day. The weather is fair. Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt]

called this morning. I have been quite industrious to day—have been making a cape. Walked on the Praya after dinner, and now have just returned from Mrs. Turner's where we have passed a pleasant evening. A small party, Mr. and Mrs. Ovenstone<sup>46</sup> are keeping with her from India. She is a pretty, interesting woman. They have been married only 3 months, she cannot be more than 20. It is hardly worth while to become acquainted with her. She will leave so soon. Mrs. Allport, Mr. College, Mr. Beale, Ienar and Gover with ourselves and Mrs. Turner. We played old maid, which amused all very much; it carried me back to our good Salem frolics with that game. We then played Speculation. Mr. College and I and Mr. B. and myself went shares and speculated largely—but it was all in fun. At any rate I came off a winner, though almost a bankrupt at one time. We had much sport. Now I am going to read a little in *Devereux*. Good Night.

**March 18** I am astonished to see how horribly I have written these last pages. I should think I was rolling about in a Ship instead of Terra Firma. But were you to see my apparatus: I have got 1/2 a dozen stumps that I have used I believe this two months, and I forget to mend them. I have to borrow Aunt L's knife, & I cannot get it at this hour. I have got a cologne Bottle for an ink stand, but hope to have something better before long.

Well, this morning Mr. Perkins called on us. Went to Mrs. A[llport]'s to take another lesson in Spanish. After dinner read untill 5. Finished the first vol. of *Devereux*, like it much. Then walked to the barrier, a most perfect eve for walking. Returned, had some tea, finished a Cape, then finished Hall's *Travels*. Now my dear I must read a little in *Devereux*, as time is precious. My verbs must be studied in the morning, when I feel bright. And we must finish the book—again I say good Night.

How the days pass away. It seems every few moments that I am recording events of the day after retiring, sitting in the same spot, and over the same book. There is nothing to interest, no more than in a sea journal.

**19** It happens now to be the evening of the 20th. I went to bed with a head ache last night and could not write. But as there is some little variety in the day, I must go back. We had previously agreed to go to Mr. Beale's at 12 o'clock to see his birds. Mrs. Allport sent for us in the morning to know if we would like to go to Church and

hear High Mass performed. Of course, we went at 10 o'clock. When we went in there was a man preaching in a very eloquent manner but all in Portuguese so that I could not understand him. He had a dress, I think of White Satin wrought with gold, some black above it, had white lace sleeves. But you cannot at all imagine the dress by my description. There were several others who officiated at the altar dressed in the same style. When he had finished his sermon, there was a sort of a pantomime at the altar fronting the saint at which they did many strange things, which I cannot repeat, for I do not understand it— but what astonished me most was that they could remember when to do all these strange things. But the music was very good. They have a fine organ, but I do not think it so good as Dr. Prince's. But it carried me back to our old Church. They played some fine dancing tunes, Hurra for the bonnets of blue,<sup>47</sup> which did not seem quite so appropriate for the Church as some others. But Uncle says in Europe they always play opera songs, Rossini's music, etc. The long wax candles were burning. We stayed 1 1/2 [hours] till we were quite tired. The house was very full. The body of the Church is without seats. They all carry a little square ring and kneel on it, when fatigued squat down. They are not allowed to wear bonnets but a sirassa, a sort of shawl which reaches the bottom of the dress.

Went from the Church to Mr. Beale's where we were highly delighted with his fine collection of birds and flowers. He has between 500 and 600 in his aviary, all kinds and descriptions. They appear to live as happily as possible. I am quite surprised that so many can live quietly together—the bird of paradise is kept in a separate cage on account of its quarrelsome disposition. It is a most splendid thing alive; you can hardly judge from seeing a dead one, of its beauty. He has a bird—a sort of parrot. Talks very plain, says "Light Company," "waiter," "bring polly a pot of beer," and many other things as plain as I can. It is very astonishing. I wish you could see them Mary Ann, how our little children would be delighted. Mr. B. is a perfect gentleman in his manners, has a splendid house. It looks like a palace of ease, everything [in] it is to that end. He has promised me a pair of Canaries. We returned after a walk in the garden. He has every variety of flower, is a great botanist. We went out to Casilla's Bay after dinner, but we were all very stupid. The morning exertion in the heat of the day had quite unfitted us for walking, so

we got into our chairs and went home after breathing a little fresh air from the beach.

20 At home at work and reading all the morning. Mr. Otadue called. Walked after dinner to Casilla's Bay. After tea finished a Cape, thus has passed away another week. I have been wishing for more letters, but none came. Tomorrow I must begin to answer those received per *Roman*. Finished one to Aunt Cleveland and sent one to C[anton] to send to S. Orne. Nothing has occurred to day for me to enlarge upon and I'll go to bed I think, as they have all been there this long while. Suppose Capt. R[oundy] is now approaching that beloved land of America. Good Night my ever dear sister. Oh that I could set my eyes on you.

21 Sunday, no church. Stayed in my room, read a sermon, my Bible, etc. About 12 Mr. Blight and Mr. Wilkinson [Robert Wilkinson]<sup>48</sup> called, just from Canton. Quite a pleasant young man. No news. After dinner walked out to the Gap, had a pleasant walk. Wrote to Mother and Father today.

22 This morning went to Mrs. Allport's to take another lesson. Mr. T[homas] Dent and Wilkinson called. Mr. Dent leaves here tomorrow for New South Wales [sailed the 26th on the British brig *Elizabeth*]. Saw them at Mrs. Allport's. On our return found Mr. P[hilip] Ammidon had been here, much to our surprise. We had thought he would not honour us with his presence. The Miss Ullmans called too. Walked after dinner a little way. Phil. took tea with us and spent part of the evening. Wrote you after I returned from Mrs. Allport's. Uncle has been reading *Devereux* aloud to us since P. went. Do not like it as well as *Disowned*.<sup>49</sup> Since I came to my room have commenced a letter to Brother Nat but not feeling exactly in the mood, put it by thinking if I should get up early in the morning I would begin again. Phil is to breakfast with us. Good Night.

23 Made a mistake this morning in the hour and could not write much. P. breakfasted with us. It seems quite like ship times to see him.

I have got completely non plus'sed. I cannot think what we have been about this week. It is now Sunday Morn. I have had so many letters to write that my Journal has been neglected.

Well after dinner Tuesday walked I know with Mrs. Allport. Spent the eve at home.



24 At home in the morning cutting out a grass cloth dress. Walked after dinner as usual. Went to our dear sweet spot Casillas Bay, where we have the broad sea open before us, and a fine air.

Mrs. Allport spent the eve with us; she was in fine spirits. Also Phil. After I went to my room commenced a letter to Natty [Nathaniel P. Knapp].

25 Took another lesson in S[panish] this morning. Continue to like it very well. Phil dined with us. We walked after dinner. I took much pleasure in telling him how much we had enjoyed ourselves since here. He had endeavored all the passage to make us think this a dreadful place. But I do not much regret it: for if I had have had any encouragement I should have been joining a perfect place in my fertile imagination and have been disappointed. He returned and took tea with us. When he left, Uncle and Aunt went to writing letters. I deferred mine till I went to my room, then wrote S. Allen, E. W. Ward, Grandmother and Haskell.

26 Sealed up our letters and sent them to Canton per post. Wrote [Aunt] Cleveland. Walked after dinner, took our seat upon the hills, where we could see the “white waves gallop with delicious roar”—returned. Mr. A[mmidon] took tea with us.

27 At home all the morning, preparing to remove. Mr. College called, leaves tomorrow morning for Canton. After dinner went to the Beach where we met Mr. and Mrs. Turner and the children. Uncle read Dr. Holyoke’s *Memoir*<sup>50</sup> to us this evening.

28 Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood’s dimpled prime  
 I’ve loved to hail thy calm renewing time;  
 Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,  
 In mingling murmurs on the floating wind  
 Telling of friends and times long wing’d away  
 And blissful hopes harmonious with the day.

[Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of Deity*, Part II, p.72]

Yes, Mary Ann though there is none of that holy stillness here which pervades the air at home, I generally go to my room after breakfast and endeavour to feel myself in my own chamber in that land where the Christian is known. The bells are always ringing here, which helps me to fancy myself there. We shall soon have a church again. O it would do me good to go to meeting day I know. I feel disposed,

but my meeting must be here. I shall read some good books. Phil has just left here and says he is coming to dine with us. I feel now as if I should like to sally forth upon the hills and shelter myself under some huge rock, out of the reach of mortal eye. Did you ever read Montgomery on the Deity. If not, do read it. It is a most beautiful thing, and seems to lift you from the earth and makes you wish to soar above and be with him “who was and is the Fountain Soul,” [Montgomery, *Deity*, Part I, p.21]

There is a voiceless eloquence on Earth,  
Telling of him who gave her wonders birth;  
And long may I remain the adoring child  
Of nature's majesty, sublime or wild;  
Hill, flood, and forest, mountain, rock, and sea  
All take their terrors, and their charms from thee,  
From thee, whose hidden but supreme control  
Moves through the world, a Universal Soul.

[Montgomery, *Deity*, Part I, p. 23]

Must make one more quotation, though you may think me quite poetical.

Chain'd to the car of time, as on we roll  
Through storm and tempest to the eternal goal,  
How favour'd he! whose sapient soul refined,  
Meets by the way some all-partaking mind;  
Some feeling friend by Nature marked our own,  
And moulded true to every tender tone.  
Let fortune frown, congenial scenes depart,  
And farewell! rive the fetters of the heart!  
Tis sweet when roaming by the wave-girt strand,  
To weave fond visions of our own far land;  
Or dream, while faintly chimes the convent bell,  
On distant friends, and each domestic spell,  
And feel one Spirit mark our lone career,  
And dwells in every heart, to Friendship dear.

[Montgomery, *Deity*, Part II, p. 84–85]

[Marginal note, written Sept. 5, 1830] I think my ladyship was in quite a poetical mood at the time

You know the blessing of this friendship, my sis, and I can fancy it. It is wanted in this place, some friend who has a kind congenial heart.

Do not let G[eorge Archer] see this now, for he would laugh at me I know. Now I am going to read. I must read over my letters today. Have not read them [for] sometime.

It is now Monday eve, but I must tell you how the day was finished, seeing I was pretty romantic yesterday. After I left my book, I opened my little box which has not yet been ransacked by thieves, and put your little volume together and read it through, with Mother's and some others. I then read two excellent sermons written by Mr. Colman. Saw Mr. Chinnery and Mr. Beale come in but did not feel exactly like seeing them, so kept my seat. Set in my room till called to dinner. Phil. dined with us. After dinner we called for Mrs. A[llport] and strolled upon the hills, making a couch of the rocks. The sudden warmth of the weather takes away the strength and makes us feel quite languid. We set on the rocks musing till the sun had set behind the hills, after tinging the clouds with the richest colours, and left the moon with a small share of her brilliancy to light us over the graves. You must know when we take our walks we always must go through and over these graves, but they never give us that feeling that we should have had at home at walking in a grave yard. I have often wondered why we did not, but I suppose because none of our friends, relations or acquaintances, repose there.

Eve we spent at home studying Spanish grammar.

**Monday 29** My Mother's and Father's birth day, and we drank to many years of health and happiness to them. Does it seem possible that it is 4 years since the corner stone of our church was laid? [laid April 27, 1826]

[Marginal note] What could have suggested that idea?—July, 1830

After breakfast studied my lesson. Went into the garden and plucked some mulberries from the tree. The garden looks beautifully now. There are many flowers and fruits in bloom. Among the richest in colour is the pomegranate, the blossom is the brightest crimson. I cannot bear the thought of leaving it so soon, but we remove tomorrow. Is it possible I never [shall] sleep in this dear room again, endeared by so many pleasant recollections. I have spent many pleasant hours in this house, but still I think we shall like the other better.

We then went to call on Mrs. Morrison, from there to Mrs. Allport's to take our lesson, where we passed two hours very pleasantly. Mr. Wilkinson came today to join us in our lessons; he was a very good boy. After dinner went to our house and walked upon the terrace till it was time to dress for Mrs. Turner's from whence we have just returned. Have spent a delightful eve in company with Mrs. Allport and Mrs. Grant, Mr. Chinnery, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Ienar. Have been playing our American game of old maid, which seems to take mightily. Poor Blight had the queen three successive times, which quite worried him—he thinks it quite ominous. We are to remove tomorrow, but Mrs. Allport wishes me to go to Chinnery's with her as she sits for her miniature, and I suppose I shall go. But I must be up by time and pack up my duds, for nothing is done yet. So good night my dearest sister.

30 It frightens me to think that I set down here now, of a Thursday eve, to go back to Tuesday and think what I have been about. Well Tuesday morning I was quite early. Felt as I used to at sea after rolling about all night and little like moving. But some breakfast and a little hot peppermint set me nearly to rights. I put my things all in order, and before 2 o'clock all the "topside," as the China men say, was removed. And how do you think they manage it. You know, we have no carriage of any sort for carrying. Everything is carried upon men's shoulders. It is astonishing to see what burdens they carry with apparent ease, great heavy trunks, sideboards. Now, they do not shoulder them, as a man in America would shoulder an axe, but have poles, ropes, etc. You never see a China man carry anything in his hands, but always in baskets, jars, etc.

[Marginal note] What a splendid illustration. [Harriett inserted a small sketch of two Chinese men carrying a box suspended from a single pole between them.]

At 11 I went to Chinnery's with Mrs. Allport. Stayed there till 1 and then went home to assist Aunt L. Found my room and uncle's all fixed. Mr. Ammidon spent the eve with us. Wind blew very high—seemed as though we should blow away in this house. I shall like it, I know. I shall describe it in my next letter so that it is unnecessary here. But I routed Uncle up—my foolish fancies. After I had set a long while in my room, I imagined (as it proved to be imagination)

Mr. Withers and Mr. Lenoir have been playing  
our American game of old maids, which seems  
to take mightily. poor Blight had the queen three  
successive times, which quite worried him -  
he thinks it quite ominous. We are to remove  
tomorrow but Mrs. Allport wishes me to go to  
Chimneys with her tomorrow as she sits for her  
miniature, and I suppose I shall go. but I must  
be up by nine and pack up my clothes, for nothing  
is done yet. so good night my dearest sister -

30

I it frightens me to think that I sit down here now  
of a Thursday eve. to go back to Tuesday and think about  
I have been about. Well Tuesday morning I rose quite  
early. felt as I used to at sea after rolling about all night  
and little like moving. but some breakfast and  
a little hot pepperment set me nearly to rights -  
I put my things all in order. and before 12 o'clock all  
the topside as the China men say was removed -  
And how do you think they manage it. you know  
we have no carriage of any sort for carrying. every  
thing is carried upon men's shoulders. it is as  
wonderful to see what burdens they carry ~~on their~~  
with apparent ease. great heavy trunks sideboard  
now. they do not shoulder them. as a man in Am-  
erica would shoulder an axe. but have poles.  
ropes etc. you never see a China man carry any  
thing in his hands. but always in baskets jars. &c.  
what after. At 11 I went to Chimneys with Mrs. Allport -  
old school stayed there till 1. and then went home to assist  
them Aunt L. found my room and indeed all fixed -





that some one was breaking into the front chamber. I was certain I heard glass smash, and then heard the servants running. I accordingly called to Uncle—he sleeps next room—and he started up chop chop but could perceive nothing that appeared like it and retired again, after convincing me with powerful arguments that it was the wind.

[From a letter to a member of the Low family, n.d.] This house is much better finished and more elegant than the other, and much cooler, which is a great object in summer. There are six large rooms, quite sufficient for our small family. It stands near the Cathedral, from which we see all the processions, etc., start. The back of the house opens on a large terrace, which gives us a fine view of the roads, and all the ships coming in and out, the hills all round, and the Praya. Downstairs there is a fine entrance hall, whence a flight of dark varnished stairs and a small entry lead up to the drawing-room—a room that you would be proud of in America. It has a fine domed ceiling, ornamented with stucco-work, a handsome marble fireplace, and three French windows, opening on to the veranda, and thence to the terrace. The dining-room faces the street. Two doors open from the drawing-room into my room, also a fine large room with a domed ceiling. Next to mine comes Aunt L.'s room, very spacious, and built in the same way, and a very handsome little sitting-room beyond that. Plenty of "go-downs", large bath-rooms, etc.

31 At home working, studying and putting away things untill dinner time. After dinner we went to Casillas [Bay]. Mr. Otadue joined us, walked a short distance with us, and left us. On our return met J. Blight. I plagued him about being an old Bachelor so many times in one evening, but he bore it very well and offered his arm, and turned about with us. Mrs. Allport and his honour took tea with us. By Mrs. A's particular desire we played old maid to see if he would have the same luck. Out of two games he had it once, very much to his annoyance. He declared he would not play it again.

April 1<sup>st</sup> This morning studied till near one o'clock. Capt. Grant called. Dr. Pierson and Mr. Fox arrived this morning. Went to take our lesson at S[panish], did pretty well. After dinner set down to work, for I have got so much to do and do nothing scarcely. Well I worked untill 5, and Uncle says it is time to walk. I refused at first but repented and went fearing that I shall grow too fat, if I lose my

exercise. Went to the flower gardens. Bought some beautiful flowers to put upon our terrace, a beautiful white Camila Japonica, passion flowers, and some others. One called the nun flower is a very singular one.

We met 3 Parsees or fire worshippers on the way [who] were dressed in white robes and a sort of red turban upon their heads. At one of the China men's graves there were 4 men and children chin chining.<sup>51</sup> Every year they go to the graves of their Fathers and Grandfathers and new turf it and kindle a fire upon it. They were burning the Joss paper and would then bow, clasping their hands upon their breasts, then kneel, and touch the grave with their faces. They were all jabbering in their horrid Jargon. We then returned home, arranged the plants, and set upon the terrace untill tea time. A most perfect evening, the moon was shining as bright as day. This elegant bay stretched before us, the little boats flying about it, is a beautiful sight. I could not bear to go in, but I made up my mind to work; accordingly did till 9, then went out again. And now it is much too pleasant to go to bed. I was thinking how you would enjoy such an evening in such a beautiful spot with you know who. Good night.

**2 of April** at 10 o'clock finds me in my spacious room writing to my dear sister. And what shall I say to her for today. Shall I tell her I was cross this morning. Whether I do or not, I am very sure I was. You know it is an uncommon thing for me to be cross. Do not ask me the cause, for I am sure I cannot tell you. But I felt better before two o'clock. I went immediately to my room after breakfast and set down to work. Dr. Pierson and Sir Andrew Ljungstedt called. I did not feel in a mood to see them so kept my seat. Soon after heard Mr. Wilkinson in the drawing room. "Thinks I to myself," I'll go and hear what he has to say, and see if I shall not feel better. Before he left, my usual good temper was restored. I then set in the drawing room and Uncle read to us the *Canton Register*.<sup>52</sup> After dinner looked out the window and saw one of the Company's Ships with the sun shining on her well filled sails, and every thing set but studding sails. Do you know what those are Molly? Well, it did look most beautifully. How [I] wished for Mr. Chinnery's talent for painting that I might sketch for you the beautiful scene before me. The Church [St. Francis] large and handsome of milk white with a splendid flight of stone steps, surrounded by trees and shrubbery. Just beyond this a

fort [Fort St. Francis] stretching itself into the Bay, this too mixed with green trees and shrubbery. Beyond these you can see the roads, and the little boats skimming the surface. In the distance could be discerned two Islands of high land, and this beautiful Ship [*Waterloo*] heading towards her much desired home [London] carrying in her our friend Capt. Newell, and happy enough is he to be heading to the westward to join his anxious wife. A little further in was a little European Boat flying along with full sail, and “any quantity” of Chinese Boats in sight—the sun just high enough to shed a pleasant brilliancy upon all. Now can you not imagine this a pleasant view, and this is all from our terrace. It is a most lovely situation—could I help getting my pencil and attempting to sketch. I succeeded in getting part when Uncle wished me to walk. We went our usual way, calling for Mrs. A[llport]. Mr. Ienar joined us. He is a Frenchman. He can speak a little English but makes dreadful stuff of it. The poor man does not know where to put his prepositions. I was quite amused, but found it very difficult to understand him. We went to the hills and set down awhile. Here too was a lovely prospect. We could see the water on three sides. The sun was just leaving us to shine upon you. The groups on the different hills was amusing. Perched upon the very tip top of one of the hills was the figure of a man. On a conical hill, celebrated by me as the windy hill (You will have the history of that by my last letters, connected with the blue gown), they soon descended and steered for us, but finding we were well supplied with beaus, they took another tack. On another ascent was stretched on the grass two or three more gentlemen, on the other side was two equestrians, beside other pedestrians. After getting a little cooled we set out for home. Arrived safely, left Mr. I at the door, got my walking shoes off and went to the terrace. And the lovely moon had taken the place of [the] sun and seemed striving to equal her in brilliancy. And now here I sit fighting mosquitos—every half second my pen is put into my mouth while I attempt murder. I have given myself several severe blows upon the ear (not tender boxes either), and the little tormenters still keep on singing. Have killed one however to my joy. Think they must be alarmed in the next room, for my hand frequently makes a sad noise pouncing generally unsuccessfully on the table. The coolies are “sleeping audibly” enough under my room—I never knew people snore so loud as they do. Aunt L. has frequently sent down to them to turn them

over of an evening. Well I must turn in for these little reptiles will let me have no peace. Methinks I hear you say it is time. She has made a terrible long story out of nothing. Good Night to thee!

**Saturday Night April 3** This morning rose late, studied till about 10 o'clock. It has been a mending day with me. Mr. Fox called this morning, made us a long call. Says he has applied for admittance to our class in Spanish, but as he is not to be a resident here for a long time, he will not be admitted. He afterwards offered to be usher, but our master told him he needed none. We were very quiet and peacable and needed no correction, but were making great progress. Wish I could think so. We tried to see how long we could keep it a secret, but there is no such thing in this place as a secret. And it is now known all over Canton I suppose that we are studying S[panish]. But we let them talk; we shall persevere. But I believe they all commend us for it, as it serves to amuse if nothing more. After dinner called for Mrs. Allport, but she was engaged out to tea. She did not go. Mr. Wilkinson went with us. It was not very pleasant, for the wind blew high and came very near carrying away my top gallant sail. It was dead ahead, and of course the sails were all aback. The[y] say a woman is like a Ship, but I wish her sails were as easy to be reefed, but there is no such thing. If the wind is directly against us, we have to beat on with all sail set. We were very glad to harbour, and the wind is blowing now and reminds me of our January storms. It seems as though we must see the banks of snow.

I believe I have got nothing more to say. Oh Mrs. Morrison called to day. These little tormentors as usual are entertaining me with their songs. Again I say Good Night. How time flies.

**April 4** Notwithstanding any quantity of these little songsters—my usual troubles when I sit down to write—I must write, and you must value it the more when I tell you that for almost every line I get a boxed ear. After breakfast, as usual of a Sunday morn, I went directly to my room and had not been seated long when I heard a loud singing in the street, say a dozen or 20 men. I supposed it to be the padres. I run to the front window. Now I must tell you how our house is situated in front—it stands near the Cathedral. Before our house and opposite the Church stands a high stone cross, 4 yards high. These padres, dressed in fancy dresses (I must call them for I cannot describe them in any other way) with their books in their hands, were

marching round the cross—one, in front, burning incense—singing very loud. They then returned to the door of the Church which was closed. They stood there for sometime singing outside, and then others inside would respond. After staying here a long time the one bearing a cross in front knocked at the door, and it was opened. I cannot give you the whys and wherefores, for I want some one to explain to me, and no one seems to know. They have a fine organ at this Church and some good singing. Crowds of people were there this morning. How I wished while sitting there I could be going to Church. In one or two Sundays more we shall have one. [Mr. Vachell and the Company's staff arrived from Canton April 16.] I read one or two sermons, then the bell announced visitors. It took me some time to make up my mind whether I would see them or not. Found it was Jem Blight. Thought I would go and hear what he had to say. Soon after, Otadui came, then Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Thornhill. They admired our new house. J. Blight said he should be happy to walk with us in the afternoon if we would allow him. He accordingly called for us at 1/2 past 5. We had a delightful walk—he returned and took tea with us. So I am done, ever since he left I have been to work upon Spanish. Your ever dear Sister H. Good Night.

**April 5<sup>th</sup>** My table is so crowded with literature or litter just which you may please to call it. It consists of lots of books, such as Spanish & English dictionaries, reviews, histories, drawings, etc. Well I have squeezed a place for my book and now will go on "in a method" as we used to say in days of yore. This morning the Servants raised a rebellion. One complained of the other. There was three of them uttering bitter complaints but it is now hanging by the lids waiting proof, as the word of neither is to be depended upon. I studied Spanish all the morning, as it is lesson day. They assembled at our house to day, being much cooler than Mrs. Allport's. We have a nice little room for it, stands back, and has a nice breeze from the water. Passed 2 hours very pleasantly, said good lessons, and our master thinks we make great progress.

Did not walk as we were to have company in the evening. And now I must tell you who we had and all the sport, for I know you like the particulars. There was Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Allport, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Chinnery, Mr. Beale, Mr. Blight, Mr. Fox, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Otadue, Mr. Ienar. With ourselves [it] made 14, quite



a little and very pleasant party. We commenced playing old maid, after tea. I was lucky enough to get her once.

[Marginal note by smudged spot] blood of a mosquito. Some of mine I dare say; have blotted my book too killing him. No matter there is one less.

We then played Aunt Cleveland's game, which made much sport. I will give you the game on the margin, as it may serve to entertain you sometime. Some one gave a question, "When will Mr. Blight give the ladies a tea party?" On being read it was thought a grand move, and we all agreed after much sport to give him the pleasure of our company on Friday evening. Old Chinnery, a monstrous epicure, then wished to know if there should not be a supper or what they should have to eat. The reply was Toast and Tea certainly, and Butter if to be had. He moved for a revisal of that answer and to say whether we should have supper or not. Reply: "No song, no supper." Some one volunteered a song, and poor Blight must give a party. I knew that Fox had given this question, and I thought B. did not relish it exactly, and my next question was, "Is there another gentleman present who feels disposed to give the ladies a tea party," perhaps Mr. F. He says no one could be more disposed than Mr. B., but I should be only "too happy"—this is the way we do things here. This is the second at our house. The Bachelors you know all keep house here, have everything in style, servants in plenty, and it is but right that they should do something to amuse the ladies. Do you agree with me? We told Mr. B. that we should hold ourselves engaged for Friday evening—wish you could join us in these delightful little parties. You can have no idea how pleasant they are. The tea parties at home are so much trouble that you cannot enjoy them, but here every thing is easy. If any thing is wrong, it is all laid to the servants. The lady is not blamed as at home. Every one calls for what they wish, the servants make the tea and bring it in. It is the fashion here to have coffee first in small cups and then tea in large cups. (I must break off to tell you how fortunate I have been to kill another great mosquito.) And now I believe I have nothing more to say but to tell you it is a most glorious night.

[Marginal note] "Aunt Cleveland's game:" In the first place you have a parcel of square bits of paper, each with a word upon it, any words

you choose to write. Then you have larger pieces to write a question upon, and every one must write a question. Put them altogether and shake them in a box or any tray. Every one then takes out a question and a word P. T. O. [Please Turn Over] and answers the question to bring in that word, however foreign it may be to the subject of the question. The word must be concealed as much as possible because when they are all answered, one reads questions and answers and the others guess the word that is brought in. It requires much ingenuity sometimes to bring them in and is a very interesting game. To give you an example of one I will give you one that I had to answer. My Question was, "Will you have a fig?" The word to bring in was Sympathy. My answer, "Talk not to me of figs. The exhibition at college is approaching and my theme on Sympathy is not yet commenced." That was a puzzle. Another one that I had was, "Would you like to be Queen of England?" Amalgamate [was the word] to bring in. Reply, "Yes if I could amalgamate virtue with wealth and power." You must always mark under the word that the reader may know. Good night.

**April 6<sup>th</sup>** This morning before breakfast studied Spanish. After breakfast took my work until 1/2 past 10. Then went to Mr. Chinnery's with Mrs. Allport, stayed there till one. I would give worlds that you could see this man, though he would be no great sight, but he is the most singular man. I cannot say that he suits my fancy. He has a wife in Calcutta, but he has not lived with her this 15 years. From there went to see the Miss Ulmans. Poor girls, I do pity them so much. They seem to be so destitute of friends. I stayed with them a long time. They can say but little English, though they understand it if we speak slow. Then went into Mrs. Turner's. Got home about dinner time. J. Blight had been here to invite us to his house on Thursday night instead of Friday as he goes to Canton on Friday morning. Aunt L. told him he had better give it up, said it was all a joke. But he said he would not. He had been wanting it a long time, but he was afraid to ask it, for fear the ladies would refuse him. He said he had been to the other ladies and they were coming. We agreed to go. Uncle dined with him to day, a small party. At 1/2 past 5 came for us to walk with Blight and Fox. We had a delightful walk out to Casillas Bay. They returned with us, took a cup of tea, but could not spend the eve as Blight had his party engaged at home

at 1/2 past 7. He stayed with us till 20 minutes past, and we sewed the remainder of the eve. This morning was hot and sultry. At 3 o'clock the wind changed to the Northward and blows quite cold—like some of our sudden changes at home. Good Night.

7 Again I set down after coming to my room to give you a detailed account of the adventures of this day, though nothing of interest. I think you would have been amused if you could have seen me this afternoon. Well to begin the day, I rose very late. The consequence, I had no time to study before breakfast to my sorrow. But I studied a little after, then took my work. Letter from Canton says the *Roman* will sail perhaps by the 20th, so that I must soon begin to write letters again. I did some work this forenoon, a nice cool and comfortable day. No calls and we three set in our little back room, Uncle reading to us while we sewed, which is delightful. At 5 o'clock we three called for Mrs. Allport to walk. We went to Casillas Bay. The tide was galloping in at a great rate. We went down upon the Beach. Uncle says "Come Harriett let's see which will run the nearest to the water." I told him no, my shoes were very thin—and he went on. But I stood still, gazing upon the grandeur of the scene, was completely lost in thought, till I was suddenly brought to my senses by feeling the water over my feet, nearly to my knees. My white dress as you may suppose was not the better for the water. In jumping back, the water took my shoe off. I thought it must be gone, but luckily it remained upon the Beach. My stocking was covered with sand. I thought I might as well dip it in again and take the sand off, and got a second edition. I then put on my drenched shoe and retreated. I saw three gentlemen upon the hill at a little distance and knew they must be enjoying the scene—but I forgot to mention the first scene upon the Beach. As I was going down the little descent I turned round and saw something white streaming upon the ground, apparently attached to me. For the first moment I could not divine what it could be. You remember a certain cord called a cable cord that ladies put in their under petticoats to set them out. Well by some means or other this worked itself out 1/2 a yard. The tuck got ripped (having certain long stitches because it has to be undone when washed.) Well what I should do with it I could not tell, but fortunately I pulled it wholly out and gave it to Uncle to pocket. I suspect this also was seen by the gentlemen upon the hill. This was the

first, the ducking the second. But that seemed quite natural, I had so many at sea. I was very glad there were no other gentlemen with me to witness the cord scrape. I advised them to wait on the Beach till dark, for I was not fit to go home before— but they said No. We ascended the hill, and who should we see but Chinnery and Blight. I told them my adventure, the ducking, I mean. They turned and walked home with us. Before we had gone far Otadue joined me and said he was one upon the hill. They had been amused at the scrape (for it was really very amusing) and was coming to my assistance, but could not get there in time. They all three went home with us to tea, and we passed a very pleasant eve.

Mr. Chinnery has been giving us some accounts of the state of society in Bengal, Calcutta and Madras. I would not live in either place it appears to me upon any account. I never [heard] of so much aristocracy as in these places. It I should think would destroy all pleasure and every thing else. I cannot endure it for my part—it does not suit our republican ideas at all. Thus has passed this day. I have been wishing for the M. *Forbes* [Captain Bancroft, arrived May 14] today. Though she brings me old letters, they will be heartily welcomed. Well I must turn in for I have got the rheumatism and I shall not better it by sitting here with the doors open.

8 Have just returned from Mr. Blight's where we have passed a very pleasant eve. 1/2 past 11 o'clock we took our lesson in Spanish this morning. Mr. W[ilkinson] not here! gone to Lintin. At home all day. We did not walk as we were engaged for the evening. Now you will wish to know how B[light] entertained us. But first I must tell you it is one of the finest nights that ever shone. As I went along in my chair, the full moon shining in all her splendour upon this delightful Bay all open before me, I almost wished myself at sea. I thought then of you my Dear Sis. How you [would] enjoy these nights. Then you need no tinder box if the light should happen to go out. Well we were ushered in to Mr. Blight's convenient and handsome rooms between 7 and 8 o'clock, where a handsome table was spread with handsome things to eat. Mr. B. was congratulated upon being so happy a man as to get the ladies to come to his house.

The party consisted of Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Allport, Mrs. Turner and ourselves of ladies. Then Mr. Fox, Mr. Blight, Mr. Beale, Chinnery, Otadue, Wilkinson, Ienar, a Mr. Fish, Mr. Turner and Uncle. We had

a game of Old Bachelor and then played Speculation all in fun. We were then waited upon to the supper table, where we had lots of good things. After supper a beautiful song from Mr. Fox, as was voted on the preceeding evening. After much pleasant chat we returned to our homes, and here I am. Tomorrow is good Friday when there will be much ceremony at the churches. They have all been opened to-day, and all the women in the place visit them, going from one to the other, staying 5 or 6 minutes in one and then leaving it. Just before night there was a procession from the Cathedral—Christ bearing the cross. But I was at the back of the house and did not see it. But I understand there is to be another tomorrow. Mr. Otadue says he went to the misericordia<sup>53</sup> today, and Mr. Parraira [Pereira] was performing the office of our Saviour washing his disciples' feet, twelve old men for the disciples. I cannot bear the idea. It appears to me sacreligious. This evening Mr. Beale had some flowers brought in called the passion flower because it blooms in passion week. These bloomed today. It is a most beautiful flower of a dark purple. In the middle the stamens (I think it is called) seems to form a cross. It is a very deep flower. Unfortunately I have carelessly left it there. I meant to have preserved it. My eyes ache. *Buenas noches*.

[Harriett inserted in the margin a sketch of the passion flower with its stamens in the shape of a cross.]

**9 April** This morning about 9 o'clock after much ceremony in the Church, a procession was formed. First there was the Cross. The padres and friars followed. Then a coffin covered with black and an image to represent the body of our Saviour just taken from the cross—behind that was his mother and two other women. There were many other banners in a long procession, a fine band of music, and I certainly never heard any thing more solemn. They played softly and slowly, the drums muffled with black. All hats off, and the priests chanting at the same time—the street was thronged with people. I cannot bring my mind to think it right to perform this ceremony; it appears to me too solemn to be made a farce of, but I suppose they think it right. But it seems horrid to me to see an image made to represent so divine a person. They returned again to the Church after parading round the town. They were going to Church all day; we went in just at night. They were singing and going through some



ceremony. The church was hung with black and yesterday was seen at one end of the Church was a representation of Calvary. The virgin Mary was also in black.

Lucy and Richard Turner spent the day with us. We walked out to Casillas Bay. Toward night joined Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Thornhill on the Campo.

**Saturday 10** Went to Mr. Chinnery's this morning and met Mr. Wilkinson there. Mr. C. had a table and every thing fixed for me to go to drawing. Has been very anxious for me to draw, but I thought I might give him some trouble and I would not.

After dinner walked with Mrs. Allport. Otadue and Fox joined us upon the Campo. Had a pleasant walk.

**Sunday morning April 11** Was awaked from my sleep this morning by a band of music playing in the most spirited style. It sounded perfectly. This day early in the morning the women went unto the sepulchre and the body of Jesús was not there. He had risen. They will sing nothing but Hallelujahs now. I immediately thought of this, and it did seem solemn Mary Ann. Grand Mass was performed this morning and a procession then went from the Church, the priests chanting as usual, the crosses and banners, the little priests burning incense. There was one man with one each side of him to imitate Christ risen from the dead. The music was fine. I could not help thinking then: How can any man that represents the Saviour ever sin more. Only think what could have been his feelings when walking through the streets, to say to himself that he was representing that divine person. It makes me shudder. Today they all begin to eat meat, having fasted 40 days, or lived upon fish.

Last night we had a most refreshing shower and now a cool north wind is blowing. It had become quite serious. The ground was parched and dry as it could be. The wells were dry and they could find no water to wet their grounds; the rice requires a monstrous quantity of water. The Chinese have fasted and prayed for rain & hired the Portuguese to pray for them. We have now only had enough to wet the Surface. I hope we shall have more before long, for we cannot have our little garden dug till we have more, the Comp[rador] says "all the same dry 2 feet thick." Now I must dress and read my sermons. Then I believe I shall write to George [Archer].

11 o'clock Sunday eve. As I said, I read 3 excellent sermons and then wrote a long letter to Abbot [Low] and George [Archer]. Mr. Fox called this morning, proposed walking with us, called for us at 1/2 past 5. As it looked something like rain, we could not walk far. On our return met Mr. Otadue. They all three returned and took tea with us, but Mrs. A[llport] went home at 9 o'clock. But the gentlemen have just left. We got much engaged talking about the manners and customs of England and the impositions of that place. Mr. Fox has been giving us an account of his Shipwrecks. He has been so unfortunate twice, once thought himself fortunate to escape with his life, off Manilla in a Typhoon and once on Cuba. We have not heard what Ship has arrived, but we are sure it is an American. Wish it might be one from home direct; it may be—it would be too good to be true.

**Monday Night 12** Have not yet heard what the Ship was, but there was signals for another Brig this morning. Rose in good season this morning in hopes to get my lesson, for to day is our day and not a bit of a lesson [done]. Before I was dressed for the day, about 10 o'clock, two American gentlemen called, a Capt. Little [William C. Little]<sup>54</sup> and Mr. French, old acquaintances of Uncle. They stayed a long while. As they went out Mrs. Turner came in. Sir Andrew Ljungstedt followed soon after. Before Mrs. T. left Mr. Otadue came, then one o'clock and no lesson. I thought I however made out to say it very well, and we were till 3 o'clock busily employed in reciting and writing Spanish. Mrs. T. invited us to dine with her on Wednesday. Uncle dined with Mr. Fox to day at 4. We set down to work after dinner. Mrs. A[llport] called for us to walk. We went to the Praya and the gentlemen seeing us joined us, Mr. Low, Mr. Fox and Mr. Otadue. Mr. Wilkinson went a few steps, but he prefers a horse. We took a long walk upon the hills. Returned at dark and have been very industrious all the evening. Uncle has been reading to us.

**Tuesday 13** At home all day, did not walk because I preferred writing you. Mr. Thornhill called this morning. The Factory all arrive this week. Wrote after dinner a long letter to you, one to Father and Mother, S[arah] Allen, S[arah] L[ang] Richardson,<sup>55</sup> E. W. Ward and N[athaniel] P[hippen] Knapp.

When you come here just skip to 40. On looking over my book I find I have skipped these two pages. I now have to send this book

away in a hurry for Uncle must take it with him. Another ship will sail in the course of a month.

Aunt Low has sent a piece of silk and several other little things, which I have no doubt will be acceptable.

I must stop I believe. Good bye my dearest. Whenever I close a letter or send any thing to you it seems almost like bidding you good bye at parting. We shall now probably spend the winter in Canton where we shall be surrounded by our friends.

Love, love to all.

14 Finished my letters this morning and they were dispatched to Canton. Went to Chinnery this morning, stayed till 12, returned, and at 3 went to Mrs. Turner's to dinner. Mr. Beale, Mr. Pierson [Capt. Charles Pearson] and Mr. Wilkinson composed the party. Had a fine dinner. Walked in the garden after dinner. When the gentlemen came back, brought us news that the *New Jersey* brought from Cadiz respecting the affairs of Russia and Turkey, the Independence of Greece, all of which you have heard long ago. Mrs. Fearon arrived this evening from Canton. I suspect [she] is glad to breathe Macao air again. They all say it seems delightful after coming from Canton, the air is so much purer.

15 On looking out the window this morning see the Company's Cutter the *Hawk* and another little Schooner. Mrs. Baynes arrived this morning after a short passage of 12 hours. Mrs. Allport also down, called to see us this morning. Took our lesson in Spanish this morning. Did well, walked after dinner. Mr. Fox joined us upon the Campo.

Mr. and Mrs. Allport, Mr. Fox, Otadue and Wilkinson spent the eve with us. Was very pleasant. Just such little parties as you would like M[ary Ann]. They are so social and pleasant. We all sit round the table and just take a cup of tea and a bit of cake perhaps, and then do what you please. There is no such fuss here at tea time as in America. Hardly any one thinks of eating at that meal. Pleasant dreams and sound and sweet repose to you My Dear Sister.

**April 16** Before going to bed I must write to my sister & study my Spanish. To begin the day studied untill 10, dressed, took my work and sat down in my own room. Heard Uncle say in the drawing room I will call the ladies. I heard Mr. Fox's voice. I issued forth from my room with a pair of gloves in my hand that I might not lose any

*Macao China*



*A Chinese woman with little feet.*

A Chinese Woman with Little Feet, Lucy Cleveland's Sketchbook  
(Peabody Essex Museum)

[time] by mending them, as I knew he is not in the habit of making short calls. They told us the Company's Chops had arrived. Soon after the bell rang again and who should appear but Mr. Otadue followed by Don Gabriel Yorieta Goyenne [Don Gabriel de Yuerata Goyena].<sup>56</sup> What do you think of that for a name. They call him however Goyenne. He is the Chief of the Spanish Factory. I knew he could speak no English and every word of Spanish I knew fled from me at the first sight of him. After he had been here a while I recollected what I knew but could not muster confidence to speak it to him. I could understand the most that he said. After a while I made out to say—he was talking of the languages—and I made out to say in reply that application was the only mode of learning and never shall I forget how smart I felt. At uttering that sentence, he said very well, but I was pleased that I could understand so well what he said. They invited Uncle to dine with them to night at 7 with the Company. About 2 o'clock Mr. Morris, Clark & Alexander called, arrived at 12 and made calls the same day. After dinner our old friend Mr. Vachell called. At 1/2 past 5 called for Mrs. Allport and went to walk. A most perfect day. Fox joined us and came home with us. Looks quite lively here again. Uncle has just returned from dinner. Had a most splendid one. Good Night my dear. I would give more for one glance at you, than all the East Indian Company and their good dinners to boot.

17 This morning dressed ourselves for the purpose of sallying forth to call upon the ladies from Canton. First called upon Mrs. Fearon. She looks finely. Says Canton is a better place than she had fancied, notwithstanding is very glad to breathe the fresh air of Macao which they all say is much purer than C[anton]. They say the Chinese were very civil. They gathered in crowds round the house when they were expecting them out, but filed off on both sides at their approach and made no noise. Nothing but a little buzz of admiration was heard. Mrs. Baynes says when she first arrived the people had boats stationed upon the water, and they paid 3 cash to see the *Fanqui* [foreign devil] women, but none made the least disturbance. Mrs. B. says she thinks they must have made their fortunes. Now I think the Chinese are much more civil than either American or English people would have been if a China woman had have appeared in our streets dressed in the costume of her country with little feet. Why she would



be mobbed and hooted at immediately. Met Mr. Fox and Mr. Otadue at Fearon's.

After calling at Mrs. Fearon's we called on Mrs. Turner, then on Mrs. Baynes. She too looked finely and gave us the same account. Met Mrs. Daniell and husband, Mr. Lindsay there. From there went to Mrs. Morrison's. There too they were all in confusion receiving goods from Canton, lots of tea etc. Here we met Mr. Fearon, Mr. Chinnery. From there to Mrs. Thornhill's and then home. Found the cards of Mr. Millet, Mr. Smith, Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Ravenshaw on the table. After dinner set down to read till it was time to walk. Mr. Fox and Mr. Otadue joined us on the hills where we set till nearly dark. While we were there 18 equestrians passed, 16 of them all in a row. Made a great show for Macao. Walked home with Fox and Otadue. Uncle reading to us this evening. Studied my Spanish this eve from 9 till 11 and my eyes ache.

18 Sunday morning, a delightful day, and we have the privilege of attending Church to day, to our great joy. It is now 2 months since. I must now leave to prepare.

Sunday night 10 o'clock. Went to Church this morning and really enjoyed it. It is so long since we have been. Capt. Edes [Robert Edes]<sup>57</sup> came in just before Church time and went with us, the Capt. of the *New England*. After Church Mr. Fox and Wilkinson, Mr. Chinnery, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Rieves [Reeves], Mr. Otadue and Mr. Jennings,<sup>58</sup> Capt. of the Brig that arrived last night, called. Mr. Campbell for some reason or other saw fit to send his card in and did not think proper to pop himself in. You would be amused to see him enter a room. He makes a regular dive at you and thrusts his hand out.

Capt. E[des] dined with us. After dinner we walked to our little spot upon the hill which we enjoy much. It is a most delightful spot. I went out with Uncle and Mr. Edes, Mr. and Mrs. Allport, Aunt L. did not go. Seated upon the grass, on the top of the hill, the sun just tinging the clouds with the richest colours, this beautiful Bay open to us on each side— We had not been there long before there was on this little spot, all those that came out with us—Mr. Otadue, Goyenne, Don Pedro, Mr. Fox, Mr. Reives, Mr. Wilkinson upon horseback and Mr. Vachell. We set there till nearly dark and then went home. Mr. V. spent the eve with us. Now I must to bed. But I

must tell you what I have just done. I thought I heard something moving behind me. I turned round to see what and lo and behold an enormous cockroche crawling on my clothes that hung upon the stand. I screamed out, awoke Uncle and Aunt in the next room, but courageously took off my shoe and beat his brains out, and am now astonished to think I did it. It was quite two inches long. Good night.

**Monday 19** This morning nothing but calls. First Capt. Edes and Capt. Jennings stayed a long while. Jennings brought us some curious fern that grows on the rocks in Mexico. It dries all up out of the water and after being in the water an hour or so it looks as fresh as ever and you may keep it forever. Then Mr. and Mrs. Morrison called. Our Spanish today. Mrs. Allport, Sir Andrew, Mr. Ulman came, then Wilkinson and Otadue. Just as we had commenced our lesson Mrs. Fearon called. Before she had left Mr. [Samuel] Russell came from Canton. I was really delighted to see him, though he was not exactly such a man as I had fancied him, yet he quite, and more than equals my expectations. I know by his face he is a man of sterling worth. Capt J. and Edes dined with us and Mr. R. of course. After dinner walked out with Mr. R. Capt. E. & J. left for Lintin. Walked to the hill, as it is now called. Mr. Vachell joined us, and Fox before we got home. Mr. & Mrs. A[[lport], Vachell, Fox, Otadue, Wilkinson, Capt. Durant [William Durant]<sup>59</sup> took tea with us. We spent a very pleasant eve and now I must wind up. But if I was not in a fair way to be devoured I would write more, but my ears really smart. So go to bed.

**Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup>** This morning could not wake myself till after breakfast. Slept too hard. Went to Chinnery's at 10. Met Wilkinson and Durant there. Copied one of his landscapes. Returned at 12. Mr. Fearon and Mr. and Mrs. Daniell and Mrs. Turner called. After dinner went to our hill. Mrs. Allport and I took our pencils and she got a very pretty sketch; that I began on too large a scale. Went with Mr. Russell. Mr. Fox joined us, Mr. Wilkinson and Beale on the top of the hill. We stayed till nearly dark then returned and passed a quiet eve.

**April 21<sup>st</sup>** Before I go to bed of a hot and close night I must say a few words to my sister and tell her that I have passed a pleasant day at home.

Though I did not feel well this morning owing to the warm weather, yet in our little room we had a good air. Dr. Peirson, Fox, and Wilkinson, Mr. Vachell and Mr. College called. Invited to Mrs. Fearon's to tea, but as the weather was bad and we had considerable thunder and lightning that we sent an excuse and spent the eve at home with our delightful visiter Mr. R[ussell]. I do esteem him already. We have been walking upon the terrace till 11 o'clock. And now those little tormenting mosquitoes are singing go to bed and all manner of music in my ears. It is impossible to write at night, unless I can sit in a draught of air, then that blows them away.

22 I again sit down amid the hum of insects to say what has been this day, now sunk in oblivion. When I come to reflect upon how my days are spent I mourn to think they are not more usefully or better employed. Day after day passes away & I do nothing. That is my time is passed in a useless heartless, though harmless way perhaps. At any rate it is a negative good.

This morning I arose in good season and studied my lesson. Mr. Baynes left his cards, a polite way of calling to be sure—we were all at home. It seems to be quite the fashion now. Sir Andrew and Mr. Ulman called. Took our lesson as usual at 1. Were interrupted by Mrs. Baynes. Capt. Jennings and Capt. Esdel [James Esdale]<sup>60</sup> called and dined with us. After dinner Mr. Vachell called for us to walk. Went and set upon the hill untill nearly dark. Mr. and Mrs. Allport and Mr. Vachell, Capt. J. and Esdell took tea with us, and that is all I have to say for to day. Nothing particular has happened. I must tell you though a present I had from a gentleman with a very polite note. And what do you think it was, jewelry, dresses, or what. Why it was a bottle of punch, two or three months old, and we tried it tonight and it was first Chop. It was made by Mrs. Shawe's maid. I declare what quantities of nonsense there is in this book. Every little thing goes in. I suppose you will say, why does she not write less and better—why because she cannot. Well I will excuse myself tonight. Have had a pleasant sort of a day upon the whole. Good Night.

23 At home all day. A high wind, could not walk. Mr. Millet and Smith, Chinnery called. Mrs. Robinson and husband made their first call today. An invitation to dine with Mrs. Morrison on Tuesday. Capt. Jennings dined with us. Mr. College sent me three Japanese chickens to day, little beauties. I have been half the afternoon fix-

ing their roost for them. At last got them quiet. Spent a very pleasant eve at home, no company.

**24** Well my little kiddy, what have you been about today. Now why do you not speak! How hard to have to wait two years for an answer. Well I must lay that question upon the shelf and just tell you what I have been about. In the morning I got up and appeared at the breakfast table after the others had been there sometime. I will not say I was awake for I do not think I was really. Had been a hot night and I slept hard and in the morning felt completely enervated. I could have gone to sleep again in a minute. Set down on the Couch and talked with Mr. R[ussell] till 10 o'clock. Then dressed, went to Mrs. Allport's at 2 o'clock. The wind changed and came to the Northward and immediately brightened me up. I felt like a new creature. We walked in Mrs. Fearon's delightful garden and spent the eve with her.

**Sunday 25** Rose in fine season this morning and felt all the better for the change of air. The North wind still holds on. I walked to church today to Dr. M[orrison]'s and did not feel at all uncomfortable. After Church Mr. & Mrs. Turner, Mr. Allport, Mr. & Mrs. Thornhill and Mr. Fox called.

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. A. called for us to walk. We went to the Pania and visited the Joss house [Temple A-Ma].<sup>61</sup> Mr. Fox joined us on the way. I would give a great deal to let you see this place. It is the most picturesque place. You could not fancy it, it is so unlike anything you ever have seen. Neither could I describe it to you. Mr. Fox spent the eve with us.

**Monday 26** Well my dear sister tonight I have an event to communicate. This morning I was sitting in my room and Mr. R[ussell] called me to the terrace and what do you think was to be seen. Why nothing more or less than a Steam Ship flying through the waters and displaying herself to the admiration of all, particularly those who knew nothing about these things. It reminded me of home although I had never seen much of them. Now you must know this is a very odd thing in this part of the great world and now I know you will say where from and where bound. In the first place you must recollect that opium is a great article in these parts and then you must know that the one who gets the new [opium] here first makes the most money. You do not know or hear so much as I do about this

stuff. I could give you the state of the markets if you wish. But to go on with my story this Steam Boat, The *Forbes*<sup>62</sup> by name, sailed with the *Jamsina* for the purpose of towing her from Calcutta to China being loaded with that precious drug. There had been much privacy going on with this vessel and those concerned in Canton, which if I were to give you in detail would not interest, therefore I shall keep it to myself. This vessel brings much news from those parts, among it the failure of an immense house in Calcutta, Palmer & Co., for over 13,000,000 dolls [dollars]. Only think what a ruining, I suppose thousands. Very distressing. We took our Spanish lesson this morning. After dinner took a short walk with Mr. R. but very pleasant. A most lovely day. This evening had company. Mr. & Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Allport, Mrs. Fearon, Mr. Fox, Otadue, Wilkinson and our family made quite a party and we all enjoyed it. Beale and College were invited but were engaged. My usual troubles around me and I must bid you good Night.

**Monday 27** [Tuesday] A fine day, the cool north wind still blowing. This morning Mrs. Perreira, Mr. Bannerman, Mr. Goyenne, and Otadue called and Mr. Allport. We did not walk except upon the terrace as we were to dine out at 7. Mr. V[achell] called for us and we walked about there till after 6 and then equipped myself as fashion directs and proceeded to the house of the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Dr. Morrison where we met Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Allport, College, Wilkinson, Fox and Gernart [Benoit Gernaert]. With our family made a very pleasant party. I had made up my mind that I should not enjoy myself, but I did much. I set between Gernart and Wilkinson and they were very pleasant. Returned about 10 after having a good dinner and some pleasant chat. We had rather a severe Tiff at home at 3 so that we were not so well prepared as we might have been. Now before I go to bed I am going to read some of the notions of a travelling Bachelor in our blessed land of America.<sup>63</sup>

28 I read as I said last night till I dropped to sleep over my book and was glad to make a dive into bed. The notions of a travelling bachelor are I think very correct. And if he was an Englishman\* as he professed to be (of the truth of which I very much doubt) he is the best Englishman that ever lived. Or else he has fallen in love with some of the pretty girls there that he often speaks of and wishes to curry favour with the blooming patriot. He is I should think the



first one of his countrymen who ever did the Americans justice in a work of the kind. And so strongly do I feel that it would be impossible for one of them to overcome prejudice and national feeling that I cannot believe him an Englishman. Well I slept soundly, got up late, made a pincushion for Uncle and Mr. Russel this morning. After dinner walked out with Mr. R. and returned with Mr. Fox. We spent the eve alone. Nothing new. There is nothing more to write about than there used to be at sea.

[Marginal note] \*July 6th. See some hints in the paper today which led me to conclude that this is [James Fenimore] Cooper's work.

29 Went to Chinnery's this morning with Mrs. Allport. Finished some very pretty sketches copied from his. Uncle and Mr. R. got their Chop from Canton [permission to travel] and we have been quite melancholy at the thoughts of losing them so soon. We walked only upon the terrace and spent the evening alone determined to monopolize them while they stay, which will be till the morning. Has been an auction to day. Mr. R. made Aunt L. a splendid present and bought me some pictures. Very pretty. Mr. Ravenshaw, Mr. Huddleston and Vachell called this morning.

30 This morning rose early as breakfast was ordered at 1/2 past 7. Walked upon the terrace a long while studying my grammar.

Uncle and Mr. R. left us about 10 o'clock, and dull enough we shall be for a while. It is dreadful to have the only people in the place that care whether you are dead or alive leave you. Mr. R. is one of the kindest of men and while he was here I felt as though there was some one to care for me, for we were very good friends. He seemed like one of our own. And Uncle has been with us a long time, so that we miss him much more. Oh I cannot bear these constant partings—but there, fate decrees. We were to have had our Spanish lesson, but a gentleman at the Spanish Factory died and we did not. I took my book and studied two hours after they left us, then took my work, finished that, went to my own room and laid on the Couch and took my book. Read myself to sleep. I hardly ever knew such a morning. I thought dinner would never come. Was reading *Notions of America*. Felt every line convinced that an Englishman could not have written so kind a book of America. After dinner I drew a little. A 5 took my chair and strolled a bit upon the hills with Mrs. A[llport]. A delight-

ful afternoon, but Macao seems quite deserted. Instead of the large and pleasant party that have walked with us of late Mrs. A. and I were alone. Aunt did not go. The gentlemen have most of them gone to the Lappa<sup>64</sup> for a stroll, and we met but 1 or two on horseback. On returning Mr. Fox joined us and both returned and took tea with us. In the course of the eve I mentioned this book of the Bachelor and said I was convinced that an Englishman did not write it. And Mrs. A. says that [it] is written by Paulding of New York. A hot night and we feel dull enough left all alone.

**May 1<sup>st</sup>** It is now Sunday, May 9th, but I will try and go back. Mr. Vachell called to see us this morning and called for us to walk after dinner. Had a very pleasant walk upon the beach and hills. Took tea with us.

**Sunday 2** Went to Church alone this morning as Aunt Low was not well enough. After church Mrs. Turner & Mrs. Allport called. Had a letter from Uncle. Mrs. A. and I went to the Pania after dinner. Had a pleasant walk. Returned and wrote a letter to you my dear Sister to go by the *New England* [sailed for Boston May 15, Capt. Robert Edes].

**Monday 3** A rainy day for a rarity and every one delighted. Mr. Whiteman called. Mr. Vachell called for me to walk. Mrs. Allport took tea with us.

**Tuesday 4** Another rainy day, but went to a small party at Mrs. Turner's. Had a very pleasant time. Had our Spanish lesson today.

**Wednesday 5** Mrs. Wilkinson called to day, leaves in a few days for Calcutta in the Steamboat. Mr. Phillips [Capt. John Phillips]<sup>65</sup> of Lintin sent us some fine mangoes from Manilla. A very delicious fruit, is about the size of our mangoes, only flat and of a yellow colour, a large stone running through the centre. Described them in my letter, added some to it today. Fox called today. Millet called to invite us to the races. A rainy day, could not walk except in the verandah. Mr. Vachell dropped in after dinner.

**Thursday 6** The famous races<sup>66</sup> today, but the rain descended in such torrents as to keep all the ladies away. At 4 o'clock it held up. Mrs. A. and myself went out to our hill, and it was very pleasant, but we could not get as far as the race ground. Mrs. A. took tea with us.

**Friday 7** Mr. Vachell in this morning, says all that was wanted to make the sport complete yesterday was the presence of the ladies. The races were very fine (see per letter).

A delightful day today. Mrs. Turner and Mr. Wilkinson called, he to bid us Adieu [sailed for Calcutta in steamship *Forbes*, May 8]. Took our lesson in Spanish today.

After dinner Mr. V. as engaged called for us to walk. Accordingly we all went and voted it decidedly a barrier night. A cool and bracing air is required for this walk as it is rather long. Mr. V. and I reached it, but Aunt L. and Mrs. A. went only 1/2 way the beach. Mr. V. took tea with us. After he had gone finished my letter to you. Wrote a postscript to Mother, one to Brother Nat and a letter to Uncle.

**Saturday 8** Mr. Fox called today. Mr. Clarke also. News from the *Margaret Forbes*. The *Ivanhoe* arrived from Manilla, an arrival from U.S. but not letters for us. You see, we should get them in much less time coming by the way of Manilla than via England. So you should write by both ways, but always by Manilla. Clarke invited us to take tea with him on Monday Eve, in a quiet way. Had a pleasant walk after dinner. The Steamer left this eve. Mrs. A. took tea with us.

**Sunday 9** Sunday Afternoon. Aunt Low, Mrs. A. and Mr. V. have gone to walk. I did not feel like it, had a little of a head ache and resolved to stay at home. Went to Church this morning. Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Fearon, Mrs. Allport and L[ancelot] Dent called after church. Now I must fix up my wig and take a walk upon the terrace *à la solitaire*.

**Monday 10** Last night walked untill dark. Aunt L. returned. Spent the eve alone studying Spanish. Mrs. A. came in this morning. Have been pretty industrious for me. Have just returned from Clarke's party, had a delightful evening. He is a very pleasant little fellow, did every thing to make the evening pleasant, and succeeded. I feel quite in spirits again. Have been very low of late but am determined to drive it off for I have felt really unhappy this week past and no cause for it. Mrs. Turner and Mrs. A. were the only ladies beside ourselves, but plenty of gentlemen as usual—all the Albanians etc. He has a great many curiosities. We had music, cards, and a little of every thing. Now I am sleepy.

**Tuesday 11** The close of another day takes me to my book to give an account of this day's proceedings. Well this morning after breakfast I had a drawing fit come on, and notwithstanding my Spanish lesson I drew till 11 when Dr. Morrison was announced. I had not thought of dressing, for time had passed so pleasantly I had quite forgotten that [it was] so late, thinking we had just done breakfast. After that Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt], then Mrs. Allport. At 1 a note from Otadue [Spanish teacher] saying indisposition would prevent him from coming. Then Mr. Turner, Fox and Whiteman called. Then it was dinner time. Vachell called for us to walk. We went about 6, seated ourselves upon the hills. I took my pencil and got the outlines of a very pretty sketch. V. and Mrs. Allport spent a very pleasant eve with us—and this is all. I feel in much better spirits than I have for the past week.

**Wednesday 12** A warm day, but sit on the terrace where I found some air, thermometer at 82d.

Capt. Grant called. Took our Spanish lesson at 1 o'clock. After dinner walked to our little hill, proceeded with my sketch. On our return were joined by Fox and Whiteman. They spent a very pleasant eve with us. And so good night. A letter from Uncle today.

**13** 11 o'clock. Have just returned from a dinner party at the Company's or rather at 10 o'clock. Have had a very pleasant time. Do you recollect what a dreadful thing I used to think it to sit down to table with half a dozen gentlemen. Times have altered since that and I do not mind 30 or 40 or as many more as you choose. Thought before I went I should find it uncomfortably warm, but the luxurious punkah<sup>67</sup> was going and kept us just cool enough. The critical moment is just when the ladies are about to go to dinner. The great point is to get between two pleasant people, but we poor dependent creatures have to put up with those who will put up with us. But I will not complain, I am generally very fortunate. I set between Mr. Vachell and Clarke tonight and they were both very agreeable. "The parson on one side Clarke on the other."

**Friday 14** At home all the morning. Mr. Dent and Mr. Ulman called. Took our Spanish lesson at one. After dinner read a while. Mr. V. called for us to walk, had a perfect ramble. Added to my sketch and commenced another. Went to Mrs. Fearon's in the eve at 8 and had a very pleasant time, only three others there. Aunt L. did not go.

About this day last year I was a little more anxious than I this day feel. Oh what a dreadful time the last three weeks before leaving home is. Every thing you do there you cannot help thinking it may be the last time. I never desire to pass such another time. I think just about a year ago tonight we were at Mr. Eveleth's and the Dr. thought proper to stretch himself upon the floor.<sup>68</sup>

**Saturday 15** No one in today or rather in the morning. I was busy doing odd jobs. Sent for Mrs. Turner's children, by way of amusement. She sent them about 6. Aunt L., Mrs. A. and Vachell went to walk, but I stayed home to take care of the rising generation, as Mr. V. says. I take much pleasure in their company, they remind me much of our little ones at home. They are the best behaved children I ever saw. They speak English, Portuguese, and some Chinese. They stayed with us till about 9. Mrs. A. and V. took tea with us, but V. was engaged out to tea so that he left us just after 8.

**16** Sunday morning again. Rains hard. I however went to Church. The chairs are so close that it is very safe to go out in the rain. Heard a good sermon. I see just now that there are 2 briggs in the Roads, but with the glass I see the Spanish flags. I fear something has happened to the *Margaret Forbes*. She ought to have been here. I yesterday saw a Ship come in and thought it must be her, but that also was from Manilla. Wish I could now write a letter to you, but a letter from Uncle to day says the *New England* was to leave on the 14th, perhaps is passing here now for that dear land.

Spent the eve alone.

**17** We were at home and alone all day, busy at work. A little rainy. Were however delighted to hear this morning that the *Margaret Forbes* had arrived. Nothing new.

**18** At home all day, but not so quiet as yesterday. Mr. Vachell brought us our letters from Lintin this morning at 1 o'clock—I mean in the night. I took them into my room but postponed the pleasure of reading them untill morning, though I suspect it would have been otherwise had they have been new. I started a[t] 6 after dreaming of them and read them with much pleasure though they were very old. She is 212 days from England.

Vachell called in after breakfast and said the *N. England* was to stop here, and I hurried to write a few lines to you. But I had to fight



to write it, people were coming in so thick. Two Miss Ulmans called, then Millet to invite us to horseraces on Thursday, then wrote a few lines to S[arah] A[nn] Knapp,<sup>69</sup> then Otadue came to give us our Spanish, an excuse from Mrs. A., an invite from Mrs. Turner, and all together had as much as we could do. A letter from Uncle as soon as we begun our Spanish. The bell rung and J. Blight made his appearance. Offered his services to walk with us, but I told him we should not walk today. He says tomorrow. Vachell called for us after dinner and we took a long walk upon the terrace. Mrs. Turner, her two children and Vachell took tea with us. My birthday. So it is St. Antonio's, and the church on the hill [St. Antonio] has been illuminated.

**Wednesday 19** I forget what happened in the morning, it is now Sunday. At any rate Mr. Vachell called after dinner and walked with us. Had a pleasant walk. The *New England* passed about 4 o'clock this afternoon, and to my great regret my other letter remains on the bureau. Vachell passed the eve with us. Phil A[mmidon] arrived and called upon us this eve.

**Thursday 20** A windy day enough, for the races. We went though. Had a very pleasant time though almost blown away. Some very good races. [See n. 66] Vachell waited upon me to Mrs. Fearon where we passed the evening with J. Blight and Mr. Henry [Joseph Henry].<sup>70</sup>

21 Mr. Ammidon called this morning, engaged to dine with him. Lesson day but Mr. O[taduy] sent an excuse. Mr. A. dined with us. Offered his services to walk with us, but I by Uncle's advice made out to get off saying two gentlemen had offered previously and as Mrs. Low and Mrs. A[llport] generally go out in their chairs, 2 gentlemen were quite as many as I could support. He hoped to have the pleasure some other time, and I am very much afraid he will if he stays here 6 weeks. So upon this he departed.<sup>71</sup> Soon after Vachell called and J. Blight. I was very glad to get off with two. They returned and took tea with us.

22 This morning Gaffer alias Mr. O[liver] H. Gordon<sup>72</sup> arrived from Canton, brought me a kind letter from Uncle Russell, and a splendid workbox, he is a good creature, and several pretty presents from Uncle Low. Aunt and Mrs. A. went to walk this afternoon but I walked the terrace alone. Mr. Vachell and Mrs. A. took tea with us. We sit upon the terrace all the evening. We could see at a distance

on a terrace at the Albany on the Praya a party playing at Whist. A beautiful evening.

**Sunday 23** A terrible hot day. I am not going to Church today, mean to write some letters, to Uncles in Canton. A letter from Uncle this morning giving some good advice to his daughter. Good soul as ever lived.

Night. Wrote a long letter to Uncle Russel and one to Uncle Low. Strolled out a little way in my chair just before dark, very pleasant. Mr. Gordon spent the evening with us.

**Monday 24** A rainy dull day. Mr. Blight, Ibar [Joaquin Ybar],<sup>73</sup> and Gordon called. Mr. Ibar's first appearance—just from Canton. Is a young Spaniard and likely fellow he is too.

Cut out a bright yellow muslim print apron to day, a present from I. Start Esq. such as was fashionable when we left.

Just a year today, only think my dear sister one year ago since we last parted. Spent the day in reading, studying and working—and now I'll go to bed.

**Sunday 30** You see I have lost some since my last date but I have been on the couch all the week, quite sick. Was threatened severely with a fever and had it not been for good and seasonable advice, know I must have had a settled fever. Last Tuesday I had a most violent head ache with some fever and it increased that and the next day, but I am happy to say that I am now pretty much myself. The Dr. made his last visit yesterday. This little touch of sickness makes one feel what a blessing health is and I feel much more grateful to him who has bestowed upon me so long such perfect health—for it certainly is the greatest blessing one can enjoy in this life and without it no one can enjoy any thing else. I am sure had I have been sick much on the passage I should have pined much for my home, but with good health one has good spirits and every thing is pleasing. But I am confident I was sick this time from my own imprudence. I checked perspiration suddenly and took a violent cold. After a very hot day, I went to my room and took a cold bath, while in a heat. I did not think what I was about, nor of the imprudence until I had done it, but I think I shall now recollect. I shall profit by experience. Nothing particular has happened this week. The *General Hamilton* has arrived and I am only too happy to hear I shall have

an opportunity to write you. I am going to read my letters now. Aunt Low has just gone to Church.

Have read many of my letters, among them my dear Father's that he give me to open at sea. Every time I read it I find something new [vol.1, n.12]. Would I could have another such. Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Fearon and Mrs. [name omitted] called in after dinner to enquire for my bodily health. The ladies are all very kind. Really they seem so kind that it seems almost impossible that I am in a strange country.

The eve we spent alone. Wrote to E. A. Breed.

**Monday 31<sup>st</sup> May** A delightful day as ever shone. Mr. Jenkins [Jabez Jenkins]<sup>74</sup> in today, Mr. Ibar, Mr. Blight, Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Morrison. I went out for the first time for more than a week this afternoon, and since the rain every thing looks splendidly, and to me it seemed perfect. The grass looked quite green which [it] has not before it has been so very dry. We, Mrs. Allport and I, went out in our chairs, set on the hill and were soon joined by Otadui. I walked home part of the way but felt rather tired, and took to my chair. Evening alone.

**June 1<sup>st</sup>** Rather warm though the thermometer stands at between 80 and 84 all day.

Took our Spanish lesson today. Mrs. Fearon called in the midst. We walked after dinner with Mr. Vachell, went to our little hill and perched. On our return feeling a little tired I went in the chair a little way. When I got out there stepped forward two gentlemen each offering an arm, and I was quite alarmed to see that one was a Mr. Reeves [John Russell Reeves]<sup>75</sup> who I never saw honour a lady before, but I did not feel it a great honour as it seems to be rather a "force put" [an inevitable action], for he could not see a lady get out of her chair and walk alone to meet the rest of her party. He is a very superior young man. He has sent me since to read 6 books, Magazines and the Annual lately received. His father has lately come in possession of a large property.

2<sup>d</sup> At home all day. Gordon in and I forget who else. My journal got quite behind hand.

We sallied forth to the Bay this Afternoon. Oh yes Blight called this morning and Mr. Matthewson [James Matheson] and Mr. Grant. Mrs. White arrived yesterday, came on Shore today. Also Mrs. Crocket<sup>76</sup> who is said to be a very nice person or rather a "clever"

which expresses every thing good with the English. Mrs. White was here last year, brings accounts from the *Bridgewater's* being dismasted in a severe gale [March 4–5, 1830] off the Isle of France, obliged to go back to Madras to refit, leaky, and in a dreadful situation. Called at Mrs. Daniell's before walking to see about a bonnet. She is a sweet woman and very kind. Spent the eve alone walking the terrace. An invitation to a party at Clarke's. Were previously engaged.

3 Mr. Clarke called and introduced Mr. Jackson [John Jackson]<sup>77</sup> today. Thermometer at 84 in our house, terribly hot in the streets. Passed a pleasant eve at Mrs. Fearon's. Every body invited to Clark's but several engaged to Mrs. F's so his party was small. Mr. Blight, Chinnery, Ienar, Henry, Vachell, and ourselves were all at Mrs. F's. We left there & got into our chairs, but it was too pleasant to be carried and we got out to walk. A beautiful moon light night, and just after leaving Mrs. F's three Portuguese came out of a street playing sweetly upon 3 guitars. They walked nearly home behind us, playing all the way, and you cannot think how delightful it was. Mr. V. was with us. It was about 1/2 past 11 and Aunt and I walked on the terrace for 1/2 an hour after we went in. It was much too pleasant to go to bed.

4 Wrote Uncle Russel today, the third I mean.

Our Spanish day, and hot enough. Studied a while. Mr. Gordon came in and stayed sometime. Then old Mr. Ulman made a parting call. Mr. Vachell in. Said our lesson.

After dinner wrote Uncle L. V. called for us to walk. Went out and perched upon another hill the other side of the town where we had a fine breeze. Set there till near 8 and then went home. Another perfect evening. Gordon & Vachell took tea with us. We spent it upon the terrace.

5 Gordon and friend Jabez [Jenkins] in this morning. Happened to look out this afternoon through the telescope and saw a boat with a barbarian in it. It was Mr. Allport. Soon after they called for us and we went to the Pania where we met Ienar. He walked to the same little hill and set down. Set there till quite late, the moon shining as bright as day. Gordon and Ienar took tea with us.

6 Sunday morning. Went to Church, heard a real orthodox sermon from Mr. V. Returned home and had my couch put out upon the

terrace where I could get some air. Found it quite comfortable. Just as I got comfortable Mr. and Mrs. Robinson called and I had to see them, but soon returned to my cool quarters and began reading some *Miscellanies* [that] came out in the *Margaret Forbes*. Thinking after dinner I would write some letters home, but that was not to be. Mr. Gordon dined with us and he stayed till Mr. Vachell called for us to walk, and there was an end of it. Mr. & Mrs. [name omitted] called soon after and we went out, perched upon a rock, got some fresh air and went back with our party to our delightful domicil and with our friends spent a pleasant evening upon the terrace. And now it is near 11 and I feel quite sorry that I have not written one letter. Well it can't be helped. The Mosquitoes which have so far been very kind begin to trouble me, and now my Dear Sis I'll bid you Good Night.

7<sup>th</sup> This morning rose in good season and wrote a letter to K. Gray, commenced one to Caroline. Received a beautiful bouquet of flowers with a very handsome lily from Gerneart, a little Frenchman. Returned a polite note of thanks. Mr. Gordon called. Read a little in *Gil Blas*<sup>78</sup> this morning. Worked till dinner time. After dinner dressed to call on Mrs. Crocket, read till 5 and Mrs. A[llport] called for us. Found Mrs. White there. Think she is a very pleasant woman. Walked to Casilla's Bay, a delightful eve. Mr. Gordon and friend Jenkins passed a very pleasant eve with us. We sit upon the terrace and had a good American dish of conversation. And now I believe I will turn in—so Adieu.

By the bye, friend J. and myself eulogised on home sweet home and concluded the words of the song were strictly true, there is no place like home.

8 Received a letter from Uncle Russel and Uncle L. Wrote a letter to Caroline Gray. Took a Spanish lesson. At 5 went out to sail with Mr. & Mrs. A[llport], Mr. V[achell]; went to the Isle de Verd. Had quite a romantic ramble over the Island, returned alone. I took tea at the Rectory, had a delightful time.

9 Been employed all day in writing letters for the *general Hamilton*. Terrible warm. I got quite tired. Wrote to E. W. Ward, S. Allen, C. Dean, E. Cox, N. P. Knapp, S. A. Knapp. Received a visit from Mr. & Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Crockett and Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt].



Walked out a short distance but not a breath of air stirring. Mr. Gordon spent the eve with us. Some rain, but not much cooler for it.

10 Busy all day again writing letters. Finished one to you my dear. Wrote to Abbot, Uncle Porter, 2 letters for Nancy [Mrs. Low's maid], and then to Uncle R. and Uncle L. Sent them off to go to Canton. Walked with V., went to the Museum, returned, the Miss Ulmans took tea with us, and Friend Jabez—and I have written so much that I am quite tired enough to put it away now.

11 If the delightful breeze does not put my lamp out I would fain say a few words, but it flares so I can hardly see what I am about. After heavy thunder and refreshing rain, the air is clear and a fine breeze from the S.W. A Ship arrived from Calcutta this morning [British ship, *Isabella Robertson*], bringing news from the *Bridgewater*. She had arrived at Calcutta, some of the passengers taken passages in another Ship. They had a hurricane which lasted two days, carried away their main and mizen masts, and would certainly have sunk had the gale have lasted much longer. They must have had a dreadful time.

Took our Spanish lesson to day. Get along very well, and we find it very pleasant. We have one of the pleasantest masters that ever was; he is as patient as a very Job. After dinner I read awhile. We went out to walk, Mrs. A. and myself, and Gordon joined us at Casilla's Bay. We rambled about the hills untill nearly dark. We then all went to our house and took a cup of tea. Our letters for the *General Hamilton* are all sent off this morning to Canton. My conscience quite reproaches me that I did not write you more my dear Sister, but I had so many letters to write that I got completely worn out before I had finished, but in future I intend writing a little everyday, and then it will not be so difficult.

12 Mr. Beale and Gordon called this morning. A lovely day. Mrs. Allport called. Invited and went to Mrs. Turner's to spend the evening. Mr. Vachell came in after dinner and stayed till we went. Had a nice social evening at Mrs. T's, no one there but ourselves. Took tea out of doors upon the terrace. I had a nice time playing with the children. It seems quite like home when I can get near children.

13 Went to Church this morning, heard a good sermon. Clarke waited upon me out and invited me to take tea with him on Tues-

day evening. After church Mrs. Allport and Mrs. Baynes called. After dinner wrote to S[usan] Orne by way of England. Walked after dinner, very independently set out alone, but soon met Gordon who had just called for us. Went to our little quiet hill, set down and enjoyed it, and returned. Were soon joined by Vachell and young Rieves who waited upon us home. V. took tea with us, Gordon and Mr. R. too.

14 A very hot day. At home all day, did not go to walk as all my beaus had deserted me. I was however very happy at home. I took my book and stretched myself upon the couch on the terrace and read as long as I could see. Aunt L. and Mrs. A. go out in their chairs but I do not like that plan. Well, I read as long as I could see and put my book by and set there cogitating, thinking of home, when I was started from my reverie by the sound of a gentlemen, and who should it be but Mr. Talbot [Charles N. Talbot, the American consul] from Canton this morning. He introduced himself and set down and we had a very pleasant eve. Aunt L. returned soon after with Mr. Gordon. I never have seen Mr. T. before. It seems so strange these gentlemen we have heard of many times, and only a few days since some one said to me that Mr. Talbot was hard to get acquainted with, that he is very diffident. Now he talked as much and seemed as much at his ease as ever I saw one, and so we have found it in many other cases. It is a fact that a man does not know what another man will be in ladies' society.

15 Tremendously hot today, not a breath of air, and a scorching sun. Did not have our Spanish today as Mr. O[taduy] was too much engaged. Gordon in this evening. Oh the thoughts of dressing for a party this evening is quite shocking. Vachell called for us to walk. It was so pleasant I could not resist temptation and went. It was so pleasant upon the hills, a fine fresh air—but the exertion of getting there almost too much. We set there a long time, and then had to hurry home. And it was 1/2 past 7 before we could get there. At 8 Mrs. Turner was to call for me, as Aunt L. did not go, and I was obliged to hurry so that I got so completely tired out that I did not enjoy myself a bit. I had not spirits to speak and was very glad to get home. There were only 3 ladies there but lots of gentlemen. C[larke] did every thing to make it pleasant, but it was much too warm.

**16** Before breakfast. I find myself up very early this morning quite to my astonishment, for I thought it was late, but the night was so hot, and I had a little good for nothing mosquito under my curtains, he awoke me several times. It is one of the miseries of human life. What or how I shall make myself comfortable today remains to be found.

I set quite still all day and worked and made out to catch a little breeze. Oh I did not work much. I wrote a long letter to Mother to go by the *General Hamilton* and one to Mr. Russel. Received a short one from Uncle L. this morning. Mr. College in also Gordon. Told us the *Fort William* had arrived bringing several passengers. At 2 I watched them with the glass when they were coming on Shore. There are three ladies, Mrs. Neish, Mrs. Wemyss<sup>79</sup> and Miss Morrison [Mary Rebecca], another spinster. She is about 18 I believe [eighteen on June 29]. After dinner Mr. Gordon, Talbot and Vachell called for us to walk. Now you must know that Aunt L. and Mrs. A. always go in their chairs and I am the only one that walks. And the very considerate Mr. Gaffer Gordon upon Mr. V's appearance thought it much better for him and Mr. T. to walk on and meet us on the hill. As Mr. T. came with him he felt that he must go, all the time thinking it very impolite. Now this movement so offended Mr. V. that [it] was with much difficulty that he could get over it. He felt that he had intruded and driven away our American friends. Now tomorrow I shall stay at home for the want of a gallant I am quite sure. Well, we met all three gentlemen upon our hill. I did not hesitate to rebuke Mr. G. for his cut direct. He however had no excuse, but pleaded his long stay in China. Being rather a reasonable one I let him off. They all returned and took tea with us. Spent a very pleasant eve amusing Mr. Vachell with some American sayings, and some of the food things they have, those such as slapjacks, dough nuts, etc.

**17** At home all the morning working, reading, and writing. Another hot day. After dinner went to call on Miss Morrison. Find her rather pleasant. Her manners are very soft, and pleasing, she is rather pretty. She seems quite young. I then returned and took my book, and Aunt Low went out. I stayed at home and enjoyed my own dear self, for no gentleman made his appearance—as I supposed.

**Friday 18** At home all day. Mr. and Mrs. Fearon called. Took our Spanish lesson today, got along very well. Aunt. L. went out in her chair after dinner to make some calls. I stayed at home. No one called

for us to walk. I read in *Knickerbocker* untill dark. I then paced the terrace, soon heard the porter's Bell and Mr. Gordon and Talbot joined me upon the terrace. Aunt Low soon joined us with Mrs. A[llport] and Mr. Vachell. Spent a pleasant evening.

**Saturday 19** No one in to day but Gordon. Saw a Ship come in; it was the *Lord Amhurst* from Bengal. *Helen* also came in this morning. After dinner went out with Mrs. A. Went in our chairs some distance, then got out and walked to the barrier *à la solitaire*, met but two Englishmen on horses. No one out, a most lovely evening too. We enjoyed our walk much, but got a little belated, but did not feel afraid as we had the chair coolly with us. Got back about 8.

**20 Sunday Morning** with us, but you are just going to bed I suppose, perhaps writing to me. Oh I wish we were not antipodes. There would be so much comfort in knowing that you were possibly doing the same things, say, going to Church at the same time. Would that I could look in upon you this morning, but "what's the use of sighing when time is on the wing," as the poet hath it. I am thinking of going to Dr. M[orrison]'s today, but do not want to a bit, for I neither like the man nor his sermons. Stop, with that it's to trust across the waters. It's done, and will not be undone by me. The truth will out. *Gen. Hamilton* left Wampoa yesterday. It is as hot as mustard here now. By the bye, I wonder if you spoon down the white mustard seed now.

**11 o'clock.** Seeing my book lying before me on the Couch thought I would now finish the day, if the mosquitoes are not too noisy. I went to Dr. M's, a small congregation, no one but Mr. Beale, Mr. Talbot and myself—beside the family. A hot day. Mrs. Turner called after church, and the *Lancaster* from Manilla arrived. It seemed good to see the American colours. We have been wishing for her to come as Uncle cannot come down till she has gone. The *Lord Amherst* brings news of a Ship at Batavia, left Boston 28th January, no letters for us. Oh dear would that you would write by every vessel that leaves for this side of the Cape. After dinner went out in our chairs as it was rather doubtful weather. Gordon, Talbot and Capt. Jennings of the *Lancaster* took tea with us. A very pleasant evening. Did you hear me shriek just now? Instead of a moschetto, a large Cockroche 2 inches and 1/2 long flew directly on to me—a tremendous one—but I am happy to say I have since had a battle with him and gained

the victory with the assistance of sundry shoes. His body now lies under my window, a prey to the insects who will soon devour him. I never knew anything like them. Now I must say good night, read and dive under the curtains, the only place to get out of the way of these troubles. Aunt Low is talking to me all the time I am writing about rats and people getting up in their sleep. Adieu.

21 A warm day again but contrive to keep cool by sitting still. Dr. Morrison and son [John Robert Morrison]<sup>80</sup> and Capt. Jennings called this morning. After dinner Mr. Vachell and Talbot called for us to walk. Went out to our hill, and stayed till nearly dark. V. and J. passed the evening with us. Hear guns firing in the roads tonight, some Ships coming in. A private signal.

22 A beautiful morning. Two Ships lying in the roads filled with that delightful drug, Opium.

After breakfast received some things from Canton, among them a splendid comb as present from Loo chus [Loo Choo Islands], brought by friend Dunn [Nathan Dunn],<sup>81</sup> who has not seen a lady for 8 years. Has come down to do his country women the honour of being the first ladies he has called on in China. Will call on us tomorrow. Also young Hunter, who brought me a letter from Mr. R[ussell] and said to Talbot that he had a sealed recommendation to Miss Low, but he was much mistaken for he was not mentioned. And now last but not least as it follows in course I must say how happy I have been to hear to day that you were all well on the 16th of January. A letter was sent me to day and happened to come while there was a gentleman here. Politeness forbade my opening it, and I was obliged [to] keep it in my hands till he was gone. And the plague, made a monstrous long call too, I thought he never would go. Had it not have been a stranger I should have left him instantly, but he at last went, and it was from our dear friend R. Gray<sup>82</sup> and brought me the melancholy news of her dear sister's death. I truly sympathize with them. I have hardly had them out of my mind since. She tells me very little else, but that you heard from us in November, which pleased me much. I feared you might have been kept anxious much longer, and to hear that you were all well was such a comfort. It seems she is to be married too.

But the mystery is not yet unfolded. How she could have heard of this opportunity I cannot imagine without some one's else hear-



ing of it. This single letter found its way to me by the Ship *Timor* to Anger, forwarded to Singapore and I suppose put into the company's packet for it was sent by the Company's Steward. But I am still in hopes that we shall have more, think we must. But it is a great satisfaction, knowing you are all well so lately.

After dinner Talbot called for us to walk, we went with Mrs. Allport to our hill and returned as usual, the whole party to our house, and passed a very pleasant evening. Found Mr. Gordon there. We have a constant variety today. The letter [from R. Gray] though giving a melancholy event was what I had fully anticipated, but was in hopes I might have heard she was better. Dear girl, she has gone I trust where she will be free from all pains. It is not for her that we should mourn, but for those who are left, that happy family will soon be broken up, long before I return. Oh, how things will be changed.

23 A showery day, have not been out. Have worked a little, read a little, wrote a little, and studied a little, and done a little talking. Have been posting my books to day. Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt] called this morning, then Friend Nathan [Dunn] and Mr. Talbot. And now you have heard so much of the former you will wish to know what I thought of him. Well to begin with his looks, he is tall, and large, a belly that would serve for an alderman, and the whole rotundity of his face & form proves that he has not suffered from some years existence in China, he looks the picture of health. And is a cheerful pleasant man, is beloved by all who know him in Canton. He says he shall come often to see us, and I hope he will.

Mr. Gordon spent the evening with us. I stayed at home while Aunt L. went out in her chair. Took my great arm chair my good Uncle lately sent down for my comfort, and with a book I did enjoy it. A beautiful breeze. Cockroches and moschettos are thick enough, and my lamp flares so now that I can hardly write. I have killed 2 huge cockroches since I have been in my room now. My dear sister I must bid you good night, commit you to the care of him who has watched over so long and ever trust ourselves to him who is able to save us from the greatest dangers. How grateful did I feel when I heard that you were all well in January last, and that you may all for many, many years enjoy that great as well as every other blessing is the prayer of your sister.

24 Before I left my room this morning Aunt L. handed me four letters which I'll assure you were greedily devoured. One from my dear Father and Mother, brother A[bbot Low], & E. A. Breed. They did not tell me much news. I was sorry to hear my mother was not so well as in Salem, hope she will be careful—but that you were all well then was a great comfort. But how much I regret not having the twenty pages in my hands that were all ready for me but too much to trust. Do remember at that season there cannot be a more direct way than that. Mr. Hunter made us a long call. Letters from Uncle. Mr. Talbot called for us to walk, went as far as the gap. Mr. Dunn, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hunter & Mr. T. spent the eve with us, quite a Yankee party. The schittirs bite and so good night. How I hate to write so far down. [The last sentence is at the bottom of the page in her journal.]

25 I am sure I am quite ashamed of the last page.

At home all day, as I am to go to the Fearon's tonight. Saw the *General Hamilton* going out' this afternoon, and a fortnight ago I worked so hard to get my letters ready, and did not do half I wished to, but there is no knowing when they will go exactly. Mrs. Daniell called after dinner, invited us to spend tomorrow evening with her. [Partly deleted: It was very pleas] I am sure I don't at all know what I was going to say then.

Talbot called for us to walk, but did not go.

At 1/2 past 8 went to Mrs. Fearon's. Met a large party, but mostly gentlemen—had rather a pleasant time. Had music, and a supper. We returned about 1/2 past 12 so you may suppose we enjoyed ourselves.

26 Have been very industrious today finishing a dress that I have been altering, began it a week ago. Do not much work here in a week. It is so warm now that [it] takes one all the time to put one's needle in the Emery. Gordon and Hunter in this morning. G. brought us some capital caricatures of life in Philadelphia, taking off the negroes. A little schooner arrived here a few days since from Manilla called the *4th of July* [Captain Foley]. She is an American from Baltimore, was formerly a pilot boat, measure 55 tons. She went round Cape Horn, touched at Valpa[raiso], from there to Manilla, and is now here for a cargo of silks. She carries 25 tons. I think one must have some courage to go in her, but I should not think she carries enough to make it an object. She is not so large as the Company's cutter.

Went to Mrs. Daniell's in the evening, but a small party, Mrs. Allport, Mr. & Mrs. Robinson, Vachell and one or two others. Set round the table and had a social pleasant evening. Walked home by the light of the moon, as I had just got into my chair and found my horses had been away to "catchy sleep." Mr. Vachell was my gallant.

I left home with some regret, as Mr. Gordon, Mr. Talbot were there. Mr. Fox was also in. It is much pleasanter staying at home this warm weather. It is too much trouble and too warm to dress. More than that, it takes one's spirits away, and one is not good company.

27 Sunday morning. Hot and no air. Just 10 minutes past 10. Mr. V. has just sent his watch here for Aunt to set her's by. We were late at Church several times and he said he should preach at us if we did not come earlier. Every Sunday now, he very kindly sends us the right time. I should like to have you know him, he is one of the oddest mortals that ever inhabited this globe, I believe.

O I must sally forth from [my] room and endeavour to get a breath of air.

Can't make up my mind whether to go to church or not, it is so hot. Suppose I shall however.

Went to Church, heard a good sermon from V. Mrs. A[llport] in after church, and Capt. Phillips from Lintin called, also Mr. Clarke and College. After dinner had a delightful walk with Talbot. Gordon and T. spent the eve with us.

28 An invitation from Mrs. Turner to a small party this evening. Must go, Auntie says she is not well enough. "Old Patna" or rather Gover called upon us this morning. After dinner Mr. Vachell and about 6 Talbot called. I got into a scrape with the parson. Do not know how I shall get out of it. I believe I did not know what I was about. It is nothing very horrid, do not be alarmed. It is difficult to get along with these gentlemen. I meant to have put it all on to his shoulders, but I feel pretty well convinced that I was the transgressor. It was thoughtlessness on my part. However I met him at Mrs. Turner's in the evening. He came home with me, and he promised to answer a question next time, but we got home a little too soon. He goes out on a cruise this morning and the next time will not be till the end of the week. Oh I wish you were here my dear sister that I could tell you all these interesting hobbles that one is liable to. Now I must study my Spanish as it is Tuesday morn. But I cannot

leave this date till I have give you the history of our delightful visit to Mrs. Turner's. I am going to work to write it in Spanish. If I succeed I shall think myself pretty smart.

I wrote a long history in Spanish, but Mr. O[taduy] was un poco ocupado and could not give us our lesson and I have not yet found out how many mistakes there are in it. Mrs. Turner has a very large terrace at one end of the garden after leaving the house. When you fancy the terraces and houses here you must always bear it in mind that this place is built on a hill, and the terraces I speak of are generally higher than some houses. Well this of Mrs. Turner is very large, one side is bounded by the house and has a fine view of the magnificent Church of Saint Paul's, built by the Jesuits 200 years ago. On this lower side [arrow points to wall surrounding house in a sketch in margin] by a high wall, which separates it from any quantity of little huts and miserable wretches upon the campo—the eastern side by the Fort [Monte Fort] upon the summit of the hill, the western side has a fine view of the inner harbour and hills beyond. Now cannot you fancy this pretty, and by the aid of a splendid moon and a clear sky, was doubly beautiful. I was charmed with the beauty of the scene. Saint Paul's Church by moonlight is a most romantic object, really magnificent. It stands very high. I think I counted 70 steps before reaching the top, the whole width of the Church. Add to all this the chiming of the bells, which they do very well—they have a very good set—a pleasant little party round the table, a fine cool breeze, and you will have us to a T[urner] tea party. We returned at 12, rather late. Wrote to Uncle Russell, received a long letter from him on Sunday. Wrote to Abbot, no prospect of sending it however.

**Tuesday 28 [29]** Uncle's birth day [born 1795] Did not have our lesson. Mr. Sturgis called to see us and stayed 2 hours. Mrs. A[llport] came too.

After dinner Mr. Talbot called for me to walk, went out to our hill, there met friend Nathan [Dunn]. He joined us, we sit upon the rocks a long while and walked home by moonlight. Set upon the terrace. Mr. Dunn, Gordon and Talbot spent the evening with us.

**Wednesday 29 [30]** A warm oppressive day. Felt as though I had not strength to move. Studied my Spanish till I was interrupted by Mr. Hunter, who thought proper to call before I had taken off my morning gown. I did not care for him however, and I peeped through

the crack of my screen and saw him. He made an intolerable long call and I was in jeopardy for fear some one else would call.

After dinner Aunt Low went out after we had amused ourselves with seeing the new importations from Canton. You would be amused to see the eagerness with which we both get our glasses to see who has come. We made out to see Mr. Latimer, Capt. Neish and another we did not know. We have two fine glasses, and we can distinctly see the features of a person. Well Aunt Low went to make calls, and I took *Knickerbocker* and I got so much interested that I was very sorry to be interrupted by Mrs. A[llport] calling for us to walk, but it was a lovely evening. Mr. T[albot] soon followed and we went to our hill, and set there a long time. Mrs. A. and T. spent the eve with us.

You may think from Mr. V's not calling since that day that he was seriously offended, but he had gone out on a cruise among the Islands.

**Thursday 30** [July 1] The last day of June. How the months roll away. The summer will be ended before we think of it. About 9 o'clock now. I have been busy since breakfast trimming my Geraniums. They were growing most furiously. Mr. Gordon has just sent me a root of a splendid flower. It is called a sort of white lily, but I never saw it at home. The leaves are about that width, but very long . . . [rest of sentence deleted; refers to drawing of lily in the margin] Now I have just finished reading my letters over again. Wish I had your 20 pages, so many things I wish to know.

Now I am going to read *Español*.

[July 1] Gordon in this morning. After dinner walked as usual with Mr. T. He and G. spent a very pleasant eve with us. The evening was perfect, a splendid moon.

**July 2** Mrs. and Miss Morrison called & the Miss Ulmans in the midst of our Spanish lesson. Mrs. Turner sent for us to take tea with her and Mr. Dunn, a few others. We went, had a pleasant time. Mr. Beale, Latimer and Dr. Pierson with Mrs. Crockett composed the party. I walked home with Mr. Dunn and Mr. Beale, two old bears.

**July 3** No one in today but Mr. Gordon & College, felt dreadfully dull all the morning, I cannot say why. After dinner went to walk with Talbot. Being late we went up to Casilla's Bay, the others went



out before in their chairs to the hill beyond. Number of those young Albanians passed while we were sitting on the grass, out of which I dare say will be manufactured a pretty little story. I believe some of them keep a regular manufacturing establishment.

Mrs. Allport, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Gordon took tea with us. Sit upon the terrace, the moon shining on the water most beautifully. I never saw a plesanter eve. The air pure from the water is quite delightful.

**Sunday Morn 4 of July** Our country's birth day, may there be many happy returns of the day to her, and find her in a prosperous and peaceable state. May she always be blessed with wise and judicious rulers! One year ago this day I was just south of the line in the good Ship *Sumatra*, thinking of where I was last year, and wondering where the next 4th would find me, feeling then that my life was in much greater danger than it is now. But how weak the thought! Had I not the same protector then I have now? Is he not as able to save me there as here? Ah yes, poor helpless creatures that we are, we cannot fly from his power. Neither should we wish too for if we obey his laws and love him as we ought, he is kind and merciful and will always do what is best for us. I hope I am sufficiently grateful for all the blessings I have undeservedly received.

Here the anniversary of the last year finds me peaceable and happy, surrounded with comforts, but lacking the greatest of all, my own dear friends. Oh how happy do I sometimes think I should be if I could look in upon you for one month. Yes my dear Sister even if I could speak to you for one hour, and often do I think all the comforts, and ease, that I enjoy, dearly purchased, and so they really are. But I knew before I left the sacrifices I was to make, and indeed expected many more. But I felt it my duty, and still feel that I did what I ought, which is my greatest comfort and solace when I think of it. How strange it is that when we feel so much pleasure in knowing that we have done what is right, that we are not always striving to do it. Now I believe I shall read a little and then dress and go to Church and endeavour there to pay that attention which is my highest duty.

Heard a good sermon from Mr. Vachell, returned and read one or two of Thatcher's, wrote a part of a letter to R. Gray. Then after dinner read the *N[orth] America Review*, drank to our country's health and prosperity. At 6 friend Dunn called for us to walk and (O polite-

ness how many feelings must be sacrificed to thee) I did not want to go with him a bit, he is too fat to walk with. Soon after going out met Gordon and Talbot, went to our hill and set a long time. A most splendid evening. Latimer a most amusing man dropped in to tea and enlivened our little circle, which consisted of ourselves Dunn & Talbot.

July 5<sup>th</sup> This morning equipped myself as fashion directs, and sallied forth to perpetrate calls on the good people of Macao as I was dressed rather early. I first went to Mrs. Allport's, then to Mrs. Crockett's, then to Mrs. Neish's, where I stayed near an hour. Have not been before since her arrival. She does not look near so interesting as the last year, though she is now in what is called an "interesting situation" [an euphemism for pregnancy]. She was very agreeable however. I almost wished I spoke Scotch myself. I then proceeded to Mrs. Morrison's and saw the family, to Mrs. Thornhill, she looked beautifully; then to Mrs. Pereira's, also a little, big, woman—and glad was I to say go home. It is an exertion to go out in the morning when it is so warm. I felt quite fagged out before I got home. Morris and Vachell had called in my absence.

After dinner read *Gil Blas* in Spanish. Lucy and Richard Turner came to see us. Went out in our chairs most of the way—as my beau did not come. You see the disadvantage of having a few. We met Mr. Talbot soon after we got out. He was proceeding to our hill and said he did not call for me because he took compassion on Vachell. Now he will not come because he knows there are many Americans here and he feels that he is intruding, and so it goes. Poor dependent creatures we women are! T. returned and took tea with us, with Mrs. A[lport].

6 Spanish day, and I now must study. Have not got my lesson. Have to write questions in S[panish] and I am quite run out. I cannot think of any. I succeeded famously in my long story about Mrs. Turner's beautiful place. By the bye, another invitation to Mrs. T's this evening. Do not know whether I am going or not. Have not yet determined.

Had a good lesson. Gordon in a while. Talbot called for us to walk. Did not go, as we concluded to go to Mrs. Turner's—a perfect evening, had tea on the terrace. The party was much larger than I expected, mustered quite strong. Chinnery was there, talking to me about sketching. I told him it was in vain for me to attempt it, I had not a pencil

that would make a mark. He says why have you not called on Mr. C. Did he not tell you he would be only too happy to supply you? We had a long confab about it. And he then asked me if he would lend me his book of sketches for one month if I would promise to show him 12 copies fit to send to America and to say they were copied from Mr. Chinnery's. I told him in return I should be only "too happy" so to do, and would do my best. He would supply me with pencils. We passed a pleasant evening. I walked home with Mr. College.

**July 7** Studied awhile this morning as usual, and then Señor Hunter called—after dinner Mr. Dunn & Hunter & Vachell called. However V. was engaged to meet Mr. B[eale] at 6 o'clock, so we got rid of one, & poor I had to trudge off with Dunn and Hunter. Got out upon our hill and were soon joined by Talbot who had called at the door and found there were three gentlemen there and that would do. Soon after Vachell joined us again, we sit there some time. I walked home with V.—they all took tea with us, and we passed rather a pleasant eve. Had a long letter from Uncle R[ussell] while at the table. Heard something this evening which will rather prevent (if I can any way get off) my taking C[hinnery's] sketches. I am sorry for I had anticipated much pleasure in taking them. Letter from Uncle says he shall soon be with us.

**July 8** Alone all day. Oh no Mrs. A[llport], Gaffer alias Gordon and College were in this morning. We are to have a small party this evening for Miss Morrison. Did not walk. Now I wonder if you would like to know who was here. Well, I'll tell you upon a venture. There was Dr. & Mrs. Morrison and daughter & son—Mrs. Turner & Mrs. Allport, Mrs. and Miss Low were all the ladies. There was friend Nathan [Dunn] and Mr. Beale, Chinnery and College, Talbot, Hunter, Vachell, last, but not least, Mr. Latimer, the most amusing & entertaining man. He reads a great deal and what is more than all remembers all he hears and all he reads, always has his wits at his tongue's end. A party never can be dull where he is, he is full of anecdotes. He comes down to Macao once in a while to effervesce and gives us a benefit—his visits are short however, and not frequent. He has his foibles like the rest of us. Our party was very pleasant. We all went out on the terrace after tea and set awhile, then returned, and after the sleepy ones had left, we had a game at old Bachelors, and wound up.

**Friday 9** No one in this morning but Otadue to say he could not give us a Spanish lesson and Mrs. Allport. I wrote to Uncle R[ussell]. After dinner Gordon and T[albot] called for us to walk. We went as usual to our hill, which last night took the name of Bunker's hill, by aid of Latimer. Mr. Dunn and Latimer came up on horseback. Had a pleasant walk home with T. and they spent the eve with us. Nothing new today.

**Saturday Morn July 10** I wish you could see two splendid boquets we have had sent us this morning, from Talbot and Gordon, containing a choice collection of flowers, some very beautiful. How I wish I could show them to you. There is a great variety of flowers in China, which are beautiful to look at, but no fragrance at all or rather but very few of them have.

They sent this morning from the garden belonging to our other house the Night Blooming series [cereus]. It is a most splendid flower, very large. I should admire to see it open. It is very large, and of a yellow and white, but I cannot describe it to give you any idea of it.

Was very industrious all day. After dinner called upon Mrs. Grant. She has a babe about 12 days old. Met there the beautiful Mrs. Baynes, invited us to take tea with her on Monday evening. Then I returned home and found friend Dunn & Gordon there waiting for me to walk. I accordingly sallied forth with my great beau to Bunker's hill, where we met Talbot and Hunter. T. had called for us, but on friend D[unn]'s coming made his exit. We stayed in Bunker's heights till quite dark. Latimer and Otadue came up to the hill. I walked home with Gordon and Hunter. Mr. Dunn, Mrs. A, Mr. G., H., and T. all took tea with us.

**Sunday 11** A letter from Uncle this morning, says he shall leave Canton 12 or 13th. Went to hear Dr. M[orrison] this morning. Dreadfully warm. Read 4 of Buckminster's beautiful sermons. Clark, Alexander, Latimer, & Otadue called. Went to walk as usual after dinner. Went out with Gordon and home with Talbot, [who] spent the evening with us.

**Monday 12** A hot morning. Took my seat in a little room and set all alone for 3 hours, then went to the drawing room. Latimer called in to bid us good bye, leaves tonight. Regretted by all. An invitation to Mrs. Baynes' tonight. Vachell, Mrs. Thornhill, Mr. Dunn & Hunter called this afternoon, but we did not walk. Found a small

party at Mrs. Baynes'. I do not remember of ever spending a more stupid evening. They set down to e'carte [*écarté*—a card game] and played till we left, and everyone was sleepy. I wished myself at home all the evening. They play for 1/2 dol. a game and that is more than I could afford even if my conscience was silent on the subject. I wished myself in my own room or rather in our own house with some of our American friends.

**Tuesday 13** Mr. Gordon, Gover (alias Patna) and Mrs. Perreira called. Took our Spanish lesson today. A letter from Uncle R[ussell]. What a good man to think of writing to me in the midst of all his writings. An invitation to visit Mrs. Thornhill this eve, but declined. Walked after dinner with Mr. Talbot, returned with Gordon and Mr. Dunn. They all spent the eve with us.

**Wednesday 14** A very hot day, hardly any wind. Thermometer stood in our house at 87 at noon, in Mr. Talbot's house at 91. Walked after dinner with Gordon, returned with Talbot. They both spent the evening with us.

**Thursday 15** My dear Uncle came about 2 o'clock this morning, is very well, and I hear Blight is to breakfast with us—so adieu for the present.

Blight did not come. Warm day enough. College in this morning—Mr. Vachell after dinner and walked with us. Mrs. A, Vachell, Dunn, Hunter, and Gordon, took tea with us.

**Friday 16** Mr. Perreira, Blight in this morning. Gordon and Talbot called for us to walk, spent the evening with us and poor G. left for Canton about 9 o'clock.

**Saturday 17** Wrote home today by the way of Mexico, per Am. Brig *Lancaster*. Huddleston & Ravenshaw and Dr. Morrison called this morning. A delightful cool day with refreshing showers—which have been very much needed. Thermometer at 82°. After dinner Uncle and I strolled out upon the hills, set down there a while. Clarke stopped and chatted awhile with us. A pleasant little fellow. Jackson joined us on our way home, but I jumped into my chair and he said good evening. Talbot spent the evening with us.

**Sunday Morn 18** A warm morning. Went to the Chapel, heard a good sermon from Mr. Vachell. It rained after Church and we went



into Mrs. Allport's. Returned and found the cards of Mr. Smith & Millet. Read the *Rambler*, Mrs. Heman's *Poems* and my Bible till it was time to walk. Went out in my chair part way. Met T. on the way, went to our hill, and were soon after joined by Mr. Dunn, Blight, & Hunter. Although we often have it rain in the middle of the day it hardly ever prevents our walking in the evening. The whole party returned and spent the evening with us.

**Monday 19** A squally day. An invitation to a dinner party this morning for Thursday evening at the Company's, also to Mrs. Morrison's at a tea party on Wednesday; declined the dinner and accepted the tea party. As it was very windy did not go to walk. Aunt L. made some calls in the chair, and I stayed at home and read Boswell's *Johnson*,<sup>83</sup> which I find very interesting. The eve we spent at home.

**Tuesday 20** Studied and read Spanish all the morning. Dr. Peirson called but I did not see him; also Mr. Dunn to invite us there to tea on Friday evening. Thornhill in. After dinner Mr. Vachell called. Oh Capt. Esdell and Capt. McCondra [Frederick W. Macondray]<sup>84</sup> from Lintin dined with us. About 6 went to Chinnery's to see several portraits, Mr. Dunn's & etc. most perfect likenesses. He has a bottle painted in his room, and you would not believe but that it was the bottle—every part is so perfect. Even after convincing yourself by touching it, the deception does not cease. Had no walk again, as it is quite squally. Mr. Talbot, Esdell and McCondra spent the eve with us.

**Wednesday 21** Went out this morning with Uncle to make calls and it will be my last appearance this season in the morning. I went to Mrs. Fearon's, Turner's, Misses Crockett's, Robinson's & Allport's, the two extremities of the town. Felt quite tired when I came back. Set down in my great chair after dinner to try and catch a nap but was disturbed by the sound of Mr. L's voice, and I rose chip chop. I was in the drawing room, but the porter did not ring his Bell. *Masque* [no matter].

A new importation of Americans from Canton today, the two missionaries<sup>85</sup> and Mr. King. Were 8 Americans on our hill, without ourselves tonight. Went to Mrs. Morrison's, quite a large party, had a pleasant time. All our American friends there or rather those that were here before. Mr. Dunn is one of the greatest beaux here.

**Thursday 22** Talbot called this morning with Mr. Abeele [Abeel], Bridgman & King. Mr. A. is a very amiable pleasant man, is much liked in Canton. Bridgman was just out of the mill when he left, and is as green as a leaf. He knows nothing of the world, but is one of the best disposed men. He will do anything he is told to. King is a serious sedate youngster, a very good young man. We often saw him in Manilla. Talbot walked with us after dinner and spent the evening with us. Uncle went to the Company's dinner party.

**Friday 23** Mr. Dunn, Sturgis and Clifton [William Clifton]<sup>86</sup> called this morning. Took our Spanish lesson.

Went to Mr. Dunn's this evening. Had quite an American party. Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Allport and the Morrison[s] with ourselves were all the ladies. We all enjoyed ourselves much. The old gentleman [nearly 48 years old] did everything he could to entertain us, had everything good and elegant. It has given him a great deal of trouble however, for he has only a little furniture and few things here so that he was obliged to borrow. But they say it just suits him, and it is not very often that he can have the pleasure of ladies society.

**Saturday Morn 24** A heavy rain and high northerly wind. Everyone was propesying a Typhoon. Storms much dreaded here. The wind continued to blow from the north east and N.W. all day raining incessantly—the first really stormy day we have had since we have been in China. I have been sitting at the open door, however, though it is a cold wind, but I cannot bear to leave the air. Mr. Vachell and Mr. Innis called in this morning in spite of the rain. Said it was a delightful day to make calls. Afternoon and evening we were alone. Turned in at 9 o'clock as we were up very late the night before.

**Sunday 25** Went to Chapel this morning. Still raining and a good breeze from the South. Blew very high in the night, but think we shall escape the Typhoon this time. Saw one of Company's Ships come in before church, the *Coutts* [Thomas Coutts, Captain Chrystie] from Bombay. Mrs. Turner and Mr. Dunn called after Church. After dinner friend Talbot and Mrs. Allport called for us to walk. The weather looked rather doubtful but we went out in our chairs to Casilla's Bay, where we saw 4 Ships just coming in, a beautiful sight—do not yet know what they are, but fear there are no Americans among them. At 1/2 past 7 went to Dr. Morrison's to hear Mr. Abeel

preach. It really seemed good to hear the good prayers such as we have been used to at home. I cannot like their church form. He gave us a very good sermon, has a fine delivery, and sings well. I was much gratified with the evening. He had a tolerable number to hear him, but I suspect it was not generally known that he was to preach. Mrs. A. and T. returned and took tea with us.

**Monday Morn 26** Heard Uncle reading letters in the drawing room. Went in, the table was filled with them, all from Bombay, from which the 4 Ships that come in last night have come—all about the drug, Opium. 2 more Ships in this morning—from Bombay, 2 of the Company's Ships. Macao will soon be full of strangers again.

I am sure I cannot remember what I was about all day Monday. It is now Thursday morn. No matter. I know in the evening I went out to walk and was joined on the hill by friend Dunn, Hunter, Blight and Rieves. Hurried back however as we had company engaged for the evening. Had the padres, Mr. Abeel & Bridgman, Mr. Dunn & Hunter, Talbot and King—passed a very pleasant evening. Abeel is a fine young man.

**Tuesday 27** Capt. Morgan and Crockett called this morning, but we were neither of us dressed and they were not admitted. Mrs. Allport called expecting to take our Spanish lesson, but Otadue sent an excuse. Blight came in and stayed about an hour. Walked out to our hill with Uncle. All alone to night, the gentlemen all engaged different ways. "There is no medium in China," we either have a host or none. Met Blight on our return and the Padres. Spent the evening in reading [James Fenimore] Cooper's new Novel, *The Wept of Wish-ton Wish*.

**Wednesday 28** This morning my first salutation was "H. do you want to read some New York papers." I started instantly, hoping to find in some sly corner between the papers a letter, but no. I dressed myself and hurried to the drawing room to see what I could see. In the first place lots of questions were to be asked how, and where from. It seems a French Ship had arrived at Manilla and [the papers] were last night brought here by the *Austin* a Spanish vessel. So you see we get news in all ways but the direct. Think of having news up to the first of March by the way of France and Manilla. I should have thought S. O. [Sally Orne] would have written me. I see the *Tobacco Plant* ar-

rived the 25th of February, the very day we received our first news from home. That vessell carried news that would make many a heart sad enough. We have had a variety of bits of news today of one kind and another. The papers were those silly [Boston] advertisers, nothing or precious little in them except advertisements. Very glad to hear or see anything from home. Mr. Morris & Dr. Jefferson,<sup>87</sup> a new importation, called this morning. Mrs. Crockett, Mr. Talbot and Blight in. After dinner Vachell called and walked out to the hill with us, and it was literally crowned with Americans. Quite frightened V. He kept at a little distance talking with Mr. Dunn after I dropped his arm, and I spoke not to him again, for there was Abeel, Bridgman, Hunter, Talbot—and Mr. Dunn and King with our party there. I returned home with Hunter and King, and V. took french leave. They all went to our house to tea but Vachell and Mrs. A. and we passed a very pleasant evening.

**Thursday 29** A hot morning. Now I believe I must study. O yesterday I had a letter from Uncle Russel.

A hot muggy day. What an expressive word. No news today. A great deal of rain, and no one in. After dinner we however went out to our hill or rather Uncle and I. Aunt went to make calls. It held up and rain never stops us from walking, or rather the effect of rain. I mounted the highest rock on our hill but there was scarce a breath of air. Few people out. We were however soon joined by Talbot, Blight and young Reives. We set there till the heavens threatened us with a shower Bath, and preferring those things at home we made the best of our way. Blight and Talbot took tea with us.

**Friday Morn 30** The rain is now pouring down in torrents. We are engaged to take tea tonight with Mrs. Allport. Mrs. Allport called in this morning—had quite a dish of conversation about the curious transactions, of this curious place. After dinner went out to Casilla's Bay, met Mr. Dunn. Saw a Ship going up to Lintin, again hope that it may be an American. Begun to rain before we left the Bay. We had an umbrella however, and Mr. Dunn's chair was at the gate so I bounced into that and got home safely—mine was on the way but I missed it. Went to Mrs. Allport's to tea, had a tolerably pleasant evening. She plays beautifully on the piano. There was Mr. Dunn, Hunter, Vachell, Reives, Otadue, and ourselves. I walked home with Uncle and Vachell. Now is not all this interesting to you? Well my

dear it is your own fault. You asked me to write everything that happened and I have been pretty faithful.

**Saturday Morn 31<sup>st</sup> July** The last day of another month. Before breakfast and as usual I am hungry enough. I did hope we should have some vessel from home ere this—but then, they are all to come. We shall have lots of them by and bye. I shall have to leave off studying Spanish to read them, I suspect. There, breakfast hab read sir.

Capt. Clifton and Mrs. Allport in this morning. Vachell called after dinner, went out to Casilla's Bay with him and Mrs. A. He took tea with us. Uncle dined with friend Dunn.

**August 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday** Went to Dr. Morrison's this morning, communion day there.<sup>88</sup> How sincerely I wished that I could partake with them, but I do not know at present what would be necessary, or how to join—but I mean to think more of it and enquire. For I do most seriously think it the duty of every one, and a privilege. It raises such holy feelings. I left the house feeling melancholy that I could not be a partaker. I returned and read one of Buckminster's sermons on the subject which more fully convinced me that it should not be neglected. Mr. Daniell called after church, I did not see him. Mr. College and Mrs. Baynes invited us to take tea with her on Tuesday evening. I had much rather be excused.

Went out after dinner to our hill, Talbot joined us on the way. We had a most splendid walk, and returned early, and went to Dr. Morrison's to hear Mr. Abeel. Had a fine sermon from him. He is a very fine young man. Mrs. Turner & Talbot took tea with us afterwards.

**Monday 2** No one in this morning. A lovely day. After dinner I called on Mrs. Clifton, a lady that arrived a few days since. He was sitting in lordly style smoking a splendid hookah,<sup>89</sup> which custom is brought from Calcutta. It was formerly the fashion for every one to smoke them, ladies and gentlemen, after dinner, but it is fast falling away, and it is now none but the determined smokers who use them. It is certainly the most gentlemanly way of smoking. It makes a great display, as they are made of splendid materials. I think you have seen them in the windows in Salem. They generally have one man or hookbadah to take care of it. We had a long dissertation on hookahs, the manners and customs of Calcutta and I then made my exit. Went out to walk with Uncle, left him on our hill. Mrs. A[llport]



challenged him to walk with her to the barrier, so I took young Reives and Hunter, Mr. Dunn and Talbot behind, and we set off. A most perfect night, but I was dreadfully tired before I got back—it is too long a walk for a warm night. The beach was hard and the moon as bright as possible.

Mrs. A., Mr. Dunn, Blight and Talbot took tea with us. I went to bed but did not sleep well for I thought Blight was putting snakes in my path.

**Tuesday August 3** Have just hear to my great joy that the *Alert* has arrived from Boston, but letters must be detained<sup>90</sup> untill they receive orders from Canton. O dear O. I feel almost faint at the thought.

Hulloa, I have just had a note from [James] Canning<sup>91</sup> the Company's steward, to say he has some millinary for sale. Well I dressed me and went to the drawing room, hearing the porter's bell ring. Mrs. Turner called, going to take a peep at the aforesaid millinary. Aunt L. went too. Presently in drops King, then Uncle with lots of Boston papers up to the middle of April, so we all set to read them. In comes Talbot, he begins. Ha the bell again, a levee day, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton—they go. Ha the bell again, Mr. Abeel. Now fancy a busy set, every one bursting out now and then with a bit of news just met their vision. *Boston Advertiser*, what a paper to send to China. Why did they not send some Salem papers. Ha the bell again. Capt. Neish, how do you do sir. My eyes again met the paper for I at that instant discovered the horrid murder of Joseph White Esq.<sup>92</sup> What a . . . I cannot find words to express the horrors of it. Who could it have been and what for. It is beyond all account, most shocking. That was instantly told to the great surprise, amazement and horror of all. Old White dead, not much lamented we suppose, poor old gentleman. Ha the bell again. Mrs. Allport, it is Spanish day today. Invites us to her house on Thursday evening. Ha, ha, ha, the bell again. Mr. Otadue, Don Eugenio de Otadue—we sit awhile and adjourn to our *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the back room leaving Abeel, King and Talbot with Uncle. Now comfortably seated we shall be disturbed by no more calls except ladies. Now the bell again. I had occasion to go to my room, peeped through the screen and saw Vachell. Well the morning gone. After dinner took *Darnley*,<sup>93</sup> a novel just come out, and read till dark. Dressed to go to Mrs. Baynes'. A perfect evening. Had some fine music playing in the garden un-

der the trees, and it was really delightful. The moon was shining as splendidly as possible.

4 O Dear this morning I had hoped we should have had our letters, but Uncle has just had a letter from the Capt. saying there is but one solitary letter on board for him and that he cannot deliver at present, his orders being positive. I declare it is dreadful, but I do not blame any of you, I know you would have written if you could. But so it is, and so it must be. It is very hard when it is so seldom that we can have a chance to hear, and then they keep it secret. Oh those people whoever they are must have hearts like stone, I am sure.

Have just seen one of the Company's Ships come in, looked beautifully. Now they will have their letters directly. O dear O. Well, we are going to have a dinner party today, but I shall not get my spirits again I am sure. I was in hopes to have had a few lines.

It is now Saturday morn, but I must go back and tell you who our party were, and of the sundry disappointments that are popping in all the time. Well to begin where I left off we had a good dinner and a pleasant party. There was Mr. Dunn, Hunter, Talbot, Abeel, Bridgman, King and J. Blight Esqs. all Americans. We all enjoyed it. We are now all existing on the hope that we have letters in the *Alert*. Mrs. A[llport] called for me. We all went out to walk but Mrs. Low and Bridgman. It rained a little. We have had almost constant rain for this week. We had our chairs however. Walked on the beach awhile with Talbot and walked home with Mr. Abeel and King. Mr. Abeel is a cheerful pleasant young man, and I should think superior to those generally sent on these [missionary] expeditions. They took tea with us.

**Thursday 5** Raining again. Nothing new. Spent the eve with Mrs. Allport with Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Beale, Dr. Pierson and Talbot.

**August 6** This morning Uncle received a letter from J. Low jr., not a solitary one for us. There is still a hope that some will come, and that they are under cover to R[ussell] and Co, do not despair yet. Violent rain with thunder this morning, quite cold, Thermom. at 80. Mr. Sturgis here from 11 till 2, Mr. Dunn from 2 till 3. Mr. Latimer offered us his house in Canton, which we shall only be too happy to take, provided we can go at all. Mr. O[taduy] did not come as it rained

so hard. At home all day. After dinner took up a novel called *Darnley*, by the author of *Richelieu*, very interesting. Saw the *Flora* come to an anchor, took the glass and saw two ladies come on shore, Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Montgomery.

I wish I could give you the least idea of a Chinese procession that passed here this afternoon. It seems they are dedicating a new church or Joss house, and it makes a great fuss in town, but were I to fill page after page and give you my best description I fear I should fail in giving you an idea of it. In the first place, the length of it, the variety of objects, dresses, the music, etc. is beyond every thing. The dresses many of them were very splendid, or rather made of the most splendid colours and material you can imagine, but loaded on in such style that it can not please the eye of any person possessed of any taste. There were females splendidly attired on horseback seated astride on the animal, little boys rigged up with the most grotesque looking hats and dresses, carrying most splendidly wrought banners of the richest colours. Then there were children suspended in air, so that they appeared to be standing on nothing. They were very ingeniously contrived. There was also a little Venus coming out of her shell—and millions of other things that I am sure I cannot remember. And then for the music. Music did I say? Oh heavens. If such discordant sounds can be called music, it must have been the height of perfection, for never was there such a noise. Their whole wish, and aim, seemed to be to make as much noise as possible—the horrid gongs beating, some sort of a kettle I thought that they beat on for a bell. We could not hear a person's voice though ever so near to us. But you should see and hear to imagine it. Oh not to forget the interesting pigs. Poor piggy was murdered, roasted and lacquered for the occasion, and carried along on cars. There was one lamb, poor little thing killed and the hair taken off, and set up on a car as though it was alive. Then followed a pig all ready for cutting up. On another, there was one roasted and another lacquered—you must know at all the marriage processions, funerals, or what not, these poor innocent pigs must sacrifice their lives—then cars of fruit, as presents to Joss I presume.<sup>94</sup>

Mr. Bridgman called to see us. We spent the eve alone.

**Saturday 7** Mr. Robinson called, left his card. Mr. Vachell and Mr. Abeel in, Capt. Scott<sup>95</sup> and College. Miss Morrison sent for me to

go out to sail with them this afternoon to the Lappa. We went about 5, their family and Mr. Abeel. Had a delightful time, enjoyed myself highly. The afternoon was cool and delightful. We landed on the opposite hills. Mr. Abeel, Miss Morrison and myself mounted one of the highest hills, from which we had a most extensive and splendid prospect. Macao looked like a mere dot from it. It was rather tiresome ascending, but we were fully repaid for it. Mr. Abeel said it would take us  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour to get to the summit, but I said we could get up in  $\frac{1}{4}$ , and we did in just that time. We then came down and got into our boat and went home. I took tea at Mrs. Morrison's, returned at 8 to see Mr. Dunn. Found Mr. Dunn, Mrs. A., Talbot and King there. Hunter also.

**Sunday 8** Went to Dr. Morrison's this morning, heard Mr. Bridgman. He preached very well but does not equal Mr. Abeel. Walked after dinner, went to our hill, Talbot met us there. We went to hear Mr. Abeel in the evening, for the last time in Macao this year. Gave us a very elegant sermon.<sup>96</sup> He is a young man of uncommon talents. Mr. Talbot & Mr. Dunn took tea with us.

**Monday 9** Uncle left us this morning. They have gone up in a Chop Boat, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hunter, Uncle and Mr. Abeel. Capt. Scott called this morning. Talbot come for us to walk. All went out to our hill, and Talbot took tea with us.

**Tuesday 10** Studied Spanish all the morning, took our lesson at 1. Walked after dinner with Talbot and King. They took tea with us. Nothing new.

**Wednesday 11** Went out this morning to pay our respects to the ladies that have just arrived. Called first on Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Montgomery, left our cards, not at home. Then on [to] the Morrison's, Mrs. Perreira, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. Baynes & Mrs. Daniell. Quite a good morning's work. I'll assure you it is a great exertion of a morning to make calls.

After dinner went to walk with Talbot, Miss Morrison and brother, they took tea with us.

**Thursday 12** An invitation for a party at Mrs. Baynes' on Saturday evening. Dr. Morrison & Lancelot Dent called this morning, Talbot, King and Vachell called for us to walk. Went to our hill, and V.

bid us good eve and went on to the barrier. We took tea with Mrs. Allport with Mr. Dent.

**Friday 13** Wrote a note to Mr. Otadue in Spanish. He said that it was very well. Took no lesson today, the weather was so warm. Dreadfully warm. Thermom. stood at 89 at 5 in the afternoon. Mrs. A. and I went out in our chairs after dinner, but we could not walk, it is so warm. We went out to Casilla's Bay. The clouds were rising angrily and threatened a severe storm. We met several gentlemen who told us to get right into our chairs and go home as quick as we could. But the storm was not as bad as it appeared. The lightning was very vivid, some rain, but little thunder. Does not cool the air any. We spent the evening alone—went to bed early quite exhausted with the heat.

**Saturday 14** Still continues hot and sultry, a hot northerly wind. Feels as though there were fire in the air. [deleted: the thought of a party tonight] Heard of Uncle's arrival today, also that there was some vessels sailed from home about the same time with the *Alert*. More particulars of White's murder, what a horrid thing.

Our little quiet town seems to be all in confusion about it, and no wonder. I cannot keep it out of my mind.

Talbot in, and Mr. Bridgman. How I do long to have some letters, if I had have only had one by the *Alert*. Hear that you are all well, which is a great comfort. Went to Mrs. Baynes' this evening, a large party. Had the band as usual, felt pretty comfortable. Lighting incessantly.

Some playing at Moosh, a new game, in the verandah, others looking at pictures, others playing on the piano and singing. Mrs. Grant played on the Guitar and sung. Mrs. Blair played on the piano and sung. I had quite [a] treat. I set by the piano all the time, thankful once more to hear a little singing. Passed a very pleasant eve, and went home about 11. At Mrs. B's every one is allowed to do as they please, listen to music or not, play at cards or not.

**Sunday 15** Not feeling very well this morning, did not go to Church. I must dress me now though. I feel sort of homesick this morning, why I cannot say. I do not know what ails this paper.

Mrs. Allport, Mr. & Mrs. Thornhill and Mr. Otadue called after church, Mr. Talbot after dinner. Mrs. Allport went out with us, and



we had a very pleasant walk. Went to a very wild spot. Mr. T. took tea with us with Mrs. A. I felt in much better spirits after my walk.

Talbot left about 10. Aunt Low & I set chatting an hour after that. She was extolling the good qualities of her good husband and I not having the good fortune to have one to extol sung forth the good qualities of my dear mother and Father, which is quite as great a satisfaction. I seize every opportunity of talking about you all, but there are few in this part of the world who listen to me with interest on that they know nothing about. I felt this morning that I could not go to Church, I had such a desire to go in Salem. It appeared if I went any where it must be there, and I at last made up my mind to stay at home. Felt much better for my walk. I have this longing for home once in a while, to be with those who I know give me all my love back. What's the use.

**Monday 16** Had a severe thunder storm last night. Appeared as though the world was crashing together. Rained in torrents, the wind blew so hard that we got but little sleep. When we did, which was at day light, slept till 9. The first severe storm since we have been here.

An invitation to a party at Clarke's tomorrow eve, but we declined. Mr. Vachell called this morning. I went out in my chair with Mrs. Allport. Very cloudy and more severe lightning with little thunder and torrents of rain tonight. Alone this evening.

**Tuesday 17** Severe thunder and lightning with oceans of rain again this morning, seems as though we were to be deluged. Reports from Nankin province [Kiangsu] mention a severe earthquake having taken place there, destroyed many thousands of people. They say there are 24 townships destroyed, it is generally believed. A most dreadful thing. It is also said there had been a severe hail storm. The Sun has been eclipsed today. I am very sure it has been eclipsed by clouds. I do not know whether it was visible here. Took our Spanish lesson today. J[ames H.] Blight called while we were in the midst of it. Said he hoped he did not intrude and How do ye do and walked off. College called also. Talbot called for us to walk after dinner, Miss Morrison and brother. Went out to our hill. Returned with those and Mrs. A[llport], Bridgman and King added to our party. Had quite a table full.

**Wednesday 18** Must again begin with torrents of rain, and the clouds now threaten more. I must now write to my uncles in Canton.

Wrote Uncle Low and Russell this morning. Was interrupted first by Talbot, then Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Montgomery, the new arrivals. They bring us the latest Calcutta fashions—such sleeves I never beheld, complete frights! They are very genteel people.

After dinner Mrs. Allport and Talbot called for us to walk. Got caught in the rain, however not much. T. spent the eve with us.

**Thursday 19** Feel dull, dull this morning, because I am all the time thinking of you at home and my letters which I am hourly expecting. *Falcon* arrived today. Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt], James Blight, John C. Whiteman and Mrs. Turner called this morning. Mrs. T. invited us to meet the Blair's on Saturday eve'g at her house. Mr. Beale sent me two Canary birds today. I suspect they will give me much pleasure. How our little Ell [Ellen Low, Harriett's sister] would like them. Did not go out today, spent the eve alone.

**Friday 20** Just time to say good morning my dear Sister and then I shall be called to breakfast. I had quite forgotten it was Friday today—had been thinking I should do some work but recollected it was Spanish day and shall do nothing. Took our lesson at one o'clock. Mrs. Scott returned our call in the morning.

Walked after dinner with Talbot.

**Saturday 21** No one in this morning but College. Reading Boswell's *Johnson* after dinner, find it very interesting. Went to Mrs. Turner's in the evening. She had a small party.

**Sunday 22** Dreadfully warm, but believe I shall go to Chapel, as I did not go last Sunday.

Went to Chapel, heard an excellent sermon, though we were very much disturbed by the guns at the fort very near. They were saluting the arrival of the new Governor [Major J. J. d'Almeida, governor of Timor] that arrived this morning. Went into Mrs. Allport's after church to see if she was sick. Then went home and felt sick myself for the rest of the day—had the tooth ache and head ache and felt quite unhinged. Talbot called for me to walk but I did not feel like going. He went alone and returned and took tea with us.

**23** A very warm day. Still troubled with that sweet pain, the tooth ache. No one in till after dinner. Received an invitation to the Company's dinner on Thursday to which I shall be obliged to go,

having refused several invitations. Talbot, King and Bridgman called. T. and K. walked with us, and all took tea with us.

Mr. [Charles W.] King is certainly one of the best young [men] I should think that ever lived so long in this country. I mean he is really good, religious. He is very strict, and it quite astonishes me that a young man should leave home so young as he did, and come to Canton and Manilla and reside for so many years as he has, and still be so correct as he is. His health is very poor is one reason I presume. His habits are sedentary—has always been a great student—but if he would be a little more cheerful (which I think one so thoroughly good as he is should be) he would do more for the cause of religion. But he certainly is very much to be respected. He is now about 22. But it requires so much resolution even to keep up the spirit of religion at all when you have nothing but your own good principles to keep you up, where there is so little thought of religion. They all spent the evening with us, which we always spend in conversation.

24 I have been quite in a melting mood to day, this too solid flesh is fast dissolving—dreadfully warm. Been tolerably free from the tooth ache to day, thank fortune. Mr. King in this morning, brought me a Spanish grammar and *Life of Cervantes*, with *Don Quixote* in Spanish, which I hope will assist me.

Talbot and King took tea with us, we walked out to our hill as usual. Walking on the terrace this eve'g wishing for letters from my beloved home. Think there must be some vessel in before long.

25 This morning after breakfast I was standing on the terrace cleaning my birds, and there was handed me a package of letters from home, come so unexpectedly it was quite delightful. I instantly left my birds to the boy and ran to my great chair to take real comfort in reading them. Yours my dear sis is not full enough, I want you to tell me little longer stories. You just give me a few words and leave it to my brilliant imagination to picture the rest. Now I think you are mistaken in its capacities. My little Frances and Sarah I was quite delighted with, and I assure you I felt highly honored to have one from Mr. Eames. He is a good man and I like him 50 per ct. better for it. I shall endeavour to answer it, if I do not lose courage before there is an opportunity. Am delighted to hear you are all well and seemingly so happy—only wish time and space could be annihilated

and I could be with you. Is it wrong, my dear, to indulge such a wish? Yes I think it is, with so many blessings can we not be satisfied. O ungrateful girl that I am—preserved through so many dangers as I have been, exposed in every way, finding friends wherever my destiny has led me, enjoying the greatest of earthly blessings, the blessing of health—how can I complain. No, I will not. I leave all to him who will always direct us—and if he sees fit we shall be preserved whatever ills assail us. He is our constant and faithful protector. & how do you think we got those letters. They had a most mysterious outside, we could not think what to make of it. I had one from S. Orne at the same time which might end the mystery. We at last unravelled it by sending to Mr. Sturgis. It seems the *Bashaw* arrived yesterday from England, she spoke in the Straits of Sunda the American Ship *Galaxy* bound to Manilla and took from her our letters. But we have not yet the papers you mention. It seems we have lots of letters in the *Delight*, which was also in the Straits, and is expected hourly. Mr. J. P. Cushing [John Perkins Cushing]<sup>97</sup> came from England in the *Bashaw*.

Mr. Talbot in this morning to hear the news. Our friend Vachell heard sad news by this Ship, or rather in the papers saw the death of his father [Vicar John Vachell, who died April 17, 1830]. Oh how horrible to hear the death of a beloved parent at such a distance. The thought is insupportable. I truly feel for him for I have often heard him speak of his family in the most affectionate manner. But he has not had a letter. The direct ships were spoken also in the Straits.

Went to walk after dinner with Mrs. A[llport] & Talbot.

26 Felt almost sick this morning, have had so much of the tooth ache. However had to go to the Company's dinner tonight, the greatest of all bores. I however came away before the gentlemen rose from the table, it was then 10 o'clock. There was a tremendous party, a number of ladies. My dress was pink gauze over white satin. (Oh, how this paper acts and I am almost through my book. What shall I do) It was dreadfully warm and no comfort, but we had refused the two last invitations and did not like to again.

27 Dreadfull hot weather now, notwithstanding took our Spanish lesson. Walked after dinner and spent our evening with Talbot and King walking the terrace of a lovely evening. They were saying they

hoped to be walking in America a year from this time. Would that I could, but we know not what a year may bring forth.

28 Warm day again. Nothing new, I have been rather industrious (which by the bye is something new). This hot weather almost puts an end to Sewing. Went to our hill as usual after dinner. Took tea at home with our friend Talbot. So you see one day almost certifies another. I suspect my dear father feels a little anxious for his absent daughter and thinks from her letters she is spending her time in a dissipated way, but it is quite the reverse now. We are still and quiet as possible.

I did not half like it that you should show or read my letters to any one, particularly Mr. Eames, not but that he would be as willing as any one to excuse all errors and imperfections as any one, but you know my dear, I wrote them feeling confident they were only for our own dear family. But I find I was mistaken and I must be more guarded. Oh if you do show that silly journal, I shall never forgive you.

**Sunday 29** Went to Dr. Morrison's as there was no Church at Chapel. Poor Vachell is deeply afflicted, I do feel for him. Dr. M. gave us a very good sermon, but would have suited all much better I suspect had it been divided into 3 or 4; it was tremendously long. Some were nodding, others gaping, others on the move, and all quite tired. I have since church been reading Thatcher's sermons, two on the sources of sins and one on original sin,<sup>98</sup> all of which I liked much. We are all looking anxiously for the *Delight*, I long to have the 12 sheets in my hand. We have not received our Salem papers from *Galaxy* yet, think they must be all along in a few days though the winds are very light. And now I believe to put me more in mind of my duty I will read over my dear father's letter [vol.1, n.12] that he wrote for me one year and a half ago. Only think, that was before I left my beloved home and friends—just one year ago today we were passing through the Straits of Gaspar. Now adieu, there is the bell and I fear I shall not read that letter tonight. It is our dear friend Mrs. A[llport], I suspect. I do love her, she is one of the kindest creatures.

Yes, it was her, then followed Talbot, and we went out together, had a charming walk to our hill, a splendid evening. O Dear what pens.

**Monday 30** A hot northerly wind scorching our cheeks this morning. How different this wind is here in the summer season to what



it is with us. Blowing over the land, it of course comes to us scorching, and it is astonishing to see what an instantaneous effect it has. The people here generally shut it out of their houses. It cracks the tables and dries up the furniture immediately. The grass and every thing looks as though a fire had passed over it. A few days of this wind would soon destroy the paddy. We were at home all day. We have not calls now in the morning, no one ventures out till night. After dinner we walked out in company with Mrs. A[llport], Mr. T[albot], Mr. King. Miss Morrison and Brother, mustered quite strong upon the hill. T. spent the evening with us as usual.

**Tuesday 31** The last day of summer. Is it possible our summer has passed. Yes, and my book is almost ended. It seems a great while since the hot weather commenced and though we have got through the summer comfortably, yet it is a long while to have such steady heat. One month longer and the cool weather will be approaching. Hope we shall pass that in Canton—have my doubts however.

Walked after dinner. Are you not tired of that sound, I should think you must be. Well you wish me to tell every thing, and there is nothing else happening here at present. We are as still as mice, all anxious to hear from the beloved countries. All the Select committees are on tip toe for the direct ships, straining their eyes, and levelling their glasses continuously at Cabarata point,<sup>99</sup> but as yet nothing has come. If any wind, it opposes them.

So we move on my dear sister. Took our Spanish lesson today, wrote a letter in Spanish which Mr. O. pronounced very well (*muy bien*). He was astonished he said.

You would be amused I think to take one walk with us, to see the China men. To day as we went along there were 8 or 10 of them ranged along sitting as comfortably, one knee over the other—some in Turkish style, some smoking their pipes, and all with fans in their hands. Indeed you never scarcely see a China man, or woman, without a fan, even the chairbearers for themselves as they carry their burden. They sometimes perch themselves on the highest hill, and there sit gossiping. We see them after dark lying about in every direction, take their mats out, and through [throw] them down in the best place they can find and made a rock their pillow. They are not at all particular about their pillows. Indeed they never use any but a bamboo. Some of them arrive at this luxury. It may be truly said here that

“nature’s wants are few.” Give a China man plenty of rice and fish, a bamboo mat and a small piece of cloth for their waist and he can live, that is in the summer. In the winter they suffer much from the cold and require a great many clothes. But look in Manilla. There it is constant summer, they want scarce any thing. How true it is “that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.” [Laurence Sterne, *A Sentimental Journey. Maria*] And they seem quite as happy as the richest people. Oh I never did, and never will believe that riches add to happiness—or rather that it constitutes happiness. What would appear to us here the most miserable of beings, I dare say if questioned, it would be found that he had as much real happiness I must say as any of us—that is, he is careless and free and cares for nothing.

**September 1<sup>st</sup>** This morning I was sitting in the drawing room in my great chair with my morning dress on and I had taken a bath in the morning and washed my hair. While sitting there surrounded by Spanish books, my hair all about my ears to dry, the porter’s bell rung. In my hurry to get into my room I left all my combs in the chair, thereby giving evident proofs of a sudden flight. Called Nancy and she went in to tell them we would be in in a minute and they sent word in ’twas Mr. Gordon and Sturgis. Now I heard the voice, I knew it was not J. P. Sturgis. Said I to myself, it cannot be Henry [Sturgis], no, it would make me too happy. Fearing lest I should be disappointed I made up my mind that it was R[ussell] Sturgis<sup>100</sup> from Lintin on board one of the Opium Ships. Accordingly I moved very slowly, ushered myself into the drawing room and there was our friend Gordon and who do you think? I suppose you think from all this preamble I had the supreme felicity of not being disappointed. But the moment I saw him I said to myself, you are a likely looking youth indeed, and instantly saw a resemblance to H. P. Sturgis [whom she had met at Manila] and instantly knew it must be a brother. I accordingly concluded it to be Sam P. S[turgis]<sup>101</sup> that on June last forwarded me a letter from Anger come out in the *Timor*. This reminds me of some questions in your last letter, but I shall answer in a returning one. We had a delightful call from him. He is neither as handsome nor as agreeable as H[enry], but notwithstanding a good looking fellow. He, with Gordon and Talbot and family, took tea with us. We had a delightful eve’g, as you may imagine with so many Americans and one who had left there almost a year after us—and

when I say that in his countenance I instantly recognised the looks of 3 of my friends, you will not doubt but I like to look at him. Those were his brother, E. Allen, and the doctor [Dr. Benjamin Cox]. He screws up his mouth just as E. A. does.

2<sup>d</sup> Gordon in this morning to say good bye. He only made us a call from Lintin. S[turgis] has gone too. He is coming down again in a few days. Mr. Allport arrived this morning and brought me a letter from Uncle Russel. 3 of the Company's Ships arrived last night, 3 or 4 more outside. Winds are so light it is impossible to get in. After dinner Talbot, Mrs. A[llport] and husband and a Mr. Goodwin called for us to walk. Went out to Casilha's, set on the rocks for some time enjoying the pure air. And they all took tea with us.

3 Took our Spanish lesson this morning but were interrupted by Mrs. Turner. She had been to call on two ladies who have just arrived, Mrs. Whiteman and Mrs. Wemyss. Walked after dinner with Talbot, came back with Mr. Bridgman and Mr. King, give that Mr. Goodwin the cut, for I preferred walking with some one else. Lucy and R[ichard] Turner took tea with us. A most splendid evening. I set on the terrace enjoying it till after 10. No wind however to bring the ships in. Have thought much of you this evening and wished I could recount to just the events of this day. So many little things do occur that I should like to tell you but dare not trust them in this book, indeed are not worth the trouble of writing but would just do for a little gossip. And now I have arrived at the last page of this valuable book, and how shall I end. Why my dear sister do you need any thing more to keep you from showing the contents than the sincere wishes of your sister? No Mary Ann I would not have an individual see, or hear it but yourself except my dear Mother, who always knew every thing her daughter said and did, & how often do I miss that willing listener who took a pleasure in hearing every thing connected with her children that if right she might approve, if wrong correct. I shall commence another instantly, and I will endeavour to make it more worthy of you, but small are my abilities, and I would I had improved them more. If this gives you a moment's pleasure, it will answer the end of your devoted sister Harriett.

[Owing to the loss of one manuscript volume, there is a blank in the Journal from September 4, 1830, to March 1, 1831. But an entry in

the diary kept by the missionary, Elijah Bridgman, describes a typical Sabbath for Abigail and Harriett Low:

Sept. 20th. Services at Dr. M[orrison]'s yesterday as usual. In the evening both Mrs. and Miss L. were at the prayer meeting. They are the only American ladies in the place, and the only females who attend our social services (*Life*, 53).

Details of a trip to Canton in October and November, 1830, were preserved in fragmentary letters to the family and published by Harriett Low's daughter, Katharine Hillard, in a much-abbreviated edition of the diary, entitled *My Mother's Journal* (1900), pp.75–86. Permission to reproduce these fragments was given to Arthur Hummel by Elma Loines, Harriett's grand-daughter, who presented the original volumes of the *Journal* to the Library of Congress.]

**Oct. 27, 1830**—You will see that we are still in Macao, and, for all that we can see at present, here we are likely to be; for the Chinese are making a great fuss about us poor harmless Fanquis (foreign devils), and say, and persist in saying, that “that lady” (meaning Mrs. Baynes) “must go down,” but “that lady” is very obstinate, and will not go. They have threatened to send soldiers to take her away, upon which Mr. B. has had up a hundred armed sailors from the ships, and cannon placed at the gate of the factory. For the last fortnight we have been in a great state of excitement, but it is thought generally that it will blow over, and, though the Chinese will never consent to ladies going to Canton, that they will wink at it, and, as Mouqua told Uncle, “they will shutty eye and shutty ear.” I should be very glad to have the English carry the point if it can be done without bloodshed, but time will show.

**Canton, November 6.**—Here we are in the Celestial city, in a fine house, with every comfort around us, but the Hong merchants are making a row, and it is doubtful whether we remain long. But I will go back to Macao, and begin my adventures from there, giving you the particulars of our passage up, the difficulties and troubles we had to reach the Celestial city, etc. It is a long story, so be patient.

Well, Uncle arrived in Macao on Wednesday, November 3, in the little brig *Terrier*, belonging to Mr. Cushing, and which he had kindly offered for our accommodation, and on Friday morning we

got into the *Sumatra's* pinnance at six o'clock, and went on board the *Terrier*, the Chinamen all refusing to give us the least assistance, except one boat-girl, more courageous than the rest, who lent us a board to step on as we got into the boat, for which she was liberally rewarded with a dollar. There is no doubt the mandarins got half, as the system of "squeezing" is carried on through all ranks. We got under way at seven, the wind cold and piercing, and blowing strong from the north (which was dead ahead), and it was not long before Aunt and myself began to droop, and were pronounced to be quite "under the weather." It would never do to say we were sea-sick. That would be too vulgar. We went below into a neat little cabin, finished off in fine style, where a nice breakfast had been prepared for us, but eating was quite out of the question, and we were very glad to find ourselves on deck again. We beat up to Lintin, arriving there about two. It was thought best to send another boat with us, that we might row up the river, should the wind fail us. We accordingly took the *Sumatra's* boat in tow, with four of her men in it. Lintin is a small island with a very high peak, and a fine anchorage for ships, where all the outlaws (alias smugglers) lie, with their opium. I counted about fifteen. The wind continued with the tide till about four, when we were obliged to "take in the muslin" and anchor just above Lintin, as the tides are so strong that it is impossible to go against one without a strong breeze. There we lay until ten,—a lovely evening, but rather cold. When night approached, it was very natural to think about turning in, but when we asked "were there cockroaches on board," the answer was fatal to our hopes of a night's rest. While on deck, I said I should not mind them, I could sleep anywhere, and at nine I went very courageously below; but when I looked into my berth, nicely fitted up with red silk curtains, a tremendous one appeared at first view, and, while endeavoring to kill him, half a dozen more appeared, which quite cooled my courage, and in despair I took my pillow, and, with my cloak around me, threw my weary limbs upon the transom, hoping to forget the cruel tormentors. But fancy was wide awake, and the moment I shut my eyes she was bringing clouds of them before me. Aunt L. at last composed herself on the floor, with mosquito curtains around her, but there was no room there for two. About ten the tide was again in our favor, and we made sail, and commenced beating up the river. The continual noise on deck and the constant talking were very disturbing, and just as wearied



nature would begin to forget herself, the vessel would have to tack, and, as I did not much like sleeping head downwards, with the risk of a bump against the other side of the cabin, I must needs tack, too. So you may judge that hard was my lot that night. You may suppose we did not feel much the better for it in the morning. About daylight we again anchored, a few miles below the Boca Tigre, or the Tiger's Mouth, as the Portuguese call it, where we found the *Sylph*, a schooner of about thirty tons, ready to take us the rest of the way. On each point of land here there is a Chinese fort, and, while we were waiting for the tide again, we might easily have been sent back from here, had the mandarin suspected our presence. So we both wore velvet caps and cloaks, to prevent their recognizing us as women. At noon we went on board the *Sylph*, and passed the Boca in safety, passed a man-of-war, too, but they did not molest us. We were well armed. Had a delightful head wind till we reached Whampao, too late to see the beautiful scenery and the fleet of ships now there. At eleven the moon rose in splendor, so that we had a fine view of the pagodas as we neared Canton, and the endless variety of boats. I forgot all my fatigue, and we stayed on deck, admiring everything. Everything was still and quiet, thousands and thousands at rest in a small space. It was more Chinese than anything we had seen before. The tea-boats are immense, and ranged along in such order that they form complete streets upon the water. There are also houses built upon boats, and forming streets. I have enjoyed it all very much, and have not yet repented that I came. We anchored about half-past twelve Saturday night, and came ashore without the least difficulty. Indeed, no one would have known that we were not "all samee boy" in our cloaks and caps, as we jumped out of the boat without waiting for arms. I said to Captain R., "Now I will walk directly to the factory;" and I did go straight to the door, I knew it so well by description. The porter opened the door, and for the first time we entered a Hong in the Celestial city of Canton. And now you will perhaps wish to know what a Hong, or factory, is. Perhaps you will fancy looms about; but it is nothing more nor less than a range of Houses built one back of the other, and entered by arches, with a passage under the houses to get to each. We have the advantage of being in front, where we can see everything that goes on. The rear houses are like prisons, as there is nothing to be seen from them but the walls of the houses in front. There are four houses

in this Hong. Ours was empty, but—[Here the letter ends, the last sheet having been lost.]

**November 15**—These despicable Chinese, who are not worth our notice, have the power to disturb us all. They yesterday issued a chop saying that trade would be stopped “if one Low did not immediately remove his family to Macao.” Now it is so provoking that the Company ladies, because they are a body and can bully them, are permitted to stay, and we, poor creatures, must go.<sup>102</sup> You have no idea of the knavery of these fellows. As an instance, I will just tell you what old Mouqua told us a few days since. He said that, when Mrs. B[aynes] came up, he told the Viceroy that her husband was very sick (which was false), and that she had to come up and take care of him. When Mrs. T[hornhill] came, the Viceroy sent for him again, and he said that she was Mr. B’s cousin, “and he so sick he wanchy too much to see her.” Now, he says, that we have come, “I no can talky sick any more. Now I know not what talky.”

We do not feel convinced that this chop is from the Viceroy, but suspect it is a forgery of the Hong merchants, and we shall have to go back to Macao, while the English ladies stay here and enjoy themselves. Mr. L[atimer] says it will be attended with great *éclat* if the trade of an empire is stopped on our account; but the upshot of the matter is, if the trade is stopped, we shall have to budge.

**November 17**—We are still here, and all they wish us to do now is to say when we will go. They say if we tell them three or four weeks hence, and then are not ready, “putty off a little, that have mandarin fashion,”—good-for-nothing creatures that they are!

**November 27**—About dark it grew rather cool, and a fire was proposed; and you have no idea how cosey we looked, with our carpets down and a blazing coal fire. Our circle round the “wee bit ingle” was composed of Aunt, Uncle, Messrs. R[ussell], H[unter], L[atimer], and B[radford], and my own dear self. After a social cup of tea, Mr. Russell left us for the office, and shortly came back with budgets of news. The *Ann Amelia* had arrived from England, bringing Mr. [Charles] Marjoribanks<sup>103</sup> and others, to supersede Mr. B[aynes] and his assistants. So they are turned out, and lose their sixty thousand dollars for this year. It seems the directors at home disapproved in toto of the measures of last year, and this is the consequence.<sup>104</sup> It is

thought very severe here, as all did what they thought for the best. I feel very sorry for Mrs. B., as she will feel it a great mortification. I hear she is to leave Canton in a few days, and will probably go to England by the first ship. After the first surprise was over, a walk was proposed, as it was a delightful moonshiny night. We walked in front of the factories without exciting much observation. We then went up Old China Street, through Bouquiqua Street, and down New China Street. We were discovered to be Fanquis there; and lights were called for, that the Chinamen might look at us. They kindled up fires in an instant to behold our fair faces, and we had quite a rabble round us before we reached the front of the factories again, though they were all perfectly civil, and made no noise, but only showed a little curiosity, of which they have a share in common with their fellow-creatures of more enlightened parts. But, when we reached the open square, the "gallant tars" that were promenading there espoused our cause, and scattered the mob in quick time. After they had dispersed, we sallied forth again, and went to Mr. L.'s house. You have no idea how elegantly these bachelors live here. I don't wonder they like it.<sup>105</sup>

It is now decided that we are to leave Canton on Tuesday or Wednesday next [Tuesday, November 30].<sup>106</sup> They grant us a chop-boat to go down in, and in my next letter I shall be able to give you a description of a chop-boat, and of the inner passage to Macao, which is said to very pleasant. We should have been very happy here for three months if they would have let us stay, but they will not. All the Chinese outside say that Chow Tuck (or Governor Le) had "lost face" very much by letting the English ladies remain and sending the Americans down; but there is no reason in it, and I hope they will get paid for it one of these days. They say that a message has gone to the Emperor, and he will settle the business, but there is an insurrection in the upper provinces, and I doubt whether his Majesty ever hears of it.

**Macao, Jan. 8, 1831**—We have had the last week an immense quantity of news, such as the death of King George IV. (June 25, 1830), and, via Mexico, news of the abdication of Charles X., his flight to England, and the revolution in France; also, most wonderful of all, Lafayette's being at the head of the National Guards again, after such a lapse of time. We hear that this revolution was a bloodless one,

but the news came in such a roundabout way that we feel very anxious to get direct particulars. It is thought that Spain and Portugal will follow the example of France, and throw off the yoke, too. I believe I have written you since the revolution here,—I mean in the affairs of the Company. You may remember what a gay season we had last year, and the cause, a little difficulty with the Chinese, which obliged the Company to keep a great many ships here, and cost them a pretty penny. Upon hearing this, the directors were quite enraged with the chief (Mr. B[aynes]) and his staff, and immediately ordered him and others to be superseded by Mr. Majoribanks, a shrewd Scotchman. All this made a great alteration in the politics of this place. Mrs. B. is a heroine, and bears it all beautifully. She is a charming woman, and a pattern for all wives. Mr. B. is a nervous, sickly man, and, I believe, a great sufferer.

The weather here is delightful, and since we returned from Canton we have enjoyed it highly, for, I assure you, we got completely tired of company while there. By the bye, I daresay you know the terms that the Americans in Canton have been on with the English for the last two years. I am happy to say that under the new administration all differences are settled, and on Christmas Day they had a general meeting at the Company's,<sup>107</sup> and a most delightful time,—a splendid dinner, a great deal of speechifying and good-fellowship. The new chief is very popular, and I hope all will be pleasant in future.

Now for "the woman pigeon." The Chinese succeeded in getting us away, as they attacked us on a vulnerable point. Had they stopped the American trade in general, they would have had all the gallant youths fighting for us at the city gates, but they only stopped that of our house. I hear the last report was that the Emperor's answer had been received, forbidding any lady to visit Canton henceforth. Whether this is true or not we have our doubts. At any rate, the Viceroy has not seen fit to issue the mighty chop publicly, but will, it is thought, when the Company leave [for Macao, March or April]. The Chinese are very cunning, and know very well what they are about. Uncle has not been down since the first of December, when he came with us; and we do not expect to see him till February or March.

**January 25**—I long to know what you think of our trip to Canton. I daresay you will think we were wrong to attempt it, thereby break-

ing the laws of even the Chinese; but I assure you there is no comparison to be drawn between the Chinese and any other nation in the world. They will not allow any innovation upon "old custom," and will ding those words into your ears forever if it is not for their interest to violate it, when it is quite a different thing. Another thing they acknowledge is that they "cannot talky reason," and must be "bullied." Everyone advised Uncle to make the experiment of taking us up, and they were very shrewd, and knew just the tender point to touch,—the stopping of the trade of the one house. So we were obliged to give in. Not that I wished to stay in Canton any longer. Three weeks answered my purpose very well, but I could not bear to let the Chinese know they could do anything with the Americans. For my own part, I was not well while there, and I am sure Aunt L. was not. It is very delightful to have our friends round us, and I would put up with many inconveniences to be with Uncle and a few others who live in Canton, but to be constantly subject, morning, noon, and night, to visits from people we care nothing about, but are obliged to treat civilly, I assure you, fond as I am of society and company, it was too much for me. On our return to Macao it seemed more enchanting than ever. The lovely weather and the quiet were really delightful; and since my return I have employed my time much to my own satisfaction, which is very comforting.

Poor Mr. B. [Baynes], being a feeble man, has taken his troubles and disappointments quite to heart, and last night was at the point of death. Mr. Dunn took passage in the *Canning* for England, after having been feasted, toasted, and cheered to his heart's content. He has the good wishes and good will of all who have ever known him in Canton. He is very fond of good living, and will have everything of the nicest kind, and is as particular in laying a cloth under the table to make it match with the stripes of the carpet as ever Mrs. Ropes was.



## Volume III

March 1–December 15, 1831

**March 1<sup>st</sup> 1831** Well my dear sister I am commencing another book. I wish I could be sure that you read them with interest. My last book I sent off I think the 25<sup>th</sup> of February to go by my friend Mr. Russell.<sup>1</sup> This is the last book I have of the kind, and the one Aunt Low commenced her journal in, but you will see she did not fill her book as I did mine.<sup>2</sup> Since I sent the last I believe nothing particular has happened, excepting that I have been introduced to another American gentleman who came out in the *Fanny* of Philadelphia, a Mr. Wood [William W. Wood],<sup>3</sup> a very clever and pleasant young man. He was introduced by Mr. Beale on Sunday morning being, as he says, too diffident to come alone. He managed however after the first time to come again to walk with us and to tea. He is an immense talker.

The last night of February we had a large party at Mrs. Morrison's, had a band of music, a supper and a quaderille, the pleasantest party this season.

**1<sup>st</sup> March** This morning at home. Our dear friend Mrs. [Emily Humfrays] Davis spent an hour or two with us. After dinner went to walk, got into a bit of a scrape, something about walking with Mr. Wood, however not worth telling, Vachell joined us at Cassilla's and Mr. Rieves [J. R. Reeves] and we returned home. Mrs. Allport and Wood spent the evening with us. A clever youth.

**2<sup>d</sup>** This morning a party set off for the Lappa, composed of Mr. [John Francis Davis] and Mrs. Davis,<sup>4</sup> Miss Morrison, Mr. Pierson [Pearson], Mr. Vachell, Lindsay, [Matthew] Daniell<sup>5</sup> "alias enigma," Mr. Wood and myself. We had a very delightful sail and walk on the other Is-

land. The sun was rather hot and I did not enjoy [it] as much as I other ways should for it gave me a severe head ache.

We were gone about three hours. Visited the Joss house which is situated in the most picturesque manner on the declivity of a high hill in, among a great deal of shrubbery and some fine trees. It is a sweet spot. The river runs before it at a little distance, and at one side at no great distance is a fine fall of water. The people were excessively civil and gave us tea and all the oranges they had. The tea was the best they had but I could not be tempted to taste it. They brought in some cakes and something else, a sort of nondescript. Mr. Davis called it "pig pye not sufficiently disguised"—the junks [chunks] of Pork fat were much too apparent although there were no Mahometans in the party. You would have been amused at the tea pot we had, but I cannot describe it. We set on the steps of the Joss house after having seen all that there was to see and partook of our frugal meal, and after having rested our weary limbs a little, we again commenced our journey home, and went by a different route. All were highly pleased with the excursion and even Mr. Davis who before he set out thought it "complete assassination of a day" acknowledged that he had been quite paid for it. He is a great student and feels every moment lost that is not spent with his work, I believe. He is what the English call an exceeding clever man, and can make himself very agreeable. They wished me to dine with them, but I was too much fatigued—and I went home, and took my books and studied a little french, translated a chapter which pleased me much. Mr. Vachell came in to bring my handkerchief which he had put in his pocket. Said he was on his way to the barrier, but he stayed with us till 7, then went to Mrs. Baynes'.

3<sup>d</sup> This morning Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. Davis, Whiteman & Mr. Wood called, Mr. W. to take leave. He goes to Canton this afternoon.

After dinner went out to walk with Mrs. Allport, a delightful afternoon, we went toward the barrier. Vachell, Rieves, and Mr. Gover joined us and walked out with us. I felt in fine spirits and had quite a merry walk home. V., R. & myself were trying to see which could make the most brilliant speeches, any thing by way of variety here. I hear to day there has an American Ship gone up. Went home, Vachell with me and had just said I felt like going to a party, felt in unusual good spirits, and I heard the servants say, Mr. Russell. I run

to the stairs and found he was there sure enough—I was truly glad to see him. He says the *Roman* has arrived and our letters have gone to Canton. Capt. Lavender sent me word that he saw you or rather Father and Mother the day before he left and you were all well. That must satisfy me for a day or two I suppose. Hope to have lots of letters. We set up chatting till 11 o'clock. Mr. R. came down in a fast Boat on purpose to see us.

In the last few days I have seen considerable of a Mr. W[ood], who came out in the *Fanny* from Philadelphia, a very “clever” and pleasant young man. He leaves this afternoon however for Canton. He has a long tongue of his own, yea, verily! Philadelphia turns out some great talkers!

[The following passage is taken from a letter written the same day to a member of the Low family.]

We have received orders from the Governor of Macao to leave this place. He says he has received them from the Court of Lisbon. Now this is so counter to the treaty of the nations that the reasons for doing it are not understood. He says he shall not resort to force to drive us away, but, I assure you, it is not very pleasant to be threatened from one place to another. We were sent to Macao by the Viceroy of Canton, and, if the Governor here tells us to walk, we shall just have to apply to said Viceroy for permission to remain. People say the government of Macao is only nominally Portuguese, and I do not think there is much danger of our being sent home. Soon after we arrived, Uncle called on his Excellency, as is customary, and told him what house he had taken, and the Governor told him he must apply to the Court of Lisbon or Goa for permission to stay here. He wrote to Lisbon; but it will probably be three years before he gets an answer, when I suspect we shall be ready to go home. So much for orders, which do not trouble us much.

4<sup>th</sup> Spent the day in talking with Uncle Russell or rather the morning. He made a few calls and in the meantime I made a large bundle up for you to go by Uncle R. and wrote a letter to Haskell and one to you my dear—and we dined at 2 and Uncle R. left us for Lintin about 3. There is a satisfaction in seeing him, but I do not know whether it equals the pain of parting. I have a great horror of bidding good bye to any one in whom I take any interest, but there, it

perhaps will be a pleasure to you to know he saw us before he left. God bless him and may he have a pleasant and speedy passage.

5 The first thing this morning I rejoiced myself, with a dose of SALTs, have not quite recovered from the effects of the long walk. Went to the drawing room hoping to see my letter, but no. Mrs. Turner called this morning, and brought me two pair of nice gloves, too small for her—the ladies have an idea that I have the smallest hand in the place. This is the 5<sup>th</sup> pair I think that I have had given me. It is very convenient when one's stock is quite out. After dinner went to walk with Mrs. A[llport] A most lovely afternoon, we sit down on the hills for some time. At last saw, by Mr. Whiteman's help, the *Bashaw*—

Dashing onward in a mimic War—

With all her sails, and banners mastering the wind.

Yes it is now out a speck in the distance, they now tempt the open sea. O happy man! is the cry from all, O that he may be preserved and blest, and enjoy his family for many years. We took the last look of the Ship and returned home. Spent the evening in mending stockings, gloves and some odd jobs.

**Sunday Morn 6** Dreamed last night that I received an immense packet of letters by the *Roman*, and thought they must be here the first thing this morning, but alas I must wait a little longer yet. Now must get ready for church, hope they will not come just as I am going out the door.

Have just returned from Church and no letters for me yet. Mr. Vachell give us a good Sermon, on faith and good works, a common subject, but an excellent discourse. He believes that faith is nothing without good works, and he says faith now in these ages is a different thing from faith in the time of the Saviour and his apostles—that then the Jews or Gentiles before they could embrace the Christian religion and believe in Jesus Christ were obliged to have their wills subdued, to overcome deep-rooted prejudices, and many other troubles and tribulations attending their altering their belief—that they were obliged to alter their conduct and livings to believe in Christ—that we were born in a Christian land, had Christian parents, a Christian education, and we are from habit led to believe from our infancy; that every thing is made plain and easy

for us, and that we do believe, without having our wills subdued or any alteration in our course of life. And it is necessary that we should manifest by a religious and devout life, by good works, by charity and humility that we do believe and that we do look to Christ as our redeemer.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniell have just been in. We happened to speak of Mrs. Cleveland of her having married her sister's husband. It struck Mrs. Daniell with great horror, she says it is against the Ecclesiastical law to marry a sister in Law, and she thought it very dreadful. I told her it was very common with us, she was quite astonished. I must confess I should not like to marry a Brother in Law.

After dinner Vachell came in and we took a quiet walk to the Pania with Mrs. Allport. I came home early, intending to go to Dr. Morrison's, as he has service there every Sunday evening now—but I came in and found a batch of letters for Miss Harriett Low on the table. They were instantly seized by her ladyship and could not be digested in time to go again. Then after I had read all mine, Aunt Low gave me Uncle's to read, which tells us of the fate of poor Frank [Knapp, executed September 28, 1830, for the murder of Joseph White of Salem (vol. 2, n. 92)].

I did not think it could take place and even now I cannot realize it—you may judge my thoughts after that. Aunt Low was fully prepared for it, there seems to be no end to the tragedy. And tomorrow morning I shall have to get up, so contrary to my feelings, and go to a public breakfast and races and dinner in the evening. I shall get off if I can but shall go if Aunt L wishes it, as we wish to prevent any questions being asked, and the people here are very curious to know the why's of every movement—but I shall little enjoy it as you may judge after this—but we have been engaged over a week or rather I have. Aunt Low is under College's orders and has not been out for three weeks.

7 A fine day, being a little cloudy and not hot. The first thing I received my dear sister's journal and many other letters by [the Spanish barque] *Peru* via Manilla, which explain many things, I just had the end of last night. Then I was in such a fever, I had all this bundle of letters to read, to dress and go to breakfast at 1/2 past nine. Aunt Low requested me to go. I gave my letters a hasty glance and arrived in good season, thinking more of my letters than breakfast or



any thing else. We had a splendid *déjeuner* and a very large company, all Macao was there I believe, or all the English part with Perreiras and Goyenne—"breakfast hab ready sir"). After breakfast we got into a nice boat provided for us and went round to the race course, had a pleasant sail. The day was fine and the races rather good they said, but I took no interest in them and I must say the hours hung heavily enough while there. About 4 I left, the rest of the party went in the boat, but I thought I would go in my chair, and Vachell went with me. The gentlemen are all asking me if I have seen the poetry. They say there is some made and some persons are mentioned, they will not tell me the author. They say it is to be set to music and then I may perchance hear it. Vachell says he has a copy of it in his desk, and he teazes me about it, but I tell him I shall not ask him again.

Got home just in time to give Aunt Low a little account of the proceedings—to read my letters over and dress for dinner. Your letter my dear sister give me great pleasure; it is just what I want, and you branched out a little more than usual. That is generally your great fault I think, you confine yourself too closely to facts, and do not give me your opinion so much as I should like generally. I always want some of your remarks on every thing. Your anecdotes of little Ellen delighted me. What a funny little thing she must be. But however I shall write you soon; so it is not worth while to descant upon them here. I dressed me for dinner, wore a pink gauze over white satin, a very pretty dress I'll assure you, but one I have worn twice before. There was a very large party of gentlemen and 12 ladies, which is a great number to assemble in Macao.

The dinner was very splendid, but I think all very tedious. We sit at table two hours, and then leave the gentlemen to their wine, and being a race dinner they had speechifying and kept there a great while. The party broke up a few minutes after the dinner or after the gentlemen came to the drawing room. A foolish fashion the ladies have here, if one goes all must, and the consequence is when we get there we are knocked about with coolies and chair. Mrs. Grant and I were last out, and as we could not get at our carriages we went back a while. I was with Mr. Vachell & Alexander and they insisted on it. Mr. Chinnery give us some beautiful songs, and the last 1/2 hour was the pleasantest of the evening. I was really so tired I could not sleep when I got home.

**Tuesday 8** This morning I have been reading the papers father sent. I should like when you do send papers to have something besides advertisements. I do not think much of your Long Island Stars—a few words from my dear father on the margins of one was better than all the rest.

Went to walk at the Pania this afternoon with Mrs. Allport. Oh I wrote a letter to S. Orne this morning to go via Syngapore and Mr. Vachell kindly enclosed it in his.

**Wednesday 9** This morning Mrs. Davis came in before we were dressed, stayed about an hour, and I was on nettles. She went and we had quite a load till dinner time—Mr. Huddleston & Ravenshaw, Mrs. Perreira, Dr. & Mrs. Morrison, College, Gover, Haylett [William Haylett],<sup>6</sup> Hollingworth [William Hollingworth]<sup>7</sup> and young [Matthew] Daniell alias l'enigma. So I took my work and made up my mind to it for that day. Dreadful windy day and quite cold. Mrs. A[llport] & I went out after dinner, and I found my plaid cloak very comfortable. Mrs. A. spent the eve with us. Capt. Jennings again from San Blas here.

**Thursday 10** No one in this morning, have been reading papers and a little French. Mr. Vachell sent us some N[ew] York *Albions*.<sup>8</sup> Mrs. Davis in after dinner, she says Vachell went out in the Cutter yesterday morning expecting to be back in hour & a half, but he has not been heard of since. They have dispatched several boats—the wind has been blowing quite a gale.

Went to walk with Mr. & Mrs. D. & Mrs. A. Found a new place, went through a village where we were assaulted or barked at by a thousand dogs—which with children squalling made quite a Bedlam. Were very glad to hear on our return that Vachell had returned, having been in the most perilous situation—they came as near as possible being lost. Spent the evening in Sewing.

**Friday 11** One of those days in which I feel as though I could not fix myself to any thing. I took up a book, and threw it aside; took another, equally uninteresting. I could not amuse myself with any thing, and I jumped into my chair and went up to Mrs. Fearon's to play with her baby. Stayed with her till near dinner time. I dare say you know this feeling my dear sis. It is truly an unsettled feeling, and with me a sort of homesick feeling.

Mr. Vachell came in after dinner and gave us a history of his adventures. Poor man he feels that he has had a narrow escape and I should think he had. However the Cutter received on the whole but little injury. Went to a party at Mrs. Turner's this evening—there were 9 ladies and about as many gents.

**Saturday 12** A levee again to day. Studied till 4 o'clock and then Dent and Van Basil called, then College, Mrs. Crockett and Mr. Alexander, nothing new however. Went this afternoon to the Lappa, had a most delightful walk. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Allport, Miss Morrison and brother [John Robert Morrison], young Daniell, Vachell and my dear self. The afternoon was lovely, the party in good spirits, the scenery new and delightful—and we took tea with Mrs. D., had some good music in the evening and came home quite delighted with the trip and all resolved on a repetition. Did not get to sleep however till 3 o'clock, the wind blew quite a gale in the night.

**Sunday 13** Went to Church this morning, heard a most excellent sermon and came home, read over my last letters and was interrupted by Mrs. Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill called. After dinner Vachell and Mrs. Allport called for me to walk. We had a long and very delightful walk and on our return were joined by Majoribanks and Lindsay. I walked home with L. & V. and what do you think was one subject of our conversation, nothing more nor less than the far famed indian "Slap Jacks." Mr. L. says I hope you do not eat "slap Jacks." I assured him I eat two every morning. To tell the truth I eat 4 but I thought I would not shock him too much. He begged me to get a more Euphonic name for them, begged me not to say I eat "slap Jacks." "Oh horrid" he says. He left me at the door and wished me a good appetite for the next morning. He is a droll creature. V. took tea with us. In the eve I left him and went to Dr. Morrison's. Heard a very good sermon, but was rather late.

**Monday 14** An invitation this morning from Mrs. Davis to breakfast with her on the 21<sup>st</sup>, another race day. And now I am going to send a note to Mrs. Fearon to say I will spend this evening with her. Soon after received a note soon after saying she anticipated the pleasure of my company this evening, but said it must not interfere with tomorrow eve'g as she has a little party.

Read French till 1 o'clock and was very industrious till nearly dark—making a morning dress out of that little spotted one that Uncle had made for himself before we left America—it sets elegantly. I now call myself an experienced mantua maker. Mrs. Allport came in after dinner and said she would not advise me to go out, it was so windy.

I accordingly did not but went up to Mrs. Fearon's early and who should I see on my arrival but Mr. Vachell. I was perfectly astonished, but it seems he understood me that I was going to walk in the garden, and I had thought of it, so he posted up there in the afternoon, but he missed it that time! No one else there but us two.

**Tuesday Morn 15** Before breakfast. Truly sleep seems to have departed from my eyes and slumber from my eyelids, I did not sleep 1/2 the night. Slap Jacks ready. A lovely morning as ever broke upon us. This morning employed as usual. Mr. J. P. Sturgis made us a long call this morning. He says Mr. Cushing left [deleted: this morning] [his] place or Canton with great regret, and thinks he may return here.<sup>9</sup> I think he had better divide his fortune and come and make another for himself. About 1/2 past two I went into Aunt Low's room and who should walk in a few minutes after but W. H. Low Esq., and I'll assure you although unexpected we were very happy to see him. It is now over three months since he left us. He brought me a letter from Mr. Wood with a quantity of Lithographic prints for me to copy with some very pretty engravings, a new *Souvenir* (a present) for 1831,<sup>10</sup> some very pretty engravings—4 nice pencils, a piece of india rubber, a pen knife & etc. He wishes me to draw, & I am sure I am very fond of it, and shall set about it instantly.

Did not walk to day, but went to Mrs. Fearon's this evening. Had a stupid time, a small party, but I did not feel in spirits. Vachell called as he went along and escorted me.

**Wednesday 16** Busy as usual all the morning. Uncle out making calls. After dinner went to walk with him, a most lovely afternoon, neither too hot nor too cold. Quite perfect. Vachell joined us at the Bay and we went round the hills and home again. Mr. & Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Allport and Mr. Vachell spent the eve with us, and a very pleasant one too.

**Thursday 17** A most delightful morning, such a one I suspect as you never will have on your bleak shores in this tempestuous month.

After breakfast I read a great many pages in French, finished *Télémaque* and the third volume of *Don Quixote* [Cervantes]. Did a little sewing—and saw Mr. [Lancelot] Dent alias self importance and our dear friend College. After dinner I drew a little while by way of amusement till our party, consisting of Mr. & Mrs. Davis, Mr. Vachell and young Daniell, called for us to take a Geological walk. We were very anxious for a hammer but there is no such thing in China I believe, however we proceeded without it, and went to a place where I never was before. There is a curious mass of quartz running through the hill—in little holes in the rock can be distinctly seen the formation of the crystals. The evening was quite perfect. We perched on the top of the hill where we could see the sun just setting behind the hills and withdrawing her powerful light to give place to the new and gentle moon—not a breath of air to disturb the quiet of the sea, and all seemed too quiet and too clear to suppose that it could ever be again clouded or again lashing the rough shores with fury. We had to leave the lovely spot, but I did it very reluctantly. Vachell spent the evening with us.

**Friday 18** Engaged as usual throughout the day—Uncle out making calls all the morning. After dinner walked with Uncle and Aunt. Spent the evening alone. About 10 Uncle and I set down to pay our *devoirs* to 3 “Crawfish” which resemble lobsters only not quite so sweet, but the nearest approach to them we can get here. They are formed very much like them. My reflections over the Crawfish carried me to our kitchen in Crombie St. being the last place where I had eaten a lobster and that the night before I left the beloved place. But the last Crawfish I eat in the Cabin of the Ship *Sumatra* the night after we left Manilla. We bought it in Maravelles Bay of a native and [it] was as sweet as any thing I ever eat. I think the last 1/2 page will be excessively interesting to you, but so it goes my dear.

**Saturday 19** This morning Capt. [Charles] Millet<sup>11</sup> of the *Clay* called here from Manilla last, married George’s Cousin Sally Archer. Though I never saw the person before, yet it does seem good to see any one from home. He dined with us and left for Lintin in the afternoon. He says he left George Pierce in Manilla. He offered him a passage over but he was obliged to stay as the *Eliza* was expected, which arrived, the day the *Clay* left, from England. Wonder if I have any letters from her.



Walked after dinner with Uncle and Mrs. Allport. Mr. Vachell joined us on our return and both spent the evening with us. I wonder what you would think of Mr. V. as a parson. He is one of the drollest creatures I ever met. He keeps us laughing all the time. He is a good man in his way, but [has] little of the gravity of a clergyman.

**Sunday 20** I am now going to prepare for Church. I must to day write a letter to Mr. Wood. Goody, what a job. He wrote me a very amusing one the other day when he sent me the drawing materials. Now I must do my prettiest. Suppose I shall have to begin My dear Mr. W. as he took the liberty to say My dear Miss Low—but that is so common here, in every note and billet, that it means no more than My dear sir when a challenge is sent. Adieu for the present.

Wrote a long note to Mr. Wood. And it being rainy after dinner I did not go to walk. Read one or two sermons and then took H. K. White's *remains*<sup>12</sup> which never fail to make me melancholy. I got quite dull before tea time. Uncle, Aunt & I spent the eve most of it in talking about going home and matters and things connected with it. Went to bed feeling that I should have no spirits for to go out to breakfast tomorrow morning, but there is no knowing what an hour may bring forth. I am happy to say a night's Sleep often softens the asperities of one's feelings—and calms our troubled thoughts.

**Monday 21<sup>st</sup>** Awoke this morning still with a weight on my spirits, why I know not, but however I was persuaded to go. Had a very pleasant breakfast. Uncle & Aunt also went, a large party. Went to the race course in a boat, a very delightful morning, no sun and cool enough. Races were very good. Came home part of the way in my chair and walked a while with Vachell. Came home and went to drawing, am quite mad now for this delightful amusement. Dressed and went to the dinner at 7 at the Company's, Vachell handed me to table. Set between him and Lindsay. If I could have chosen, those would have been the ones. Came home about 10, but I won't tell you my dear how out of humour I was or the cause of it till I can see you face to face, then I will tell you all the little annoyances and troubles. I went to bed almost resolved never to go any where again while I was in Macao, but I suppose this resolution is made to be broken—and in the course of a week I shall be quite reconciled. But once in a while, I do return in disgust from every body, and think that the rest of my exis[tence] shall be spent in poring over books,

and I will amuse myself in that way. But I do like society, and I am again drawn in.

**Tuesday 22<sup>d</sup>** A note from Mrs. Davis this morning to take tea with her but I begged to be excused, this eve'g.

Uncle left us for Canton about 2 o'clock. He has gone in the Company's Cutter with Mr. Lindsay so that he will have a comfortable time. Did not go out to walk, but walked on the terrace *à la solitaire* till after dark. A lovely evening. After tea I cut out a morning dress.

**Wednesday 23<sup>d</sup>** This morning we have had a regular row in our rooms—they have been turning them topsy turvy. Aunt Low is having the floors painted, and while hers is painting she is to sleep in my room. It is now brim full of furniture. It would take a whole sheet of paper to tell the contents. When mine is done I shall have to go into hers.

Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt] and College called this morning. Mrs. Davis came in and stayed till 3 o'clock. After dinner went out to walk. Vachell joined us on the Campo—returned with us a while. Mrs. A[llport] took tea with us.

**24** I intended to have rejoiced myself with something that stands in a great box under my table this morning, but positively I was up too late, and there stands all the paraphernalia of such an operation on the table now—for instance, an orange, plate, knife, and tumbler, waiting either for resolution or tomorrow morning. But last night I was kept awake most of the night, by a little insignificant mosquito, who without license or invitation found his way under my curtains, very much to my annoyance. But had he been still, he might have had a comfortable nights lodging, but he was so delighted with his situation, that he kept an incessant singing, but his notes were too discordant to afford me any pleasure and I persecuted him with a little whip (made of horse hair on purpose) but he was too small to be killed, and I was vexed with myself that so trifling a thing could annoy me. But so it is, "trifles you know make the sum of human things." [Hannah More, *Sensibility*] O my dear sister I would give sixpence to see you—I am not yet myself. I have got dreadfully out of humour, I have not now the happy disposition you say I have—but I must study now, my books of late

have not had the interest they once had. I hope to find myself again in a few days. Adieu.

I left this, here in a very gloomy state—and was deliberating which I had best do, read over my old letters (my constant resource) or take a dose of Salts. I finally concluded indisposition must be the cause of my gloom, so I dissolved them and was just standing before the glass in my own room thinking how interesting I looked, with the glass half up to my mouth, making faces and shuddering involuntarily, when Aunt Low came in and brought me a letter from my dear mother, one from A. A. Low and one from E. W. Ward—and I'll assure you the Salts were instantly put on the table for further consideration. I read them again and again. They were old but nevertheless just as interesting; they were those by the *George*. They might have been up here two months since, but they were sent by a slow sailing ship. But never mind, they came just in the right time. I felt 6 per cent better after them. I took my salts, then my books and now I feel almost myself again. After dinner read Lord Byron's works and then went to walk with Mrs. Allport. Called to see Mrs. Whiteman, poor woman, she is suffering. She has not left her couch for 4 weeks. Met Vachell out by Casilla's, had a most delightful walk. The evening was quite perfect. We went on to the steps of the Cathedral and heard the rich tones of the organ for some time. O I do so delight in hearing it. It carries me instantly back to our Church in Salem—now this very instant they are probably seated at the pine table in the western side of the orchestra singing away. As Eliza Ward tells me they meet every Friday eve'g and it is now Friday morning. Vachell passed the evening with us.

**Friday 25** Read French this morning a while, and then took my work. After dinner drew a little, and then Mrs. Davis came in and stayed till it was time to go to walk. Went out with her, a most lovely afternoon. We seated ourselves on the hill—and sent Mr. D. to walk further and we had a social chat. Our house is all in an uproar, they are painting the dining room and Aunt Low's room. You would be amused to see the brushes the painters use. Had a letter from Uncle last night, he had arrived safely. Breakfast. Went to Mrs. Thornhill's spent a pleasant evening—a small party.

**Saturday 26** This morning read a novel in French half through. I find it much easier to understand than the Spanish although I have

studied that so much more. It seems to come natural, but the pronunciation I almost despair of that. But when Mr. Ienar [Gernaert] comes back, I intend putting myself under his tuition, if he will take a stupid pupil, and he says he shall be only "too happy."

Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Forbes [Robert Bennet Forbes]<sup>13</sup> called this morning. Mr. F. reminds me very much of Uncle Edward, has whenever I have seen him.

Mrs. Fearon in this morning, brought me a pair of English shoes too small for her.

Walked after dinner with Mr. Vachell and Mrs. Allport—a perfect afternoon. There was a race this afternoon, but I preferred the other side of the town.

**Sunday 27** Went to Church this morning. After church read a very excellent book, that I borrowed, "Letters to the Young" by Mrs. Jewsbury.<sup>14</sup> They were very good, and would that I could remember and profit by all the good precepts therein.

After dinner I went out with Mrs. Allport; had a head ache, thought I'd walk it off. Aunt Low left me at home alone and went to Dr. Morrison's. I wrote a letter to A. A. Low in the mean time.

**Monday 28** Finished *Edouard*,<sup>15</sup> a french novel, find it very easy. A warm day. A white dress is to day very comfortable. Summer is coming upon us. Dr. Pierson, and Mr. Lindsay called, with young Mingqua<sup>16</sup> a Hong Merchant—a likely looking youth. Mr. L. brought him down with him in the Cutter. He is learning him to read English.

Pulled out old dresses to day and find the great sleeves worn last summer will have to be cut out. Oh dear what a job. What slaves to fashion women are.

Spent the evening with Mrs. Allport—a most lovely evening. I was much inclined to take a moonlight walk on the Pania, Mrs. Davis sent for me to go with her—but I was to be shut up in the house—but I stood at the window most of the eve'g, looking out on the open sea. She lives on the Praya.

Walked home with Mr. Vachell. And [I] roamed the terrace till quite late *à la solitaire*—thinking, thinking, thinking. O dear Me! I am now a week behind me, but I suspect it has not been a very eventful week.

**Tuesday 29** Mother's and Father's birth day Mr. College and Mrs. Davis in, stayed an hour or two. The gentlemen all playing at Cricket to day, a famous English game. We went to see them a while after dinner. Then took a walk with Mrs. and Mr. Majoribanks, Vachell and myself. Every body engaged to dinner parties. Of course we were alone in the evening. Suppose I worked as usual.

**Wednesday 30** Did up my letter and sent to Canton for Abbot to day for the *Walter*. Did not go out to walk. Aunt L. & Mrs. A. went to make calls. I amused myself with drawing. Think the first thing I should do were I to go to New York would be to go to Mr. Bonfanti's store,<sup>17</sup> for independent of all the queer things he has to sell, he must be a curiosity himself. I am very much amused at his advertisements in some of the New York papers. But now I should go to purchase drawing apparatus, for I can get no paper fit to use and I have taken a great fancy to that amusement.

Mr. Vachell came in and spent the evening with us *sans cérémonie*.

**Thursday 31<sup>st</sup>** After dinner went up to Mrs. Fearon's to walk in her garden; spent the eve'g with her. Wrote a letter to Mother, or rather I have one under way.

**Good Friday 1<sup>st</sup> of April** Soon after breakfast the Portuguese had a procession from the Cathedral. It ought to have been very solemn, but those engaged in it do not seem to feel it—but it makes my blood run cold. It seems to me a mockery. An image to represent the body of our saviour just taken from the cross, was borne by men in a sort of coffin—only the head exposed—behind two images to represent I presume the virgin Mary and I do not [know] who else, but I cannot describe the different figures. Little children dressed as angels in the most absurd manner—but the most imposing part is the slow and solemn music, the muffled drums—the arms reversed, the banners furled and to see an immense crowd on their knees. And if we could feel that they all deeply felt what they were about, it would be still more imposing—but perhaps they feel more than I think they do. We must leave that for the Searcher of all hearts, but I suspect but very few of them know what it is to represent. I went to Church in the morning, heard an excellent sermon. And thank my god that we can worship him from the heart without all this useless ceremony,



that we have the Bible put into our own hands, that we can read for ourselves—and are not restricted to what these padres please.

I went to walk after dinner with Mrs. Allport—was talking to her about the necessary forms to be gone through before partaking of the communion. I am determined to speak to Mr. Vachell about it. She says there is no form, that every one who is seriously disposed, is invited to partake. I have thought much of it of late, and I feel it a duty enjoined upon every one. The last word of our Saviour, “this do in remembrance of me” [Luke 22:19] is sufficient. Even if it were but a request is it not enough? The request of an earthly friend when about to leave us would not be so sadly neglected. Then why the last request of our dying saviour, who suffered on the cross that we might live? Who set us such an example, and if we follow it, think of our reward. I was in hopes to have seen V. to day, but did not to speak with him. Mrs. A., Mr. Pierson and Mr. Daniell spent the evening with us.

**Saturday April 2<sup>d</sup>** Capt. Millet in this morning. Says Roundy has arrived from Manilla, also several others—the *Bengal* was just going in from Salem. Hope I shall have a line or two by her, but fear. Walked a little way after dinner—spent the evening alone.

**Sunday 3** Went to Church this morning, Easter Sunday. Was awoke the first thing this morning by music, which recalled to mind the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour. “And after three days he rose again from the dead” [“The Apostles’ Creed,” *Book of Common Prayer*]. Mr. Vachell gave us an excellent sermon. The sacrament was administered and I felt a great desire to stay, but I did not. But I sincerely hope before another time, I shall have made up my mind to fulfill the last request, and to join in celebrating that rite which was instituted to remind us of our duty, and to draw us nearer to heaven and the presence of him who sacrificed every thing for us. Yes my dear sister I hope it will be a new era in my life, that by performing one duty, I may be led on—from step to step—till I arrive at the perfect knowledge. O and may God give me grace and the assistance of his holy Spirit that I may be effectually restrained from sin and excited to my duty. Read a excellent sermon on this subject of Buckminster’s, which quite convinced me.

Mr. Vachell came in after dinner. I wrote a letter to Grandmother. The weather this morning was quite oppressive. After dinner the

wind came round to the North and it was quite cold, looked like a tempest, had a great deal of thunder and lightning near Canton. Lightened here too. Mrs. Allport, V. & I took a short walk but there was a monstrous deal of wind. Afterwards he came in. And I had a long talk with him in the verandah. He says he will send me some books to read which he thinks will quite satisfy me on the subject. He spent part of the evening with us.

**Monday 4** Commenced a letter to you my dear sister this morning. Soon after Roundy came in, just from Canton. The good old *Sumatra* is in the roads. Wants me to go home with him. A cold day. Brought me a new *Token* [an annual] from Mr. [Oliver] Gordon. No news. No one in. After dinner walked with Mr. Vachell or rather met him on the Beach. Went out with Mrs. Allport. Mrs. A. took tea with us. Vachell was engaged.

**Tuesday 5** A perfect day. We are however very much in need of rain, the poor Chinamen fear for their crop of rice. Mr. Beale called to see us. Vachell called for us to walk, it was so pleasant we went. Mr. Majoribanks joined us on the Campo. We had quite a confidential chat. He [Vachell] is a good creature, and I value him more than all the other English in the place—probably because I know more of him, and can venture to speak to him without the fear of having it repeated. He is very prudent. Roundy left us to night for Canton. Will be off now Chop Chop.

**Wednesday 6** Reading the life of the Duke de Berry<sup>18</sup>—I am quite in love with his character. What an unfortunate family they have been. After dinner Mrs. Davis came in. We went to walk with herself and husband. A delightful evening. Met Mrs. Turner and young [Matthew] Daniell joined us, and before we reached home old [J.F.N.] Daniell. You cannot imagine a greater contrast than there is in these two brothers, one all fun and life, the other so languishing, so romantic, that the sound of any thing gross or common place shocks him so much. It is really as good as a play to see him and Mr. Davis, who is very blunt, and sometimes not so nice in his observations. Poor Matt, he looks horror struck, and I suppose wonders that the ladies do not crush him with their looks, when they do nothing but laugh to see the effect it has on him. I was very much amused with them in the boat the other day when crossing the River.

**Thursday 7** This morning read awhile, but was not much in the mood. Believe I wrote a letter. Dressed and Ibar and Van Basil called—just from Canton. They seem as though they were just let loose from a cage, when they come down for a day or two, all life and spirits.

[Lancelot] Dent in likewise, he too as noisy as ever. I went out and called on Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Davis & Mrs. Grant. Heard nothing worth relating, and went home.

After dinner we went to Mrs. Robinson's house. Mrs. Allport intends removing. Mr. Dent and Perreira met us there. I walked home with Dent, he is a queer animal. What a difference there is in people. There are no two alike I believe.

**Friday 8** A letter from Uncle says the *Roman* sails on the 12<sup>th</sup>. Ten chances to one our letters do not arrive in season. However dispatched them after dinner, and they ought to get there before the 12<sup>th</sup>, but some fatality attends Talbot's vessels [the *Roman* was one] or rather the letters designed for them.

Went to the Campo after dinner, Majoribanks joined us. I had the honour of walking home with him. He is over 6 ft. I believe, and I'll assure I had as lives be excused—my arm really ached before I got home.

**Saturday 9** At home and alone in the drawing room reading and sewing by turns till about 5 when Vachell came in. We had a little *tête à tête*, and then went to walk. Went out to Casilha's, he took tea with us but left early, as he likes to be at home early Saturday evenings.

**Sunday 10** This morning Vachell sent me several books, one a *Companion to the Altar*,<sup>19</sup> and another Tomline's *Theology*,<sup>20</sup> giving some explanations of the Trinity, and a kind letter from him with some observations on the subject—and pointing out some passages which he thought would convince me of the truth of the Doctrine of the Trinity—and the Divinity of Jesus Christ—all of which I shall peruse with attention and pray to god to enlighten my understanding. I went to Church and heard an excellent sermon. Read much to day. Read the *Companion to the Altar*, and feel convinced that I could conscientiously partake of the Holy Communion—although I cannot bring myself yet to believe in the Trinity. How much I wish I could converse a little with my dear Father. Arguments strong on

both sides quite puzzle me. Every body here believes in the Trinity, and who can I go to, to question on the other side. Would that I could feel satisfied, and I do feel satisfied, I do believe in one Supreme God, most firmly believe it,—but how to answer some of the staggering verses pointed out to me I know not. But can it be so important to our salvation? Would our heavenly Father have left any thing in such hidden mystery, had it have been so very necessary to us? Would he not have explained to us, if of such vast importance? I have faith in our Saviour; I believe in the divinity of his mission.

I went out to walk with Mrs. Allport. We went to one of the furthest hills, and perched, thinking we were out of the reach of every body. I am sure I thought we could not be discovered—but we had not been long before the long Mr. Majoribanks appeared before us. We had been rejoicing that we were in our chairs when we passed just before, but he offered me his arm and I must take it—advised us to go directly home as it thundered and looked like rain. Had not gone far before we met old Daniell, he had come up to see what that red thing on the hill was (my bonnet)—offered me his arm. I quit-  
ted m.b.ks. and left him with Mrs. Allport. Coming home, D. wanted to know if I ever went to Dr. Morrison's church, what church I had attended at home, or to what sect I belonged? I told him I had been in the habit of attending a Unitarian. He would hardly believe it, says you are not a Unitarian, how can you go to our Church? I answered his questions—he seemed to have a great horror of U[nitarians]—said they were as different as possible from the Church of England, and indeed the only sect that did not come within the pale of their Church. He said they did not believe in the Divinity of Christ, nor of any of his institutions, the Sanctity of marriage, of Baptism, nor indeed of any thing. I told him they were a different sect altogether in America—that they did believe in them, that I had been baptized, that they did believe in the sanctity of marriage, that the Sacrament was administered every month. He was quite astonished at the difference. Says the Unitarians are not called Christians in England. In short they are I should think what we call Deists which are as different as possible from Unitarians. I endeavoured to explain as well as I could the difference, but did not think at the time the equivalent in America to their Unitarians. I think I succeeded in convincing him, and Mrs. Daniell too whom we joined

just after, that our sect was different from theirs. How I wished at that moment for all Mr. Upham's knowledge of the subject. I came home quite excited, and spent the eve'g alone in reading, trying to find out something. Aunt Low went to Dr. Morrison's. Found some very good pieces in an old *Unitarian Miscellany*.

Just about dark all our letters for *Roman* were returned. How provoking. Now they will undoubtedly miss the *Roman* unless she should be detained longer. Sent them to Vachell who was to have gone up in the Cutter tomorrow morning. But the weather is doubtful and Mrs. Thornhill has had a severe fall from her horse this evening, which will prevent her husband from going—and it is a chance of his going tomorrow.

**Monday 11** Been Thundering and lightning severely all night, and continues all this morning. The first thing our letters were returned saying the prospects of weather and wind are so unfavorable that the Cutter will not go. So it goes. There is no hope now of their being in season for the *Roman*. Well to what Fate decrees we must submit. Not that I think you will lose much in not getting them, but you will think me negligent—which I am sure I endeavour not to be.

Was awake from about two o'clock, the thunder was so severe I could not get to sleep—it continued till 2 o'clock to day, only not so heavy after day light. I think at this time in the year, about the breaking up of the monsoon, we have more than at any other time in the year.

Rained violently most of the day, which quite delights the Chinamen, they had become quite anxious about their rice crop. The earth seemed quite parched, for we have not had a soaking rain for 6 or 8 months. We had two months since a little damp weather, when the water was running down the walls as though the Engine had been playing on top of the house—every thing was wet. The bed curtains seemed as though they had been dipped in water, sheets and all. But it is very astonishing people never take cold in this weather—when you would think it unavoidable.

I did not expect to see a person this rainy day, but I heard the Bell about one, and knew it must be Vachell for he generally chooses such days. I had been sitting in my room all alone, reading & etc. and was very glad to see him. We had a very pleasant *tête à tête*, for Aunt Low was in her room, & I thought I would not call her. He



tarried about an hour or so and went home to write a letter to go by the American Ship. Said he would bring or send it after dinner.

Got interested and melancholy after dinner in reading the life and sad death of the Duke de Berry, till V. came in again about 5, and I will defy any one to be melancholy long where he is. He stayed till about 7 when he left for Mrs. Daniell's. Spent the eve in sewing.

**Tuesday 12** A cloudy day and strong wind. Read for some time this morning one of V's books. Then took *Don Quixote* [Cervantes] and set laughing all alone. It is certainly the most witty and ingenious thing, and by reading it in Spanish I get the beauty of it. Read till 2 o'clock when Mrs. Davis came in and stayed till 3. Letter from Uncle says the *Roman* he thinks will not sail on the 12<sup>th</sup>. As we have sent our letters with a fair wind, think they may yet reach in time. Mrs. Allport came in and urged me to go out, and I did but the wind blew a gale, could not go far. Had first become interested in Lord Byron's works; spent the evening in reading them. Severe thunder and lightning again this evening with torrents of rain. Thinking it might continue all night I slept with Aunt Low, and dreamed of you, you darling!

**Wednesday 13 Morning** Now I am going to read French—a book called *Les gens comme il faut, et les petites gens, ou aventures d'Auguste Minard*.<sup>21</sup> I suppose I shall spend most of the day in my own room as usual. What should I do if it were not for books! I am sure I should get quite sick of my own company.

Forgot to tell you after reading Lord Byron last night and after taking the Expenses of the day, I filled the paper with poetry which has just afforded Aunt Low a good laugh, says she shall send it to Canton. Perhaps it will adorn a column in the *Canton register*. She told Mrs. D[avis] and she has given me the name of Byrona.

There has been a launch to day of a Boat built by some Americans I believe and is called the *Union*.<sup>22</sup> Had a note from Mrs. D. says she named it. Vachell was in this afternoon and says she did not hit the Boat with the Bottle. Raining again in torrents—thunder & lightning very severe. Mr. Daniell [Matthew] alias L'enigma in this morning. Miss Morrison sent me a pretty little pot of Mignonette—promises me an Ice plant. My garden is coming on, I have about 30 pots now and at this present time they are in a flourishing condition. But the situation is not good for them. The wind is too strong I believe, and from the sea too. Mr. Vachell in and brought me a beautiful rose

which about 10 o'clock produced some more poetry, I think of a higher order, have some hopes of myself, think in the course of time I may be a POETESS. [Written in letters three times normal size].

Spent the evening in reading French.

**Thursday 14** Have just made my bouquet. The first thing I do after breakfast is to go to the terrace, trim my plants and make up a Bouquet for the centre table—then come to my room and write to thee. My eyes feel dreadfully to day, reading last evening and the lightning I believe.

Began a letter to Mrs. Cleveland, read a little, but was very [stu]pid. Put on my bonnet and called on Mrs. Thornhill and spent an hour with Mrs. Davis. Had a long conversation in her dressing room. Got home just in time for dinner. After dinner went to the Pania with Mrs. Allport. A hot sultry night, not a breath of air stirring. Spent the eve'g in reading.

**Friday [15]** Just the opposite extreme this morning. Blowing a gale, a real tooth ache wind. Our dear friend Mrs. Davis spent 2 hours with us this morning. We read French together, says I shall read very well in a little while—encouraging, but she does read it so smoothly and elegantly that I feel almost ashamed to read it to her. An invitation to take tea with Mrs. Daniell tomorrow eve'g—when we have one we generally have two invitations. Now we have been at home for three weeks I should think.

Before Mrs. D. went we had some Carmine from Canton, to colour stockings (mind ye). We thought we would see how it would look on the cheeks, so I painted Mrs. D. and Aunt. Really we were quite bewitched with ourselves. It was such a splendid colour. We washed ours directly off, but Mrs. D. said she would go home and see what Davis would say. Wind blowing a gale this afternoon almost. Did not go to walk. Went in to see Mrs. Crockett, and spent the eve in fitting the waist of a dress.

**Saturday [16]** Reading & working by turns. Wrote to Uncle yesterday, he complains that he hears nothing from me.

After dinner read awhile, and went out with Mrs. A[llport]. Had a fine walk to the beach, a splendid beach tonight. Went to Mrs. Davis, had a very pleasant party. The first thing I heard from Davis was "Well, you sent my wife home with a red face yesterday," says she

looked like “Mrs. Baelhus.” Lindsay and Vachell were our only beaux. Had some fine music. Mrs. Perreira was there and sings delightfully.

**Sunday Morn 16 [17]** Only think, the 16<sup>th</sup> of April. I long to have some letters from home, think I shall soon.

Went to Church, heard a good sermon as usual.

After Church Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill called. Mr. Van Basil and Mr. College and a Capt. Karuff [Kierulf]<sup>23</sup> arrived yesterday with his wife—he is a Dane. From Van Basil we got a little insight into the government and situation of Belgium, Holland & etc. There is no part of the world that appears so confused as to the Boundaries as these places. It is reported now that William prince of Orange is now King of Belgium, as also of Holland, and also that King Ferdinand has an heir.<sup>24</sup> We get little bits of news once in a while via Manilla and etc.

After dinner went to walk with Mr. Vachell and Mrs. A[llport] & Aunt, a delightful evening. They took tea with us. Vachell goes to Canton tomorrow morning for a day or two.

**Monday 17 [18]** This morning went to call on Mrs. Kierulf, she is rather an interesting little woman. Speaks good English though with foreign accent which sounds very pretty from a pretty mouth. She is a Norwegian and her husband a Dane. They are living with Majoribanks. We see people from all parts of the world here. She stays but a very short time. Called on Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Fearon and came home—read all the afternoon. Evening went to a small party at Mrs. Davis’s again. Am almost tongue tied this few days past. I have broken a tooth and it is so sharp that every word I cut my tongue, which is not comfortable. College was in yesterday, said it must be a great affliction for a lady not to be able to talk and he would send me a file.

This eve’g at Mrs. D. there was a large bag of letters brought in from a Ship from Calcutta. It was opened on the table. I was exceedingly happy to find one for me, from Abbot, per *Wade* to Calcutta. Also Father’s letters per same Ship. The same dreadful tale.<sup>25</sup> Aunt Low did not show me Father’s—nothing new in them.

**Tuesday 19** Went to work this morning to file my teeth, and made out very well. Exercise in Spanish this morning.

Mrs. Davis came in about 1 to read French to us, stayed till 3.

Matthew Daniell in—about an hour. I have been trying to persuade him to go to Manilla, for he is idle here, and consequently unhappy.

After dinner went to the Pania with Mrs. Allport. I am tired of going out, and tired of staying at home. If I go there is not a person I wish to see or that wishes to see me. Oh dear, Oh dear. It is a heartless life. It seems as though all one's best feelings lay dormant here, and they do, for there is no exercise for any thing but patience and resignation.

Had a letter from Uncle this morning.

**Wednesday 20** Mr. and Mrs. Kierulf called this morning. She wants to go to Canton and he thinks it will be too much trouble to take her. I tell her to insist upon going. It is a great shame to come from Denmark here and not go to Canton.

Mr. Smith, Dent & Van Basil called. About 6 went out to the Gap—and meditated. A lovely evening. Mrs. A[llport] took tea with us.

**Thursday 21** For once in my life have kept a resolution. I rose at 6 o'clock this morning, after a very desperate effort. Read Mackintosh's *England*<sup>26</sup> for an hour or so, then dressed, read my Bible & etc, then had some breakfast. Now I feel as though I had been up for the day. Weather is hot, and I do not feel as though I had strength for any thing. Begin to think it not a good plan to get up early. Have already had one doze in my chair, shall have several more I dare say. However when I get accustomed to it, if I ever do, I may feel better. Now come my Spanish lesson and I am too stupid for study. The Idea of lifting a Dictionary to day is quite dreadful. Oh Molly, people do get lazy in this climate.

This evening not finding any one disposed for a trip I took the chair and determined to be independent. Went out to the Bay by myself, set there for about 1/2 an hour unmolested and returned safely. Enjoyed it highly. A most lovely evening. Met Mr. Majoribanks and Mr. Daniell. They both cried out on seeing me in the chair, hoped I had not given up my good habits of walking & etc.

**Friday 22** This morning have been turning every thing out of my room into the N. West room, it is to be painted. This is the last, thank fortune. Now I make this little cozy room my dressing room and sleep with Aunt Low, as I should not like to be so far from her

at night. I was working hard all the morning. Cannot remember when I have perspired so much with working, and what do you think I did. Why, put all the books in order into the book case. The servants know nothing about books. And it is such a job, having to stoop to the floor to pick them all up, a hot day too. However I got through it and the drawing room looks nice, a beautiful white floor. Can see all the cockroches now—and they begin to run about now.

Mrs. Fearon was in this morning.

After I went out to the Campo a little way. On our return Vachell joined us. Did not know he had arrived from Canton. Says Uncle is well, but not thinking of coming down at present. Hear that Mrs. Keirwulf sings and plays beautifully. She is going to Mrs. Grant's to night, but I am not invited. I would give any thing to hear her. Told Vachell and he went. Aunt Low had a splendid Japan lacquered work box sent her, a present from Mouqua.

**Saturday 23<sup>d</sup>** Felt stiff enough this morning. Took a little cold I believe after being so warm yesterday. Feel stupid enough. Employed myself as usual. After dinner Vachell came in and how you will laugh when I tell you what he brought me from Canton. You might guess till you were tired and would fail, I think. It is an article which is generally thought very important, when accompanied by something else, and which often make a great change in a person's life, but without the article that should accompany such a gift, I do not think it very important. It is however very pretty, and will serve as a remembrance, and will cause many a smile. I would not have it known here for any thing. Guess if you can, I will leave you in the dark at present. Mrs. Allport came in, she saw this article lying on the couch. She says, I think this should never be seen in the drawing room, nor should it be in the possession of a young lady.

They are both in raptures with Mrs. K[ierulf]'s playing. Perfectly grand they say, and her Norwegian songs were beautiful. She goes to Mrs. Davis's to night. I long to hear her but fear I shall not. I did not intend to walk I felt so stiff, but was teased into it. It was so lovely an evening. We went out to the Bay, was joined there by Mr. and Mrs. K., Mr. Majoribanks & Mr. Davis. Had quite a party. A perfect evening. V. spent the eve with us.

**Sunday 24<sup>th</sup>** Hot day, not feeling very smart. Think I shall not go out. Did not go to Church, was on my couch all the morning read-



ing the *Unitarian Advocate* and Masillon's *Sermons*<sup>27</sup> in French. I feel quite convinced now that I shall never be any thing but a Unitarian. It appears to me now after reading much and thinking upon the Subject, that it is plainly told in Scripture and there is hardly a ground for the Doctrine of the Trinity. It appears to me too absurd for any one to believe. In one of the Books there were 100 texts cited which appear to prove plainly to me that there is but one Supreme God and that Jesus Christ is inferior, that he is not a divine Being, though endowed with unlimited power from his father, whom he expressly says is "greater than he." [John 14:28] Yes my dear Sister I feel that there is hardly a doubt. These books have explained most of my doubts and if I cannot be permitted to approach the communion table till I can say I believe in the Holy Trinity, I must defer it (though I think it a great privilege as well as a duty) till I return to my own dear country, where privileges are greater. I have read Mr. Vachell's Books but they do not convince me at all.

We went out to our hill this evening and set till quite late. The evening was quite delightful, the moon shining so delightfully on the water all round us.

Mrs. Davis was in to day. I told her I wished very much to come to her house the evening before. She said she wished it too, but her hubby said the party was large enough.

**Monday 25<sup>th</sup>** Another fine day, a little rain and thunder in the night but this morning is quite perfect. Did not sleep well. It seems to be my fashion now to sleep every other night. Wrote to Uncle this morning, translated some Spanish, read a little, and wandered about. One of those days when I cannot fix myself to any thing. Cut out a pair of sleeves and made one.

After dinner read part of a french play. Then dressed me intending to go to Mrs. Turner's, but Vachell came in and we went to walk. Went out to Casilla's Bay and there perched for an hour or more. The evening was perfect, every thing still and serene. The broad ocean looked calm and placid and who would think it could ever be disturbed. It is like our life, some days so calm and happy, then perhaps the next will be strong and tempestuous and we feel that there is no more quiet for us here.

Vachell took tea with us, and we set upon the terrace till 1/2 past 10. I got talking about my dear home, little Ellen and Charley,

for I do delight in getting any one to listen to me. I would willingly have set there an hour or two longer—for that pleasure.

**Tuesday 26** Another unsettled day. The little room where I now sit is so noisy that it disturbs me very much. It is on the street and the cries [of hawkers] annoy me very much. Read a little and then got into the chair and called on Mrs. Perreira. Hear there is a widow and a Miss Williams coming here to spend the summer, should anticipate some pleasure from them if there was any satisfaction in getting interested in people that will only come to go again. Called on Mrs. Morrison. Had a dreadful shock there, for she told me she had been reading a N. Y. paper and saw an account of a dreadful murder that had been committed in Salem. I was afraid I should hear the whole. She must have thought I appeared very odd I think, for I knew not what to say. The colour came into my face. But her dates were before the awful discovery. I said as little as possible about [it], endeavoured to compose myself, and changed the subject. I am very much afraid as they get all the N. Y papers they will get the whole, and if they were to mention it to Aunt Low it would be horrid. I would not tell her for any money that she knew even this. Called at Mrs. Davis's till three, had a confidential chat with her and went home.

Ibar and Van Basil called this morning.

After dinner went up to Mrs. Turner's, her garden looks most lovely. Called a minute at Mrs. Fearon's.

**Wednesday 27** Have been moping to day, a little idle. Have not been steady at any thing. Mrs. Davis in a few minutes. After dinner Vachell came in, tried to cheer me up, said I was not myself, and indeed I am not. Do not feel in good spirits, believe I have too much of my own company. Vachell persuaded me to go out, we went up to walk in Mrs. Fearon's garden. Went into the burying ground,<sup>28</sup> a nice quiet little place. V. takes great interest in it, has been planting some young trees in it. There is one cypress hanging over poor [Thomas T.] Forbes's tomb. We walked in the garden with Mrs. Fearon and spent the evening with her.

**Thursday 28** Was kept awake last night with a severe tooth ache, felt stupid enough. There must be something in the easterly wind as I have always contended, for Aunt Low and Nancy are both complaining of teeth ache.

Dr. Morrison in this morning.

Now it is 7 in the evening. I have poked myself into my northern room, where I have been all day, to get out of the way of this wind. Am now going to dress to spend the evening with Mrs. Daniell. Expect to have a stupid time.

Spent a very pleasant eve'g with Mrs. D., a small party, had music and cards. In short, people did as they pleased which is after all the great secret.

I opened my journal dear Sis May 13<sup>th</sup> for the first time since April 28<sup>th</sup>. It has been sadly neglected of late, but I have been busy writing letters for the *Sumatra*.

Well I may as well say Friday and Saturday were rainy, and it is probable I spent the days with my books.

29 & 30 I do not remember that any thing happened.

1<sup>st</sup> of May Went to Church this morning. Some rain to day.

Mrs. Allport called and we went out in our chairs. Mr. Majoribanks joined us at Casilla's and walked home with us. Went to Dr. Morrison's this evening, heard a very good sermon. Mrs. Turner came home and took tea with us.

2<sup>d</sup> At home all day, reading a scrap Book Mr. Vachell brought me. Aunt went to make some calls about 5. I heard Vachell come to the door, but the servant told him all Mrs. had gone out, so he started off. Suppose they think no gentleman should be allowed to come when "ole Mrs."<sup>29</sup> (as they call Aunt) is out. Aunt Low came home and said she had engaged to spend the evening with Mrs. Daniell. We went, had a pleasant chat. No other company.

3 Rainy by showers. Mrs. Allport came for me and Mr. V. and we went out together. It poured down hard when we got onto the Campo. We set our chairs, got into them and made ourselves quite comfortable, a black cloud over our heads. We were wishing for Chinnery to take a sketch of the group. V. was seated on the arm of my chair, but the coolies were folded up so ingeniously that their great hats sheltered them completely. It held up in about 15 minutes and we turned our faces homeward. Found Mr. and Mrs. Davis at home; they had taken shelter in the rain. Spent the eve with us with Mrs. Allport and Mr. Vachell.

[Harriett inserts in the margin a sketch of a Chinese chair bearer folded up under his large conical hat.]

4 A most decided rainy day. Working, writing and reading all day. Had no idea we should see any one, but Mr. V. generally takes pity on us when it rains and he came and spent the evening with us. I had just had a severe attack of the “blues” and just seated myself on the veranday to relieve myself with a few drops “that from the eye relieve the heart,” but his cheerful company soon dissipated them.

5 A letter from Uncle, says Roundy is quite ill but is in hopes to leave for Macao in a few days.

Mr. [Charles N.] Talbot is coming down, has hired an immense house here. The gentlemen wonder who is to fill it.

Mr. Allport down to day, went to walk with him and wife. Still cloudy, rainy weather. Been writing letters home. No news.

6 Went to Mrs. Davis’s this evening, a small party, had some fine music. There is a Danish lady here [Mrs. Kierulf], or rather Norwegian, her husband is a Dane. Her Norwegian airs are very pretty and her execution fine. The airs are quite wild and different from what we are accustomed to, and peculiarly suited to her voice.

7 Rather a pleasant day for a rarity. Busy at work most of the day making a Cape of lace. After dinner took chairs and went to call on the sick. Mrs. Whiteman, poor woman, has been laid on her couch for 4 months and probably will be for 4 or 5 months more before she is better. Mrs. Morrison too has been quite ill. Went to see her, and called at Mrs. Allport’s new house. Has been moving. Spent the evening with Mrs. Daniell, a large party. Mrs. Kierulf was there, had some good music, but I must say I come home from these parties quite wretched. I never feel half so lonely as in these mixed parties. I am sure there was not a soul there except Mrs. Davis with whom I feel the least friendship. I almost resolve to go no more. Vachell was not there. He is my only friend among the gents.

8 Went to Church. Mrs. Davis came in after. Poor soul she has troubles too as well as the rest of the world, and lovely as she is, I would not change places with her.

Vachell came in after dinner, and we went to walk. Went to Casilla's, set there a while and returned. He spent the eve with us, and had a delightful confab.

9 Went out to night and called on Mrs. Baynes, not at home. Oh by the bye, this morning was born to the city on Macao a book entitled *Canton Miscellany*,<sup>30</sup> an anonymous production. No one is known to write for it, it springs up no one knows from whence. I devoured it instantly, glad to get any thing new. Some capital pieces in it.

10 Walked out with Mrs. & Mr. Allport. Looks like rain. Mr. Thornhill called—nothing new however.

After dinner Vachell came in. Aunt Low went to make some calls. Mrs. A. came in and went out to the Gap, began to brighten. Heard of the arrival of the *Lady Hayes* bringing two of the wanderers back—our friend Fox and Mr. Inglis.<sup>31</sup> Bring some news from England.

Vachell spent the evening with us. He and myself set in the verandah and had a pleasant chat. He is my best and indeed my only friend among the English. Lightning very visibly all the evening—thundered all night, raining and the wind blowing quite a gale before morning. We feel anxious as we expect Uncle and Roundy left yesterday morning.

11 Continues raining, thundering and lightning through the day, a gloomy day enough. Was alone in the drawing room most of the day. Just as we sit down to tea table Fox came in and spent the eve'g with us. Has been in Bengal, says he much prefers China to Calcutta, and from all accounts I think it is a much more desirable residence.

12 Uncle and Roundy came this morning. Poor R. looks quite ill. We were delighted to see them as you may suppose. Mr. Vachell in this morning, to bring me a book.

Racing again this afternoon. Went to Mrs. Turner's in my chair, heard her house had been struck, but not true. Mr. Beale came in after dinner. Phil Ammidon down, took tea with us. We had just our Ship party [passengers on the *Sumatra*] at the table.

13 Mrs. Davis sent word she would spend the evening with us but just as she was coming she was told there was a packet from England and she did not come. Fox spent the eve with us. Raining like guns all day, cannot move except in chairs. Phil dined with us.



After Aunt Low had gone in to bed, there was a packet of letters arrived from Calcutta, and some from America, giving the same sad tale. Poor Nat [Nathaniel P. Knapp, brother of Mrs. Low] seems to be in a sad state enough. Poor fellow, I really feel for him.<sup>32</sup> Uncle does not mean to let Aunt see the letters. There was also news from England such as change of ministry,<sup>33</sup> rumours of wars & etc.

14 Matthew Daniell and College were in. Raining incessantly night and day—prospects of a second deluge. Weather quite cool. We shall not have so long a summer at any rate as we had last year. The paper is all like blotting paper and every thing is moulding. Mrs. Davis came in this afternoon in the midst of the rain. The chairs are made very tight so we can go perfectly dry. She stayed an hour or so, in fine spirits. Mr. & Mrs. Allport and Vachell took tea with us.

15 Raining hard all the morning. Went to Church, however only 9 people there. After dinner some prospects of clearing off. Went out to the Bay, very wet under foot and only had a little sprinkling. I was so tired of the house that I was determined to go at the expense of a ducking. Spent the eve at home. S. P. Sturgis called.

16 Thick as ever and raining hard again, quite cold. Lots of calls however, J. H. Blight just from Canton, J. P. and S. P. Sturgis, Van Basil, Perreira, Fox & Inglis, & Mr. Baynes. Pretty well for a rainy day.

The Chinese are commencing their impositions again—tearing the Company's walls down, destroying their shrubberies, and insist on taking dirt out of a hole in the garden that the company have filled up every year, and they take out regularly. Reports say the viceroy is dead, but I believe not true. The Foyuen, now the next in authority, has been looking round in Canton. Went into the Company's room, ordered the picture of the King to be uncovered and said he would sit in the presence of the king, one of the greatest indignities (according to their ideas) that they can offer.<sup>34</sup> They seem to be going on with a high hand. Some of the committee have gone up to see what can be done.

17 The same tune again, raining hard. And continued through the day, thundering occasionally. Vachell spent the eve [with] us.

May 18<sup>th</sup> Again my birth day [age 22]. A little pleasant this morning, we have seen the sun. Can not say it looks settled yet however.

Felt rather melancholy when I awoke this morning, for in my dreams I was in America. I was in Salem and was to stay there till Monday Night when Natty Bumpo's play was to be performed called the Spy. The next day I was to take the stage for New York with Father who was then in Salem—but alas I awoke and found myself in China still.<sup>35</sup>

Up late this morning.

After breakfast Uncle gave me a birth day present, a very handsome pair of ear rings.

Now I have the teeth ache so adieu for the present.

Had the teeth ache most of the day dreadfully. I believe it will ruin my temper. Thornhill and Allport in this morning. The company are excessively anxious for the renewal of the Charter and there is now no prospect of it they think, as every member now in the house of Lords have pledged themselves not to renew it.<sup>36</sup> It will make great and awful changes here.

Went out to walk in spite of teeth ache this afternoon. Were joined by Fox and Blight on the Campo, and they took tea with us.

19 Am happy to say the sun is shining this morning. Read Spanish part of the morning and then took my work. Set alone all day. Rained hard after dinner and could not get our walk. I however went in the chair to see Mrs. Whiteman and Mrs. Turner.

20<sup>th</sup> May Read French most of the morning, and sewed a little. Was alone all the morning. After dinner a Ship [*Isabella Robertson*] arrived from Calcutta, bringing four ladies, 2 spinsters I hear—quite a happy event for the gentlemen, for I believe they are quite tired of all the ladies here. We were proposing the other day that we should change ourselves in some way or other, but now those damsels will delight them for awhile. Poor things I pity them. Went out to the Bay, expected to get a ducking but fortunately escaped it. Black clouds and thunder at a distance. Spent the eve'g with Mrs. Allport.

21<sup>st</sup> Sunshine and clouds at intervalles. [Deleted: However, went to Church.] Terrible times in Canton about the garden. A printed notice out saying the trade would be stopped unless every thing was restored, and giving the reasons.<sup>37</sup> For particulars see letter. After dinner Vachell came in, we went to walk. Had not gone far when it began to rain. We put into the Museum till the shower was over,

then we set out again and put into the Shop at the gardens where 10 men were at Chow chow. However they rose from their table and give us seats. Majoribanks and Inglis put in also. We proceeded again and returned without getting wet. V. spent the eve with us.

22 Went to Church to day, not yesterday, heard a regular Trinitarian Sermon—it is Whitsunday. After church Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Davis and Chinnery called, no news yet from the new arrivals, except the Governess for the Misses Perreira's. She is about 20. Poor creature, I pity her. A Governess in this place is not an enviable situation.

Went out to walk after dinner, Vachell joined us on our hill. Vachell, Ammidon, Capt. Millet and S. P. Sturgis were at our house to tea, a very warm night.

23<sup>d</sup> Has been thundering all night, and some tremendous crashes this morning. Continued till about 9 this morning, when it cleared off. Tremendously warm.

Made out to get a walk to the Bay. Were there joined by Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Major[ibanks], Huddleston and Ravenshaw. I had the supreme felicity of walking home with the three last, for the other ladies went into the chairs.

24 Mr. Fox in this morning. Poor Uncle had to leave us to day. He and Allport went together in an inside chop<sup>38</sup> at 6 o'clock; fine breeze, will be in Canton tomorrow noon probably. Quite cool to night after a most oppressive morning. Mrs. Davis came in about 6. I went on to the bay with her and walked with her and Fox till the rain drove us home. We spent the evening in reading *De'Lorme*,<sup>39</sup> a new novel, by way of treat, as we felt rather gloomy.

25 It is almost impossible to write as you will see [by this Journal]. The weather is so damp every thing moulds. It is really cold to day. Such sudden changes cannot be healthy. We have been talking of going to Alexander's rooms for some time. This morning Mrs. Davis and ourselves sent him word we were coming, and also to Vachell's, but the poor fellow is sick in bed. I knew he had not been well for the last week. So we went to A's. He has an organ he bought the other day we wanted to hear. He has had it about 2 weeks, and is now quite sick of it. Whimsical creatures. I pity their wives if they ever have any. His rooms are fitted up in great style. Then we went to call on the new arrivals. Mrs. Malden, a widow, and two Miss

William's, one considerably advanced, and may be decidedly called an old maid, and ugly enough—the other about 20. They are half caste, quite dark. I hear the young one is to be married to Mr. Mendez, who we should call black, but he is pure blooded Portuguese, and if ever so black is considered above a half caste. Called on Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Thornhill and Mrs. Allport, then home.

After dinner Mrs. Allport called for us and we went to walk, a fine afternoon. I mean cool, but cloudy. Had a very funny *rencontre* on the Campo, but will not do for the journal. Daniell joined us on our return, telling us of the absurd edicts the Chinese have issued, that it is quite impossible can ever be carried into effect. Such as foreigners are to go into their factories and are not permitted to go out, they are not permitted to have china servants except one cooly at the gate to see that no improper person goes in. They may have two coolies to work and one to bring water, but they must [not] be the companions of foreigners, they being crafty and deceitful and not to be trusted, and many other like absurdities.<sup>40</sup>

Mrs. Allport took tea with us, and Phil Ammidon. Sam Sturgis came in afterwards.

26 Miss Morrison spent 2 hours with me this morning. Van Basil also called, invited us to take tea with him on Monday eve'g. Sam and Phil dined with us, and took tea. Wild as the wind, both of them. Poor Vachell came in after dinner. He was taken with fainting yesterday morning, fell down in the verandah and bruised his face. I told him he looked as though he had been fighting. He thought it a great consolation, that it was not done from misconduct. There were three taken in the same way yesterday, with sort of Cholera. Must be a sudden change in the weather.

We walked out to Cassila's Bay.

27 Busy writing all the morning. Writing a note to Vachell returning some books he lent me concerning the Trinity. I wrote him pretty fully what I believe, wishing to know if with these views there would be any objections to communing with their Church. Then I copied a long "notice" to send to you. Then I spent an hour and 1/2 with Mrs. Davis, chatting, called into Mrs. Allport's—she was at dinner—and came home. Spent the afternoon in reading *Memoirs of Sully*.<sup>41</sup> Took up a novel called *De'Lorme* just before night. Mrs. Davis came in about dusk. Rainy afternoon. Weather has been quite cold for the

last three or four days. Very industrious this evening. I always begin Friday night to make up for a bad Days work.

28 Before breakfast. A cold and rainy, and gloomy morning. Every thing looks cheerless. Oh for the pleasant warm weather. About noon received a note from V. saying he thought by all means I should partake of the sacrament—for particulars see letter. Cleared off at noon and looks more like pleasant weather than it has the last month. Finished my stays about 4 after working very steady, was tired enough. Went out to walk with Mrs. A[llport]. S. P. S[turgis] joined us coming home. Spent the eve'g. with Mrs. Daniell, a small party.

29 For the first time I approached the altar and partook of the Holy Sacrament, instituted by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—and in remembrance of him are we commanded [to] do likewise. May it be the commencement of a new life in me.

S. P. S. called after church. I received some letters from home, old ones, but still very acceptable.

Walked after dinner, Vachell joined us on the hills.

30 This morning did not feel like studying. Jumped into my chair and called for Mrs. Allport and went to Chinnery's room to see his new paintings. Has just finished a new family picture of the Grants, the parents and 3 children and a Chinese Ayah, very handsomely grouped and good likenesses.<sup>42</sup> Spent the eve with Mr. Van Basil, a small party.

31 A perfect day, as was yesterday and day before. They deserve to be booked I am sure for they are of rare occurrence nowadays—I do not think they could have been improved. Had a delightful walk after dinner. Vachell called for us. He and Mrs. A. spent the eve'g with us.

1<sup>st</sup> **June** Another splendid morning. Van Basil, the new widow, Mrs. Malden and her sister returned our call to day—very pleasant and agreeable people. Mrs. Grant also called. After dinner went out in our chairs to Casilla's Bay—thought we were secure from intruders behind the rocks, but Mr. V. soon espied the pink bonnet. We spent the evening with Mrs. Davis.

2 Mrs. D with us quite early this morning to see a procession with her dear little girl. She reminds me more of our babies than any others



here. Dr. [John] Jennison,<sup>43</sup> J[ohn Murray] Forbes<sup>44</sup> and [Philip] Ammidon called—invited them to dine tomorrow, also a party in the evening. This evening Vachell called for us. We walked on the Peña and returned and took tea with Mrs. Allport. Had a very pleasant evening.

**3<sup>d</sup> June** This morning Smith called, says the Chinese are afraid to give up the keys of the Factory to the Foyuen.

Dr. Jennison, S. P. Sturgis, Forbes and Ammidon dined with us. A hot day. Mrs. Turner, Allport and several others took tea with us—a very pleasant eve'g.

Capt. B[ennet] Forbes called, always reminds me very much of Uncle Edward [Allen].

S. P. S. in after dinner—could not go to walk with him because Aunt Low did not go out. He went and I thought I would take a ride into the country. Jumped into my chair and went up to Mrs. Fearon's via Campo and returned via Mrs. Whiteman's, called to see her.

Mathew Daniell came in socially and spent the eve'g with us. He is a very excellent young man, I believe, but rather peculiar in some of his feelings—like many others in this odd place.

**5 Sunday Morning.** Went to Church after reading a very good sermon, and heard another very good one. Came home and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Allport, Thornhill, Alexander & Sturgis called. I do not like this calling of a Sunday, but I believe most of the gentlemen only dress once in a week of a morning.

After dinner went to walk. Met Vachell on our hill, walked home with me and spent the eve'g. Mr. Daniell and several others joined us on the way.

**Monday 6** Been reading all day different books. Commenced with *scientific dialogues*,<sup>45</sup> then finished *Mémoires* of Jacques Flousel in French. Was interrupted by Mr. College, Mrs. Perreira and Mr. Turner. Aunt Low is going to have a party tomorrow evening.

After dinner I read Sully's *Mémoires*, went out with Mrs. Allport, called on Mrs. Fearon and Mrs. Turner—neither of them at home—came home, met Blight and he says the *Pearl* sails on the 12th. My letters will be old but I think that will be postage enough for one. Reading all the evening, and went to sleep over my books. Nothing to tell you interesting, for there is nothing going on, and this paper

is dreadful to write on. Delightful cool weather. Have not had more than three days hot weather this year.

**Tuesday 7** Hot and muggy day, violent showers.

Mr. Ammidon and Mr. Lawson of the *Israel* (“alias Lawson king of Israel”) called this morning.

Mr. Wood made us a flying call after dinner, came down this morning. Did a week's talking in 10 minutes. We had our party this evening. There was Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, Davis's, Mrs. Grant & Miss Morrison, Mr. Lindsay, Alexander, Vachell, Rieves and young Daniell. Had rather a pleasant evening, considering it was excessively warm. Mrs. Grant played on the Guitar.

**Wednesday 8** 5 min. past 11 Here I am sitting in my night gown already to jump into the Bath and from thence into bed, but thinks I to myself while I am waiting, I'll just note down for my sister's amusement, in some future year, the wonderful events of the past day, for you must exclaim, what monstrous variety. However if I could tell you all the funny things I have heard this evening, I think you would laugh. The ends of my mouth have several times this evening been unusually familiar with my ears, for you must know the very sensible and facetious Mr. Wood dropped in to tea with us, and he has done his prettiest to be entertaining and has succeeded.

Mrs. Davis spent an hour with us at twilight, and the rest of the day I have been reading french, Madame Cottin's *Matilde*,<sup>46</sup> excessively interesting. Well now I have spoken to my sis I shall throw myself back on my couch and meditate on the charms of the teeth ache, a subject which I have considered many times and oft, and find the only pleasure in getting rid of it as soon as possible. Now for my comfort of this hot night, I must wrap my face in flannel, being the only means by which I shall get any sleep. Good night my Dear.

**Thursday 9** After I wrote this I suffered for about an hour with the most severe pain, almost took the skin off my face with Cologne.

Rainy day, no such thing as moving. Read my Spanish this morning, merely as a lesson, and hurried to my french, which I like much better. Two Miss Ulmans and Whiteman called this morning—between the showers—Mrs. Allport and Mr. Wood took tea with us. Said he was determined he would come whether we liked it or not,

for he was going to leave tomorrow morning. Sent us a long piece of poetry he wrote on leaving Macao.

**Friday 10** A very warm day. Reading and fanning myself; the needle will not go.

Mr. Talbot, King and Bridgman<sup>47</sup> arrived this morning. Capt. [R. B.] Forbes, J. Forbes, S. P. Sturgis and P. Ammidon called this morning to say Adieu, leave tomorrow morning. I had to entertain them all, for Aunt Low is sick to day. After dinner Vachell came in. Went to walk with him and Mrs. Allport, came back and found Talbot here. V. would not stay—such funny times as we have in this little world.

**Saturday 11** Determined to finish a piece of work I have had about all the week—so kept at [it] steadily till 2 o'clock when I finished it, and dressed me and called on the Miss Williams's. Sent for Miss Morrison to walk with me, she came about 6. Vachell was in this afternoon, spatting with me. Did not walk with us. Mrs. Davis in. Miss M. and self had a delightful walk, we went out to the Bay and set down there for an hour. Were joined by Blight and Rieves, but we took to our chairs—capital things when we wish to leave people in the rear.

After I went out Talbot, Mrs. Baynes and Mrs Robinson called.

**Sunday 12** Went to Church this morning—and to Dr. Morrison's in the evening.

**Monday 13** Mr. Lawson, Talbot, King & Bridgman in this morning. Went out after dinner with Mrs. Allport. T[albot] & King joined us. Do not feel in good spirits. Have offended a friend [Vachell], however I hope it will soon be over. Mrs. A., T. and K. took tea with us—seems quite like old times.

**Tuesday 14** No one in, been at my books most of the day, with the exception of a little time spent in mending gloves. They are scarce enough. Wish I could just run into a Shop in Broadway.

Went into Mrs. Robinson's this eve'g. Found a very large and gay party. Had the band and music and quadrilles and waltzing. Three of Mrs. Perreira's daughters "came out" tonight. We had also some fine singing and guitars and Pianos, a nice supper and kept it up till 12 o'clock. A wonderful event in Macao. Made up with my friend and felt some degrees happier than when I went.

**Wednesday 15** May be called a hot day. However sit on the verandah all day, and kept myself quite comfortable. Finished Madame Cottin's *Matilde*—very interesting. Find I read a french Book with great ease.

Mr. Innis and Smith called this morning.

After dinner read Sully's Memoirs till Mrs. Davis came in. Mrs. Fearon called, went part way home with her. Got no walk this afternoon, for among all our beaux we get none now. There is such a dread of interfering between Americans and English. I should like to tell you some of the "funny bits" we have, but they are not worth writing. Evening Capt. Clifton of the *Red Rover* came in, the most amusing man I ever met with, a great talker, very candid, and spares nobody. Rather satirical I think, but a good hearted creature as ever lived. The Company have offered him 10,000£ to go to England to carry despatches, but he says it would kill his little wife (who is in Calcutta) and he shall not go. Mrs. C[lifton] sent us two splendid mantles of fur or rather the outside is made of the plumage of all the different birds in India, rather gay, but very curious and valuable.

**16** O Captain C. said last night there were letters for us on board the *Lady of the Lake* which arrived a few days since. If so they have gone to Canton. He says several vessels had arrived from America. I watched his face when he said there were letters for Aunt Low, and the expression told me very plainly that he had heard of her misfortunes. I am almost sure that he felt wretchedly when I asked him if there were arrivals from America—he seemed as though he could hardly speak. I dread to have the letters.

At home all day, Aunt Low and Mrs. Allport went out to walk. I roamed the terrace all alone, got a little sombre, but however Talbot and King came home with Aunt and dispelled the shades.

**17** Went this morning and called at Mrs. Allport's, Mrs. Morrison's and Mrs. Davis's; rather a warm morning. While I was out Vachell called. I was very sorry, for I particularly desired to see him.

Walked with Miss Morrison after dinner.

**18** No letters yet, I fear we shall have none. Had a sermon from my best of Uncles this morning. After dinner we went to pay visits. Called on Mrs. Perreira, Mrs. Baynes, Mrs. Whiteman, Mrs. Crockett,

Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Davis and spent the eve with Mrs. Daniell in company with Mrs. Allport, Vachell and their own family. Had a very pleasant eve'g. Walked round their garden. There is a splendid terrace and garden at the back of their house.

A beautiful moonshiny night.

19 This morning Capt. A. Putnam [Allen Putnam]<sup>48</sup> called. He seemed very happy to see us. Says a Ship has arrived at Manilla from N. York, but her letters wait till she comes herself. Patience!

After dinner went to the Peña after writing to A[biel] A[bbot] L[ow] and G[eorge] B[eckford] A[rcher]. Vachell joined us there. And we went to Dr. Morrison's at 7, heard a very good sermon and came home. V. took tea with us. His dreadful affront is all over.<sup>49</sup>

20 Hot morning. Auntie has just called for breakfast. I fancied I heard her opening a packet of letters. My heart went pit a pat, but I believe I was deceived. Spent the day in reading mostly. After dinner Mrs. Thornhill, Vachell and Talbot were in.

Wanted us to walk, but we were engaged in the eve'g and did not go. Went to Mrs. Perreira's in the eve—found quite a party there. Had one Quadrille, but rather warm. They have a splendid hall; it must be a hundred feet long. Mr. Beale and Perreira sat smoking their Hookahs. It makes me feel that I am in the eastern world. We had some fine music. We are invited tomorrow evening at Mrs. Grant's.

June 21<sup>st</sup> Hot day enough. No one in till after dinner, then Mr. & Mrs. Davis called. Went to Mrs. Grant's, a splendid eve. Only Mrs. Allport, Morrisons, Vachell & Alexander there. Had a very social evening.

22<sup>d</sup> Before breakfast. I cannot get awake. I have been walking on the terrace. I have tried to read, but have found myself asleep again. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Mother, E. W. Ward and S. Allen.

We hear this morning there is a report of Capt. Esdell's [Esdale] death. Poor man, he was in rude health when he left Canton.

Vessel arrived at Singapore, the Capt. has written word he has lots of letters for us all, but when we shall get them I know not. Here is his letter received if he had only sent them up, but I suppose he chooses to keep them at Rhio and let them see Manilla and Whampoa before we see them. He may be of opinion too that they will improve with age.



Mr. College in this morning. I was joking him. He is a dear creature as ever lived. Mr. Ploughdon has gone home [sailed in *Bridgewater* January 31, 1830] and married a widow [Mrs. Nixon, née Annette Campbell] that he and several others were dreadfully in love with. After dinner Mr. King, Talbot and Mrs. Allport called for us to walk. We had a delightful walk—the evening was quite perfect. The two gents took tea with us.

23<sup>d</sup> Hottest day we have had this year. Thermon. at 87. Have been alternately reading and sleeping, could not keep awake. Vachell came in after dinner. We went to take a short walk, and could hardly make up our minds to come home, it was so delightful. We were however engaged to go to Mrs. Davis. I must confess I went much against my inclination, for it was much too lovely a night to be boxed up in a party. However we went about 1/2 past 8 and had a very pleasant evening. Some nice music, of piano, singing, and guitarre's. Went home about 11, walked on the Guay with Mr. Inglis and Aunt Low and Mr. Alexander. Went in and walked the terrace for about an hour. Felt that I could write some poetry; took a pencil and wrote a page of something. I found it was 12 o'clock and concluded it was best to turn in, though I did it very reluctantly.

24<sup>th</sup> Up in fine season this morning. Think I feel more alive this morning than usual. Left all our windows open last night, and it was quite comfortable—we have a thorough draft through three large rooms. Read French all day, got quite bewitched in *Delphine*.<sup>50</sup> Mr. Vachell came in after dinner. Went on to the hills and stayed there some time. A most lovely evening. We stayed out on the terrace chatting till near 11—it does [deleted: almost] seem too pleasant to retire.

25 Feel less awake this morning than when I went to bed last night.

Have been bewitched all day reading Madame de Staël's *Delphine*. But I cannot much admire the morality of the book, but the language is beautiful.<sup>51</sup> Mr. Gover called in the morning, and after dinner Talbot & King. We went to walk with them—a perfect evening. But O this horrid east wind, it came round as we were on the terrace and poor I was kept awake most of the night with the teeth ache and such a horrid pain in my head. I thought I should be crazy. I suppose it must be a rheumatic pain.

**Sunday 26<sup>th</sup>** Feel stupid enough this morning. However thought I would go to church. Heard an excellent sermon, came home and went to sleep, for I could resist it no longer. Mrs. Crockett came in, was giving us an account of a dreadful ship wreck she once experienced. It is astonishing to hear the variety of dreadful scenes these ladies go through who go to sea with their husbands.

Mrs. Davis in after dinner, and Thornhill.

Went to Dr. M's in the evening—came home and went to bed with head wrapped up in flannel this nice cold night, and I slept till 8 o'clock this Monday morning, at the rate of 10 knot.

**27** Feel better this morning, but still an easterly wind. I must say one word to my dear sis this delightful morning just to say that yesterday was squally but I went up to Mrs. Davis's and spent nearly 2 hours with her. Got bewitched with my book *Delphine*, read till after 6 when Mr. Vachell and Mrs. Allport came in and spent the evening with us. So the days go, one after the other. This book will be worse than my sea journal even, for there is not so much variety here as there.

**28** A lovely morning. Mrs. Malden and Mrs. Smith in to day. After dinner we had a party on the water. We went to Mr. Vachell's house and assembled, then about 1/2 past 4 went out. Our party consisted of Mr. & Mrs. Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Thornhill, Mr. R. Daniell, Vachell and ourselves. We had a most delightful time—the Cutter is a nice boat for taking these little excursions in—the afternoon was fine and the party pleasant, we returned about 9. Went into Mr. Vachell's rooms and had a little refreshment—I mean some wine & water & etc. We had tea on board.

We then took a short walk to the Peña, the moon was now shining splendidly. Walked there some time and then our party separated for their respective habitations. When I arrived at our drawing room quite fatigued and thinking I should soon be in bed, lo and behold on the centre table lay a huge packet of letters. I seized it and found a dozen for Miss H. Low. So I go and strip off[f] all my clothes, put on a dressing gown, and read away—they took me a long while. George's [Archer] was crossed [written first in one direction and then written across the letter to save paper and postage] and I could not go that. But I devoured all the others and went to bed but not to sleep for an immense time, though there was very little news in them for so long a time.

29 At home all day. Mr. Wood, Ibar, and Van Basil in this morning. Capt. Jennings and Mr. Thornhill, this Capt. that carried my letter, that you received on Thanksgiving day. He goes again on the 4th and I shall write again. Went to a large party at Mrs. Grant's, had some good music.

30 Uncle arrived this morning. We were only too happy to see him—missed the *Herald* letters. Rain again, could not walk. Talbot spent the evening with us.

July 1<sup>st</sup> It appears to me almost every other page there comes a new month. They go too fast for the improvement I make of them. Two or three ships arrive every day from India, but nothing very new.

Walked after dinner, was joined by Fox and found Talbot, King & Bridgman on the hill, walked home with T., Fox, Mrs. Allport. T. and Wood took tea with us. Mr. W. kept us laughing all the evening. He is very amusing.

2<sup>d</sup> Aunt Low received her letters this morning, and I had several more. Quite a budget, 16 by one Ship.

After dinner Miss Philips called, and Young Supracargo Mr. Spies. Went to walk. Uncle and I had a ramble over the hill by ourselves.

3 Sunday Morning. Went to Church, heard a good sermon. Came home and read one. Mrs. Davis and Young Daniell came in. Wood, Spies and Capt. Benjamin [of American ship *Herald*] dined with us. It seemed little like Sunday after church. I do dislike to have company on Sunday.

After dinner Mr. Wood, Uncle and I went to walk—lovely evening.

4 56<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of our Independence Mr. Wood came in according to agreement with a Camera Obscura, and if the sun had been bright, we should have had some fine sketches, but unfortunately it was cloudy.<sup>52</sup> The[n] Dr. Jennison called; is going to South America in the *Ivanhoe*. Then Talbot came in, set an hour & 1/2, before he was gone Vachell came—quite a levee. Most of the Americans dine with the Consul [Charles N. Talbot] to day.

Walked after dinner. Vachell joined us on our hill and he and Mrs. Allport took tea with us.



— Apung. The Boy at Mrs. Low's  
Macao China

Apung. The boy at Mrs. Low's, Lucy Cleveland's Sketchbook  
(Peabody Essex Museum)

5 I was sitting this morning about 11 in the drawing room *en déshabillé*, scratching my head and reading, heard a step and turned round and who should be behind me but Mr. Spies. The Servants did not ring the bell till he got up and there was no escape for me, however I did not mind him much.

Left him to dress. Dr. Morrison, Perreira and Fox called. After dinner according to agreement we went to Mr. Vachell's rooms to see some birds just sent from Java for the museum—very handsome. Also a flying fox, a wonderful creature, and a large vampire Bat, an immense creature. Afterwards went to Casillas Bay and before we got home had a good ducking. However V. had an umbrella which kept my pink bonnet dry and that was all I cared for. The ladies here do not mind getting wet through. Very seldom take cold if we change our dress as soon as we get home. Mr. Wood spent the evening with us.

6 This morning the moment I was out of bed received another package of letters per *Crusoe*, very interesting ones. Reading papers and letters all the morning. Feel very dismal however; Aunt Low's accounts are dreadful.<sup>53</sup> But there, forbidden subject for this book. About 2 as we were to have company to dinner. I thought I would improve the opportunity of being dressed and call on the new arrivals, and see if it would put me in spirits—called at Mrs. Turner's to see Mrs. Ripley, an interesting woman, and Mrs. Duncan staying at Mrs. Fearon's. They must think me excessively stupid. Wood and Dr. Jennison dined with us. Poor Aunt has to exert herself to be cheerful, when she feels little like it. After dinner walked out with Uncle, was joined by Talbot & Vachell. V. offered his arm first and I had to take it. I shall have to cut him yet. Uncle shakes his head and says it will not do. Wood, Ibar and Capt. Jennings took tea with us. Took my letter for home, sails tomorrow.

7 A whole week I have to think back, so if I am not particular you will not wonder. Well I cannot think what happened on this said 7<sup>th</sup>.

8 Capt. [R. B.] Forbes called after dinner from Lintin. Went to walk with us. Returned early, called at Mrs. Whiteman's and spent the evening at Mrs. Allport's—hot evening and bad tea.

9 This morning had a levee. Mr. Bull [Isaac M. Bull]<sup>54</sup> & Capt. Benjamin, Fox, Whiteman, Smith, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Ripley called. Mr. B[ull] supercargo of the Ship *Panther*, saw him in Manilla. This



afternoon had the good fortune after waiting so long to set eyes on our things from France—they came out in fine order. Walked after dinner with Uncle. Fox joined us and Vachell before we got home. Went to Mrs. Daniell's this evening. Was so tired, I was told I was unusually and excessively *penserosa*. Walked home with Uncle & Vachell.

10 Went to Church this morning, heard a good sermon. After church Mrs. Davis came to us and told us there was in the afternoon a nun to take the black veil. I agreed to go with her. Mr. Chinnery and Mrs. Thornhill in. Capt. Forbes dined with us.

At 4 I set out with Mrs. Davis and went to the Chapel of Santa Clara—a neat chapel belonging to the convent—the entrance to it is rather magnificent. After reading *Matilde*<sup>55</sup> one is apt to fancy all just like that. I had prepared myself for a very imposing ceremony, but I was exceedingly disappointed. Indeed I might have known that it would not be, for some of their most solemn and imposing ceremonies are performed without the least degree of solemnity. We had a good stand near the altar and could see the whole, and as it is a novel thing I shall give you all the particulars. At the appointed hour the lady walked into the Church accompanied by the padres and the boys with lighted candles. She kneels before the altar and an old padre (a wicked looking creature) chants something in Latin, and is responded by the other padres. The Lady then mounts another step, he chants again, sprinkles her with holy water or incense, they burn the frankincense, then give her an immense embroidered candlestick or rather decked with all kinds of tinsel, she takes it and walks out of the church and is then lost to the world. The band played a dancing tune as she entered the Church to remind her I suppose that she must lose all that—the folly of the world & etc.

From the Chapel she went into the nunnery. At the end of the Chap[el] is a grate where there was a general rush to get to see the rest of the ceremony. I should hardly have ventured myself, but Mrs. Baynes preceded me (who cannot bear a squeeze so well as I can) and I ventured, but never (I hope) my curiosity shall lead me into such a scrape again—to see a portuguese nun at any rate. There was I in a crowd of these nasty people, black, white and grey, could not move an inch. Fortunately Mr. Vachell protected me as much as he could, but he had to take Mrs. Baynes out, when Mr. Young [Charles R. Young]<sup>56</sup> took care of me. But after all this squeeze you will wish

to know if I was paid for it. I can hardly feel satisfied that the account was balanced, but I will tell you what I saw, and you shall judge. We see at first behind the grate the nun as in the chapel dressed in her splendid dress of white Lace trimmed with pink satin, over white Satin underdress, diamond necklace, headdress of diamonds, fingers covered with diamond rings, and a white veil thrown over her head. She casts all these aside, renounces the world and all its vanities. Has her hair cut off. Comes again to the grate. The padre chants again, the organ plays and much singing, being all in Latin no one could understand what was said. She then embraces and salutes all her sister nuns who are ugly old creatures who are behind the grate, covered with their long black dresses. She then puts on her nunnery dress which is of something dark Blue with a rope round the waist, covers herself with this black thick veil, face and all, walks to the grate, and is seen no more. To make this all very interesting and touching you will fancy her young, beautiful and engaging, but lest it should make too deep an impression on you I will just undeceive you on that point and tell you she is excessively ugly, and it is said, not under 32 years of age; I suppose despairs of ever getting husband to please her mind. She gives 1500 dls [dollars] to get in there and conceals her charms from the world forever. The gents made no attempts to rescue her. They are there as novices for 1 year and a day before they take the black veil. During that time they can retract if they please. If at the end of that time they conclude to remain, the bells send forth a merry peal and there is great rejoicings. I'll assure you I was most happy when the ceremony was over and delighted to find myself in the fresh air. Walked out to Casillas with Mr. Vachell and met Uncle, Mrs. Davis. Fox and Rowland Allport<sup>57</sup> took tea with us.

11 This morning according to agreement Mr. Vachell came here at 11 o'clock bringing with him a tin box full of new arrivals of all kinds, prints & etc. Said we should have the first view of them. Some of them are very splendid. We were amused with them till 2 o'clock. Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt] and Mr. Young called. Mr. Talbot, King, Bridgman & Bull dined with us. Walked out. R. Allport joined us and took tea with us with the dinner party and Mrs. Allport.

12 Uncle left us this morning at daylight. Fine day and good breeze, will get up [to Canton] by night. Busied ourselves with packing up

and putting away new goods. They have to be all done up in oil paper. You can have no idea of the trouble it is to keep things in this climate. The new silk I had last year is almost spoiled. After dinner Mrs. Allport & I went out in our chairs. A lovely eve'g. Met T[albot] and K[ing]. However we spent the eve'g alone and to drown our sorrows we went to bed early.

13 Hot day. Have been very busy however. Finished first vol. Lady Morgan's *France*.<sup>58</sup>

Vachell and Talbot were in this afternoon. We did not walk as we were engaged at Mrs. Thornhill's. Spent a very pleasant eve'g. Quite a party and some fine music.

14 Thursday, a very hot day. Thermom. at 89 at 4 o'clock in the shade. *En déshabillé* all the morning. Busy at work and reading Mad. Stael's *Corrine ou l'Italie*.<sup>59</sup>

After dinner Talbot came in and we went to walk. A delightful evening—he returned and spent the evening with us. He is an excellent young man. You would be amused to hear him and King rejoicing at the chance they shall have when they go home, having seen a census for 1830 giving the account of the males and females in Massachusetts. It seems there are 14,000 more females than males. They think they shall have their pick. It is rather desperate, I think.

15 As usual, nothing new, warm. Oh by the bye, Mr. Spies called this morning and I made up a bundle for home, old dresses & etc. Walked after dinner with Talbot. He and Rowland Allport took tea with us.

16 Must tell you how much work I have done. Well to begin, I read my chapter in Spanish, then I stitched two pair of wristbands for Uncle's Shirts and made two Muslin collars, beside several other small jobs. Read some after dinner, then we walked out with Talbot and King & T. spent the eve'g with us.

17 Excessively hot this morning—however went to Church. Deliberated a long time whether I should wear my new bonnet but could not make up my mind. Mrs. Davis came in after church. Had an excellent sermon. After dinner I went out in my chair, thinking I should meet Mrs. Allport at a little spot where we usually go Sunday eve'gs and thought I would have 1/2 an hour *à la solitaire* before she got

there, a lovely eve'g. I had no sooner comfortably seated myself than who should I see at my side but Mr. Talbot. I was a little vexed at first as some people might say it was an appointment. We set there till it was time to go to Dr. Morrison's, and then set out to walk to my chair, and who should I come pounce upon but Vachell. He gave me a cold bow and we passed on. Also met Mrs. Daniell and Mat[thew]. Mr. V's face said Yes, you have often refused to walk with me alone. Went to Dr. M's and then into Mrs. Davis and took some tea and then went to the Peña and stayed there till after 10. A lovely evening and a beautiful breeze there.

18 Sitting in black skirts and short loose gowns—too hot to dress. Commenced a shirt for Uncle, made part of the sleeves. Am hoping I shall finish it this week.

Miss Morrison invited me to accompany them to the Lappa. We went, had a very pleasant walk, but rather too warm. We arrived home about dark. Took tea at Mrs. [Davis] and then came home and dressed for Mrs. Daniell. Had a very pleasant time, only I was so tired with my walk.

A Mr. Sullivan [William A. Sullivan]<sup>60</sup> arrived here to day from Manilla in the *Red Rover*. He is from Boston I think. He presented his compliments and said with Mrs. Low's permission he shall pay his respects to her and Miss Low tomorrow. So Aunt Low asked him to come and dine with us, but "howsomever" I do not know whether he will or not.

Vachell called in this afternoon, said he had been two mornings but the servants said had so much pigeon [business] we no could see. So after grilling in the sun to see us he was sent away—suppose they thought we were not fit to be seen.

19 So tired I laid awake till after 1 tossing about last night. This morning is quite cool and reviving. A squally day, however. We were to have had a sail in the Cutter boat, but it was too squally we thought.

Mr. Sullivan called this morning introduced by Mr. Bull, quite an interesting youth and a good muster [sample] for an American. He is one of the Boston Aristocrats and perhaps would not speak to us at home. However they are very gracious here and very polite. He and Mr. Bull dined with us. Clifton was in this morning.

S. left for Canton this evening. Talbot and King called for us to walk. We were out, got out some distance and a black squall came

and threatened us with torrents of rain. Not observing it when we came out we took no umbrellas and I unfortunately put on a new bonnet, a sort of pinkish drawn bonnet. I immediately took it off and gave it in charge to Aunt Low in the chair—just arrived at a thick bamboo bower at the entrance of the village. We sheltered ourselves in it. We really looked quite romantic. There was ourselves, Majoribanks and Lindsay, Talbot, King, Hunter, Bull and Allport. We waited there quite merry, till the servants brought us an umbrella and the chair covering. Talbot and I set out soon after and got home wet but little. Allport, Clifton, Talbot and Hunter took tea with us.

20<sup>th</sup> Another warm day. Vachell came in after dinner and we took a short walk to the gap. V. & I had a nice confab. It was quite perfect, the moon was as bright as possible. We were on the side of the hill overlooking the vast and mighty ocean. Aunt was with Mr. Daniell at a little distance. He took tea with us.

21<sup>st</sup> I can only say a very hot day and no wind. However we went to a large party to night at Mr. Majoribanks, had some good music, Mrs. Grant on the lute, not so pretty as the guitar I think. Left there about 11 and went on the Quay and walked there till nearly 12—Maj's and Mrs. Davis, Aunt Low and Lindsay, Mr. V. and myself.

22<sup>d</sup> A little rain this morning. Our party for the water proposed for today. A nice little breeze after dinner. Vachell came up for us, at 1/2 past 5 we went down to his house and waited till about 6 and then went off. We had a most delightful party, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, the Davis's, Mrs. Turner & Mrs. Ripley, ourselves, Mr. R. Daniell, Lindsay, Vachell, & Mr. Beale. The night could not have been more perfect, still water and just wind enough to move us steadily through the water. Had a band of music and every thing good to eat and drink. It was proposed to land and have a supper. They had sent in another boat a tent and every thing for supper, but when we arrived there we thought best to keep in our boat. Accordingly anchored for tea and with a delightful breeze reached Macao about 1 o'clock. Rather late hours, but several of the party wished then we were 6 miles out. The town felt like a furnace when we came on shore, after enjoying the pure sea breeze. By the bye we came on shore in a Sampan rowed by two Chinese girls. As Wood says in his *Sketches of China* these boats are manned by a brace of Chinese ladies.<sup>61</sup>



Wish you could have been of our party. I truly enjoyed it.

23 Hot, Hot, Hot. Finished a shirt for Uncle. Have made it this week. Think myself quite smart.

Vachell came in after dinner, and we went out to the gap. Another glorious evening. Had to go home about 8 as I was engaged to Mrs. Davis. Went there about 9, heard some good music—only a small party.

**Sunday 24** A most oppressive day—however went to Church. Thermom. at 91 at 4 o'clock. Writing letters for home, found it very tedious.

Went to Dr. M's in the evening. Talbot and King walked home with us and spent an hour or so.

**Monday 25** Commenced another shirt to day. Mean to go on in earnest now. Have begin also the *History of the United States*, one of Dr. Lardner's compilation.<sup>62</sup>

Vachell in after dinner. Looked very tempestuous towards night, but it blew over with a little rain. I never saw it look more threatening.

Went to a party at Lindsay's this eve—had a pleasant time. You would like these parties much, for we do just as we like, we are not confined to a circle and allowed to speak just when a gentleman chooses to address us. We have a band of music as Mr. Maj[oribanks] says, to make a noise, a piano. Some one plays and sings and those who have not the power of charming with melodious sounds can walk the verandah with those they like best, sit sullen on a couch if you please or take a book. In fact, you are to suit yourself, have a little bit of a supper and go home.

26 Writing letters most of the time for the *Italy*. Did my stint on the shirt, read some and spent the evening with Mrs. Turner, a quiet party. Mrs. Ripley is a very pleasant woman now with her. [Oliver H.] Gordon arrived to day. He and Talbot came to take tea with us.

27<sup>th</sup> The *Clematis* arrived yesterday morning, 98 days from Boston. Brings to mind our dear Uncle David [Low, died July 24, 1830] who opposed so many adverse winds in her, weathered many gales and has now gone, I trust, where they will oppose him no more. What changes! What changes! When I was last in Boston I went on board this vessel

at Long Wharf. He was preparing for Havre. Now here am I and this same ship in the far distant land of China. He, where is he? Has made a longer voyage than either. I hope [he] is enjoying the true Celestial Empire, where the Spirits of the just are made perfect.

Writing again—and busy as usual. Vachell in after dinner and we went out to the Gap. Came home, found quite a levee assembled. V. was engaged. There was Gordon, Talbot, King, Bridgman and Mr. Bull all comfortably seated on the terrace. A delightful evening.

28<sup>th</sup> Had a little touch of the “azure spirits” to day. Don’t know why. Aunt Low went to make calls after dinner; I stayed at home reading. Mrs. Whiteman came in and stayed 1/2 an hour. I felt better. Aunt Low came home. Said she had concluded to go to Mrs. M’s [Marjoribanks] where we have had a general invitation for every Thursday evening. So I cheered up, dressed myself and we got there just after 9, for Nancy is quite unwell, and had a dreadful faint turn and detained us [the first sign of the maid’s pregnancy]. However we spent two very pleasant hours there.

29<sup>th</sup> At home all day, employed as usual. No one in but dear Mr. College who is very attentive to Nancy in her sickness. Went out to the Gap about dark with Aunt Low. Met Mrs. Daniell there. Gordon and Talbot spent the eve’g with us.

30<sup>th</sup> **July** Busy doing odd jobs today. Finished another shirt yesterday for Uncle. So you see, I can make myself useful yet. An American Ship arrived to day, the *Martha* from Boston. I hardly dare to hope for letters now, till I see them, the Ships steal away so. This evening we spent quietly with Mrs. Baynes. The first number of the *Chinese Courier*<sup>63</sup> edited by Mr. Wood reached us to day, a very spirited beginning, if he goes on as he begins. But people say there is not matter enough for two papers in Canton. I am afraid he will make himself enemies, for where there is opposition, there must be difference of opinion and they will not hesitate to let each other and every body else know it through the medium of their papers. It is a pity I think in as small a place—he already fires at the Chief Majoribanks and the [Canton] *Register* and Dr. Morrison.<sup>64</sup>

31<sup>st</sup> A very hot day—went to Church however. After dinner clouds came up and about 10 we had quite a severe shower, with wind, thunder & lightning. Mr. Talbot came in about 5, said he was off for Can-

ton in 1/2 an hour. The Nile had arrived from N. York and he must go, but wished her back in N. York. Said we should receive our letters in 48 hours.

**August 1<sup>st</sup>** Blowing and raining this morning. A direct Ship from England this morning, bringing late news, every body in motion. Makes some changes in the aspect of affairs here, as well as in the aspect of faces and feelings. News is mostly pleasing however. Mrs. Baynes seems to be the only one afflicted; the loss of a brother & sister is not a slight misfortune. Went to see our dear Mrs. Davis. She was rejoicing, having had delightful news from her dear children and has recieved also a picture of them all *la groupe*, all good likenesses. It is an anxious time I'll assure you when [a] ship arrive[s]. By the bye received a letter from Alonzo Ranlet<sup>65</sup> yesterday. I conclude you are all well or he would have mentioned it.

Capt. Clifton dined with us today. He is quite an orientalist, he cannot dine out with out his hookah, a very gentlemanly way of smoking if one must smoke. His hookbadah to day he supposes did not rinse the snake. He felt something on his tongue, and took the mouth piece, and lo and behold a centipede, quite alive. It made us all crawl—only fancy a centipede in one's mouth. Fortunately he did not bite it. We walked out to our hill last night. Vachell came in. Mrs. Allport, Capt. R. Allport, Clifton, Gordon, and Vachell took tea with us. Black clouds tonight threaten a blow.

2<sup>d</sup> Blew a gale last night and continued through the day. Had a little company this eve'g., Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, Mrs. Turner, Lindsay and Vachell.

3 This morning Gordon & Sir Andrew [Ljungstedt] in. About 2 received 2 delightful letters from N. P. Knapp and Edward [Edward Allen Low] per *Martha*. Tell me Sarah is with you. How much I should like to be there too. Fortune appears to be changing her aspect towards the Knapp family; they seem to be regaining their cheerfulness.

Went to Mrs. Davis's this evening, Thornhill and Vachell there. Wind continues to blow such a gale, shall never get my letters from the Nile till it ceases. Before we went to Mrs. Davis we went to call on the new arrivals, a Mrs. Beaucaut<sup>66</sup> just from England, a very pretty woman.

Then called on Mrs. Neish returned again from Bombay, a delightful creature. On Mrs. Fearon and Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Ripley.

**4 August** Wind still blows fresh—however my budget of letters arrived about two. It grieved me to hear of my dear brother's severe illness, but I trust he is now well. I have seen accounts of the great "revivals" in the paper. I cannot say my dear sister that they give me so much pleasure as they do some people. I think it is generally too great an excitement, that is apt to vanish like the dew. There are too many in my opinion who after having felt the power of the Spirit as they term it and make a profession of their faith, are too apt to think the work done, but I pray that it may leave lasting effects on the minds of all.<sup>67</sup> Our little Willy [William Henry Low II]<sup>68</sup> seems now quite impressed. Well I hope it will last, and if he so early tastes the goodness of God, he will be a happy as well as good man.

How much I should have enjoyed Sarah's visit, and you were going to Salem too. May you be happy wherever you are.

Spent the eve alone reading Kotzebue's *new voyage round the world*.<sup>69</sup> King and Gordon came in about 6, tried to urge us to go to the Chief's [Marjoribanks] tonight. Mr. K. said they would serve as chairbearers if we would—he was in for it, and they hoped we should change our mind. However we did not.

**5** The wind has at last lulled. Poor [Robert] Wilkinson returned yesterday in the *Lady Melville* quite out of health. Also a Mr. Devereux [Humphry B. Devereux],<sup>70</sup> and two widows. Poor things, they came out to India to meet their husbands and on their arrival found they were both widows—what a melancholy fate! How little the people in America know of these kind of sorrows. The English ladies have to wander over the oceans to meet their husbands, brothers, or fathers. Indeed how many of them live on the water except put on shore for a few days in a strange place while they have a fresh cargo. This [w . . . ] colony in India separated thousands of families.

Reading *Corinne* all the morning. Sitting very comfortably in the drawing room *en déshabillé* and the bell rung. I made my exit in 3 jumps, it happened to be no one but Mr. King and Gordon. Dressed and went in. After dinner went out to walk. Went to our hill. Were joined by Mrs. Allport and Mr. Bridgman. When we got about 1/2 way home, a black cloud poured forth its contents upon us, and those who had not chairs, myself among the number, were quite drenched, the first regular ducking I have had here. Equestrians and pedestrians all alike, poor Mrs. Davis on horseback looked 1/2 drowned. Oh

by the bye this morning Mrs. D. sent us 1/2 dozen delicious Mangustin [mangosteen] from Java, considered the richest fruit in the world. For my own part, I never tasted any thing so rich. It has a black covering of a 1/4 of an inch thick over the part you eat. That is more bitter than aloes, but the inside, I could have eaten a bushel. The part you eat is about as large as a good sized horsechestnut. I cannot describe to you the flavour, nothing but to taste it yourself will give you an idea of it—and that I am afraid my sis never will, unless she takes a trip to Java, for they will not last a voyage to America and require great care to keep them to China.

We passed this evening again alone. I have been much interested in Kotzebue's *new voyage round the World*; it is very entertaining. Finished it to night.

6 This whole week has been delightfully cool. A plenty of rain, and has quite recruited every one, people began to look very languid, one month of incessant heat, Ther. at 90 most of the time, reduces very much. But the last week, I suspect the Ther. has not been over 85, which is very comfortable. The rain has cooled the streets too, and the houses, which was like so many coals before.

Mrs. Crockett and Mrs. Beaucaut called this morning. Vachell came in after dinner, told us the news—all there is stirring—reports of the widows, that neither of them are pretty, have not left off the weeds. It has been reported here, that one was a “star of the first magnitude,” a most beautiful creature—the imaginations of the people here are so vivid, in future I shall [begin: deleted] make up my mind when they say a person is handsome that it is the reverse.<sup>71</sup> The eve we spent alone.

**Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> August** A fine cool morning again, we really ought to be very thankful for such recruiting weather.

Went to Church. Was glad to see people had been able to get out this morning. They (the gents, particularly) are very negligent generally. Today there were 16 ladies at church, quite a goodly number for Macao. Mrs. Davis, Smith and Thornhill in after church. We hardly ever have this time to ourselves, which is not at all pleasant. College in too. I believe there is more real religious feeling in him than any one in the place. In the evening went to Dr. Morrison's, heard Mr. Bridgman, a miserable preacher, almost went to sleep. Called in to Mrs. Allport's, her hubby had just come from Canton.



From her windows saw the *Italy* just going out, a secret wish to be on board, and bound for dear America.

8 Reading the *Water Witch*<sup>72</sup> a while this morning. Cannot say I admire it. Capt. [R. B.] Forbes and Gordon in this morning, Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Ripley to say Adieu. I do not like P. P. C. [*pour prendre congé*] visits. They go to Manilla now.

The *Lewis* arrived to night, but I suspect there are no letters for me, as she sailed before the *Nile* and you do not mention it. Vachell came in after dinner, wanted me to walk, but I was not disposed, for I much feared another ducking. He stayed with me to have a chat and Aunt Low went to call on Mrs. Neish. V. says there are two barriers<sup>73</sup> to a long walk in Macao. Gordon, King, V., Mr. and Mrs. Allport took tea with us.

The guns have been firing all day, and the bells ringing, flags 1/2 mast, mourning for the old queen who died 2 years ago.<sup>74</sup> They never move till they receive official accounts. The weather is quite cold and rainy. Think the Ther. must be about 80 this evening.

9 The glass at 76 today. Quite cold and rainy, very unusual weather. Went out in my chair after dinner. Called at Mrs. Whiteman's,<sup>75</sup> at Mrs. Davis, first found her at Mrs. Whiteman's. Vachell came in too.

Fox and Capt. Clifton spent the eve with us.

10 Still cold and gloomy weather. Rained very hard during the night. Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Davis, Dr. & Mrs. Morrison in this morning.

This afternoon the *Pennsylvania* arrived from Phil[adelphia], but I suspect no letters for me. Heard to day Roundy arrived at Anger 43 days, pretty well in health. We were very glad to hear it.

This evening finished the *Water Witch*,<sup>76</sup> the last 40 pages the only part worth reading.

Went to a dinner party at the Company's this evening. A very pleasant party, but I cannot say I enjoyed it much. I was obliged to carry into effect some new and good resolutions, which was very hard and cost me a pang then, and almost a sleepless night.

11 Rains pouring, has continued through the day. However, Sam Sturgis and Van Basil called. This evening we went to the Chief's club. Had a pleasant time. These parties are very easy and social. Poor V[achell], I've had to cut him, not from any inclinations of my own, but to satisfy the people, they will talk so. Between ourselves,

how I should like to be within speaking distance my sis that I might tell you all my little troubles. Now I go and gossip with my friend, Mrs. Davis—we are getting rather dissipated of late.

12 Finished *Corinne* to day, and the 4<sup>th</sup> shirt for Uncle. Had company and went out also. Mr. Sullivan (a “very good muster” of an American), Mr. Gordon, King, and Capt. Clifton called here. At 2 o’clock, having finished my stint, I jumped into my sulky [sedan chair] and went to Mrs. Davis, returned at 3, and about 6 set out again. Went just to Mrs. Allport’s, from there to Mrs. Neish, and took tea with Mrs. Fearon and Mr. Chinnery and then went home.

13 A pleasant morning for a great rarity. Nancy has had a touch of the liver complaint, and an ugly old portuguese Ayah is crawling up the Stairs to make our beds and clean up. Aunt has just rung the bell for breakfast, and I shall take *Don Quixote* for five minutes. So *Buenas dias mi querida*.

We finished to day between us the 8<sup>th</sup> shirt. Am happy to say they are now all done. Mr. [William] Haylett called this morning. The direct ships are arriving almost every day, and bringing the faces we saw on our arrival. We are getting quite gay now.

The first time we have been on to the Campo for a week, has been so rainy. Went to Casillas, and admired the view. [S.P.] Sturgis and Sullivan, two wild Bostonians, joined us. It was as much as my dignity could do to keep them in order. They appeared to be trying to see which could make the prettiest speeches. I laughed at them, just to let them know that I did not swallow it all. Otherwise think I should have let it pass in silent contempt. I have got to be such a matter of fact personage that this stuff annoys me. However they were only in fun, but I did not happen to be in a funny humour. I walked part way home and then took to my sulky, as we were engaged to a party. Dressed and went to Mrs. Thornhill’s, she had all Macao there. A musical party, and very pleasant. Again I want my sister for a confidante.

Mr. Alexander shew me his sister’s miniature tonight. How much I wished I could show yours too. Hope I shall one of these days. He poor fellow idolizes this sister, and like myself was never separated from her before. I always encourage these young chaps in talking of home or their sisters. They are too apt, unless their affections are deeply rooted there, to become indifferent. It shows a

good disposition in them when they speak affectionately of their brothers and sisters.

14 Went to Church, went to the Pania after dinner and Dr. Morrison's in the evening. King, Bridgman and Gordon took tea with us.

15 This morning had a letter from poor Roundy, and I fear we shall never hear from him again. Also from Uncle who says Mr. [John] Shillaber is in Batavia and his Sister Caroline<sup>77</sup> with him. Only think one of my schoolmates. I got up from breakfast table and despatched a letter to her instantly via Singapore. It seems good to hear that there is one of my young acquaintances so near. I shall now indulge a hope of going to Batavia. How much I should like travelling in Java—rather an unpleasant situation for a young lady there I should think.

Aunt Low and I have today been working like old times doing up muslins, really felt quite fagged. After dinner Mr. King, Gordon and Allport called for us. Went out to Casillas Bay. A lovely evening. Mrs. A., King, Gordon and Fox took tea with us. A party at the Company's to night, but we declined. Another of Wood's papers out to day, by which he has lost 41 subscribers smack . . . he is too severe upon the Company.<sup>78</sup> I do not think he has done right.

16 Felt stupid this morning. Thought I would go and gossip with Mrs. Davis, and after seeing Mr. Dent, Van Basil, Wilkinson and Mr. Beale at home I went. Then after dinner I wrote a letter to Uncle and read *Destiny*,<sup>79</sup> a novel, till night. Aunt Low made calls on Mrs. Perreira and Mrs. Thornhill and engaged to spend the eve'g with Mrs. P. Had a most delightful time, some perfect music, fine singing, the flute and piano forte. Miss P. and a young Portuguese danced the Gavot [gavotte] very well. I was quite delighted with my visit.

17 Hot day. Working, reading, etc., as usual. Like *Destiny* much. Very much the style of *Inheritance*. After dinner Alexander called in. Went out in my chair. King came back with me and spent the evening with us. A lovely evening. Had delightful dreams about home after it. How often I dream about you, and it is generally the forerunner of letters. Had another letter from Mr. Shillaber to day, urging Aunt Low to spend one monsoon in Java. She means to send for Caroline [to come] here. How happy I should be to have her come, but I hope we shall one of these days.

18 My room is so hot this morning that I must make the best of my way out of it. Have just finished the second vol. of *Destiny* and am anxiously waiting for Mrs. D[avis] to send me the third. In the mean time I shall take my book of Spanish in one hand, a fan in the other and a seat in the “chaise longue” and wait with patience. *Destiny* came about 12, however I could not read till after dinner, for we had some work to do. Mrs. Davis then came in, we went out to the Gap together. This eve’g went to Mr. Majoribanks’, the last 1/2 hour re-deemed the eve’g. Was very hot.

19 Finished *Destiny* this morning, very well written. The first novel I have cried over for a long time, one scene very touching, when a son returns to his mother after a long absence.<sup>80</sup> Smith and Fox called.

Busy at work the rest of the day. Another dinner at the Company’s on Monday.

Went to our hill at 6 with Gordon and King, were joined by Fox and Wilkinson on the hill, and they two took tea with us. Very warm evening.

21 [20] Busy as a bee today, making a satin under dress. Mr. Vachell called but we denied ourselves. Went to Mrs. Davis’s about 5, had a chat with her till 6, then we went together to Mrs. Thornhill’s. From there to the Gap. Breathed a little fresh air and on our way home heard Mrs. Whiteman playing very sweetly on the piano. We went in unceremoniously and solicited a tune on the harp. She plays beautifully, it does make me wish to do something. From here went home. The sweet strains of the harp were sounding in my ears for a long time, even the constant sound of S. P. Sturgis’s voice till ten o’clock hardly drowned them.

22 [21] Sunday again, as usual went to Church. After church read the life of Mohammed, rather interesting. I do not think it makes us respect him much.

After dinner I began a letter to you *ma chère* and then went to the Peña where we were joined by Fox, Wilkinson and Capt. Leech.<sup>81</sup> Soon after J. P. Sturgis, Campbell and College came along. A lovely evening. We left at 7 and went to Dr. Morrison’s, heard an excellent sermon.

23 [22] Mr. Gordon said Adieu this morning. Fox and Wilkinson, College and Mrs. Davis called. Think as soon as I get a chance I

shall sit down and give you a long confidential letter my dear, lest you should hear some stories you might not like.

Hot night, but had to dress for the Company's: however with 5 Punkahs it is very comfortable. Only tires one sitting so long. I think we are at the table 2 hours. However I enjoyed it tonight. Mr. Alexander handed me [to table] and S. P. Sturgis on my other hand. A. & I had a great deal of chat. Wishes me to ride his horse, a new one, a beauty, however I declined. But he said he should certainly have it decked for me some day, with side saddle, etc. Rather a large party, about 60 I suppose or more.

23<sup>d</sup> This morning I was sitting at my work and the Boy handed me a note from Mr. A. and a long piece of poetry, very pretty. He told me the night before he would send it, that he had been writing it, but I thought likely he was in joke. Also sent for the receipt [recipe] I promised him, which was for to make himself happy. However, I shall give you the long and short of the whole affair in a letter.

[Marginal note] Upon consideration I think it (like a thousand other things I might tell you) not worth relating, so I shall keep it till we meet face to face.

It is a funny business. I went to work and concocted the receipt, and hope it will prove good, have not heard however how he liked it. After dinner reading "Gordon's travels and private Memoirs,"<sup>82</sup> do not think much of them. Evening perfect. Mrs. Neish and Mrs. Fearon and Mr. Daniell took tea with us.

24<sup>th</sup> Two English ships, ladies getting miniatures of friends and lots of letters. A Mr. Warner called this morning, Capt. [R. B.] Forbes and Mrs. Davis. After dinner took my book and read till dark. Do not get a walk now very often. Aunt Low went to make calls, and took tea with Mrs. Daniell, sent for me. But I thought having a fit of disgust at all mankind, I would stay at home and see if I could find my own dear self agreeable. I however had company, Mrs. Allport and [W. C.] Hunter took tea with me. Most lovely nights now.

25<sup>th</sup> This morning felt like nothing but drawing, but constantly disturbed by visitors. There was Mr. Whiteman and Locke, Mr. Haylett and Kayley [Caley] and Mr. Davis to say adieu, goes to Canton for the season. After dinner we went to call on the widows. Poor things



arrived here the other day. Came out to Calcutta to meet their husbands and found them both dead, are now on their way to England. Called at Mrs. Grant's and Mrs. Baynes', not at home. Went to the Gap, found a large party there, Mr. & Mrs. Thornhill, Allport, Daniell and several other gents. We all joined and went home rather early to go to the chief's [Marjoribanks]. Must confess I thought it rather a stupid party. Every one seems quite exhausted with the warm weather, it has been oppressive for the few last days. For my own part, I with a certain gent took our seat in the corner of a verandah determined to be sulky. I told him it was quite impossible to be agreeable. We were soon after joined by 4 more, who said they were only too happy to join a sulky club, for it was all they were disposed for. However think we rather brightened up then. Had a little music, but almost too warm for any thing.

26<sup>th</sup> Mr. S. P. Sturgis called this morning, but we sent word engaged and saw no one. Finished Gordon's *Memoirs* and read Southey's *Life of Nelson*.<sup>83</sup> What a pity he so tarnished his private character. Aunt Low and I went a short distance and Mr. Cayley joined us and walked with us. The eve'g spent alone reading.

27<sup>th</sup> We are delighted this morning with some rain. Rained hard all the forenoon, and cooled the air beautifully. Mr. Bridgman in this morning. Mr. Vachell in this afternoon, returned from Lintin last night. After he was gone I went to Mrs. Turner's. Mrs. Davis sent word she would spend the eve'g with us. And about dark Fox and Wilkinson, they all came and we had a very pleasant eve'g.

28<sup>th</sup> Sunday Morn. Another six days' work is done, another Sabbath has begun. My prayer is that I may spend this day holy. Weeks pass away in a useless thoughtless manner. I feel shocked when I think of it. I should like to be with you at home this day if no other. You would hardly know the sacred day here.

Went to church as usual, came home and read for an hour, when S. P. Sturgis came in and stayed 2 hours, and spoiled my morning. Wrote a letter, read a sermon and then set out for Casilla's Bay. Vachell was just coming in. He walked with me a little way by my chair and then went off. Poor fellow, it is a great shame. People will talk about their neighbors. However I mentioned we were going to spend a quiet eve with Mrs. Thornhill—and he declared he would go there.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Turner and his honour were there. Poor Mrs. Thornhill is living all alone now. Her husband is in Canton.

**Monday 29** Another invitation for Company's dinner tonight, but we declined. Mrs. D[avis] sent me a most pressing invitation to go just to oblige her, as she was afraid of being the only one there, but for various cogent reasons I saw fit to decline. Went up to see her to make my peace with her. Feel out of spirits and worried, but the cause must be left to a letter, then I'll give you the whole history of it. Went this eve'g to Casilla's with Mr. King and Capt. Crocker<sup>84</sup>—the latter took tea with us.

**30<sup>th</sup>** At home gloomy and quite wretched. Mrs. Allport was in this morning and give us some conversation she had with a certain gent [Vachell] the eve'g before. Mr. Heard [Augustine Heard]<sup>85</sup> and Mr. [J.M.] Forbes too, from Canton. Spent the afternoon alone. Aunt Low went out. This even'g Mr. Heard and Mr. Sullivan came in and took tea with us.

**31<sup>st</sup>** Mr. Heard breakfasted with us. Mrs. Davis in this morning. Went to Mrs. Robinson's this evening. Stupid.

**September 1<sup>st</sup>** Mr. H. breakfasted with us and left this morning for Canton. This morning rec<sup>d</sup>. letters from Uncle and with them your journal for February, Jan'y, the months which I thought you had forgotten me in. But was very glad to find to the contrary—as you may suppose. Also a letter from S. Orne which was rather triste, but I was delighted to get it, for her letters are too good to be lost, and you wrote me you had sent it by the *Crusoe*. Mrs. D[avis] and I went to the Gap to night and then I went to the Chief's. Did not accomplish what I wished to, and came home still more downhearted than I went.

**2** This morning hot enough. Generally the hottest season I think, when the monsoon begins to grow light. I felt neither like working nor reading, and thinks I to myself, I will try visiting. So I ordered my chair and called on the Miss Ulmans first, then spent the rest of the morning chatting with Mrs. Allport. She is the friend after all, more to be trusted than any one I know here—how little sincerity one finds in this world. Upon my word at times, I feel so disgusted with human nature that I sometimes wish I could class myself among the brute creation. After dinner Aunt Low went to se[e] Mrs. Daniell,

I stayed at home reading *the Bride of Lammermoor*.<sup>86</sup> About 6 Mr. Vachell came in and I said all I had to say to him, and now I hope I shall be plagued no more. He stayed about an hour, as long as he dared, he said. Mrs. Davis spent the evening with us. Hot and close.

3 Finished a Lace dress today. Dreadfully hot, a northerly wind is parching us up. After dinner called for Mrs. Davis, went to the Peña to avoid all intruders. Stayed there an hour and spent the evening with Mrs. Thornhill, went in without an invitation. She is a pleasant woman. She is Irish, and has all the open frankness of manner belonging to the Irish character, enthusiastic, affectionate and hospitable. I really like her very much—very high spirits and this evening was entertaining us with anecdotes of the Irish peasantry. I do not know when I have spent a pleasanter eve'g.

4 Sunday morning again, and what has become of the last week. It makes me tremble when I ask myself how much better am I than the week before? What knowledge have I gained or how have I improved the time? Frightful answer for the last week, I am sure, for I must confess without hesitation that it has all been wasted. I have read scarce any, I have been vexed and annoyed with trifles and events that I could not control and perhaps have been led to judge wrongly of those who appear friendly, and perhaps made some harsh observations. Oh dear suds! how prone we are to be led away by the feelings of the moment, when if reason was called to our aid we should save ourselves many a pang. I often ask myself, Why was I born? and for what purpose was I sent into the world. I am tired of doing nothing, would that I could be placed in some scene of action, some where I could do good to some one. But there's prosing enough for this morning I am thinking.

I seem to have been in a sad state on Sunday Morning, but I feel better now. Went to Church in the morning, in the evening had a delightful walk, which did me good, and Mrs. Allport spent the evening with us.

5 Hot day, but have been enjoying myself to day with reading and drawing and several visitors—Mr. Wilkinson, the Miss Ulmans and Ammidon, Sullivan & a Mr. Walker of the *Martha*. After dinner King came in for us and we went out to our hill. Mr. Lindsay joined us on horseback, but dismounted and seated himself with us on the

turf. He was walking by my side leading his horse as we were going home. I said to him if that was a side saddle, I should be for mounting. He said he thought he could make it one and he shortened the stirrup, and I actually mounted and rode home. It put me in mind of the last time I rode, which was on the "old mare" at Grandmother Eaton's. I thought Father would say if he have seen me that it was quite in character. I enjoyed it much. Mr. Lindsay, King, Ammidon, Sullivan and Walker took tea with us. Mrs. Thornhill in just at night.

6 This morning employed as usual, sent for Clarke's *travels*<sup>87</sup> to the Library, but they sent me Stedman's *Surinam*. However shall read it.

Mr. Sullivan in this morning and introduced a Mr. Eaton, Supercargo of the *Atlantic*, arrived last night, says he does not know that he has any letters for us. Well patience is my motto. Sent us a few papers. It seems our King [President Andrew Jackson] is following the fashions of the rest of the world and dismissing his Cabinet. That seems to be all the news from that part of the world.

Reading newspapers till dark, then went to Mrs. Whiteman's. Mrs. W. expected a large party, but we were the only ladies and about 6 gentlemen. But there has not been so pleasant a party in Macao for I'm sure I cannot remember when. We stayed till 12 o'clock, and all agreed that it was not numbers that made a pleasant party. Walked home at 12 with Vachell and Alexander. We had some fine singing, trios and solos, piano and flute, harp and guitar, played beautifully. I left with regret at that late hour, and did not sleep till 4 o'clock.

7 Day after day runs away my dear sis, but not one day passes without your having a place in my thoughts. I read, work, draw and write to beguile the time, and it does flow rapidly. Today we had no company. Went in the evening to walk with Mrs. Davis on the Peña and spent the evening with her quietly. She is a charming creature, and I do love her. I sit and watch her for hours. Mr. Alexander sent me a box of Gingerbread Nuts to day, just from England. Oh dear I am now just in the mood for some letters from home, and I hear another American Ship has arrived. I ought to have some.

8 Miss Morrison called this morning. Says there are three direct ships in, letters in plenty. Vachell in this morning too. The wanderers are returning by these ships and bringing on lots of people from India.

After dinner Mrs. Davis called for us and we went to Mrs. Beaucaut's, not at home and proceeded to our hill, when we were soon joined by Alexander and Capt. Whitehead, just arrived, the one that gave so many parties just after we arrived. Walked home with him, and at 8 went to Mr. Majoribanks'. A very large party, 13 ladies. Quite a turn out. Think I shall not go any more. I am sick of them.

9 A rainy day, no one in but Mr. Bridgman in the morning. After dinner Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Allport came in. Aunt Low went to Mrs. Thornhill's and spent the evening, I went after wards. No one there but Vachell. Had a "delightful cozy evening"—we agreed again that it was not numbers that made an eve'g pleasant.

10 Capt. Whitehead in this morning, the same old sixpence. Went to Mrs. Turner's after dinner. She is quite ill. Spent the eve'g alone, for the first time for a long while.

11 A pleasant day, but do not feel very well. However went to Church. Mr. Davis in and Millet [Charles Millett, East India Company] after church. After dinner went to the Campo with Mrs. Allport, had a pleasant walk. Were joined on our return by Vachell and Howard and Grant—it looks like old times to see H. here again. Went to Dr. Morrison's after I came home, heard a good sermon. King and Hunter took tea with us.

12 No one in today. Was reading after dinner Stedman's *Surinam*, a horrid book, or rather horrid descriptions. It called forth a eulogy on China in comparison with that place.

Went to Mrs. Allport's in the eve, a small party—Mrs. Neish, Wilkinson, Rieves, Vachell and ourselves. Poor V. made me quite melancholy. He seems like a different person—is in very low spirits.

13 This morning went out and called on Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Grant, to make my peace with them. I hear his honour felt quite hurt, because I did not take his arm coming out of church on Sunday—carelessness on my part and foolishness on his, to have thought of it again. But so it goes. Every thing is observed, repeated and at last comes to the person. However I did not see her ladyship and said nothing about it to him. Set an hour with Mrs. Thornhill, had an interesting chat. Went home and found Mrs. Davis there.



A fine cool day, every one out. We had intended a good walk this evening, but it rained and prevented us. Mrs. D. and I were very unwilling to give it up however and went on to the Campo in our chairs, but were soon obliged to turn back on account of the rain. I went to Mrs. Turner's though in a pelting shower. Dear Mrs. Davis spent a delightful evening with us. Mrs. Whiteman and Miss Philp called in about 5.

**Wed 14** Mr. Morris in this morning, just returned from his travels in [deleted: Italy] India. (What a mistake.) Mrs. Allport and I went out, had a long walk. Vachell and Wilkinson joined us, on our return, and spent the evening with us. This is a queer little place—there is too much scandal here. It is really quite shocking, and beyond all endurance. Poor V. is quite in despair.

**15** What a rainy day—pouring down. Now I am going to work, after reading a little Spanish, to cut out a muslin print dress—and be very industrious. It is so cool today.

Mrs. Frazer, a widow, and Mr. Mathewson [James Matheson] called this morning. Fitting my dress all the morning. After dinner tried it on, and shall have the pleasure of taking it to pieces again. Too bad.

In the evening, in spite of rain, about 9 I went to the Chief's party, with Mrs. Davis as chaperone. Enjoyed it much. Only 2 ladies there beside ourselves. Lots of gentlemen, among whom was the elegant and accomplished Howard, who entertained us with his beautiful or fine voice all the evening. It was near 12 when we left. It is quite a treat. I really enjoyed it very much.

**16** At home all day, employed as usual. Alexander sent me some pretty sketches. Went to Mrs. Davis's, a small party. The lion of the evening was Mr. Howard, and we kept him singing constantly. I could not bear to say Good Night. He is a handsome youth, elegant manners and quite unaffected, although he is caressed and courted by both ladies and gentlemen. Very obliging and good natured about singing. Says he is only too happy to have ladies to listen to him, for he only gets them when he comes to Macao.

**17** Mr. Daniell in this morning, also Mrs. Davis spent nearly two hours with us. After dinner Mrs. D. called for me to walk. We had a delightful walk, several little adventures on the way. King joined

us on the way home. K., Bridgman and Hunter came in and took tea with us, and about 1/4 past 8 we bid them good evening, as we were engaged to take tea with Mrs. Grant.

We went. Howard came in about 9 and sung his farewell song and bid us good night and left for Canton. A very quiet party. Notwithstanding several mighty things occurred but which will only be written upon the tablets of the memory. I every day exclaim, What a world this is, and what funny people in it. You may laugh at the idea of our seeing any thing of the world in Macao, but I'll assure you, we see an infinite variety of characters, every variety I am sure.

18 Sunday morning. This morning was spent in examining myself, to see if by any means I could think myself worthy to approach the altar and in remembrance of our Saviour commune with his christian disciples. Unworthy as I feel myself, I feel it my duty after praying for forgiveness of all my sins, and trusting in the mercy of God, to draw to him and partake of his holy sacrament. How unworthy are the best of us to enter his presence—but I trust these ordinances are established to renew the christian spirit within us, that we may think deeply of our sins and endeavor to lead better lives.

Mr. Vachell gave us a very good sermon and I hope this holy sacrament may be blessed to us all.

Oh my dear sister would that I could meet with you and those that are dear, with those who I trust are far worthier disciples than any we find in this distant and irreligious world. How I long to hear from you all, to know what progress you make in a religious life, to know if the effects of that great revival are lasting, or whether it was a momentary excitement. I rather dread these general excitements my dear—but I pray that their effects may remain.

After dinner Mrs. Davis came in and we went on to the Campo, several of the gents joined us. And Mrs. Davis took tea with us, with King and Hunter.

19 Finished the first vol. of Keppell's *journey across the Balcan*,<sup>88</sup> not very interesting I think. Mrs. Perreira called, working most of the morning. Mrs. P's son [Francisco Pereira]<sup>89</sup> has just returned from England. She did not know him, nor he any one of them, not even his mother. What a sensation it must be not to be recognized even by a mother. It made me shudder.

After dinner we went to call on Mrs. Turner and her friend Mrs. Brody [Brodie],<sup>90</sup> Mrs. Fearon and her friend, Mrs. White, new arrivals, and then went to Mrs. Thornhill's and spent the evening with Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Whiteman and one or two more.

20 I shall have a summons for breakfast in a minute and a half, the coolies and Nancy are dancing about our rooms now cleaning up. I dare say it would seem very odd to you to see two men coming to clean up and sweep your room—and such sweeping, “a lick and a promise.” They cannot fancy the use of doing the same thing every day. They say, “Suppose make clean to day, all same dirty tomorrow. What for so fashion clean.” They think it a great waste of labour. However they are pretty well drilled now, and know what they must do—it has become a custom. Oh dear oh dear, I want some letters I do. To day I am in hopes to finish my dress.

10 o'clock. Did not make out however. Mr. Vachell came in and bothered me two hours, and we had company to dinner—Mr. King, Bridgman & Hunter. They started at 5 for Canton, or the two first. Hunter having been an invalid will remain with us till the first.<sup>91</sup> Mrs. Davis came in and we walked a little and called on Mrs. Whiteman and Mrs. Baynes. Mrs. Allport took tea with us. I was so sleepy that I went into the verandah and had one of my old fashioned naps in a chair before I could speak.

21 One word I have to say to my sis every morning—I have been in Salem all night, with R. G. Abbot and sisters. Went to Church—but alas! the waking dreams are not so happy. Still in Macao—Alack a day!

I'll try and finish my dress today. So I did. Mr. Smith made me a long visit, Mrs. Low not visible. Mrs. D[avis] came in after dinner. We went to the Campo. A lovely evening. Mr. Daniell joined us, and both spending the evening with us.

22<sup>d</sup> Finished this morning Keppell's *journey across the Balcan*, very little in it that is either interesting or instructive. Sent it home and Mr. V. sent me *The Life of Giovanni Finati* and Hood's *Tales*.<sup>92</sup> “Giovanni was a native of Ferrara who, under the assumed name of Mahomet made the campaigns against the Wahabees for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; and since acted as interpreter to European travellers in some of the parts least visited of Asia and Africa.”

Think I shall find it very interesting. Read this morning considerable Spanish, *El Capitan Cantivo*, then took to drawing. Copied a little sketch Mr. Alexander sent me. Mrs. Davis came in and spent two hours with us.

After dinner read till about 6, then went in my chair *à la solitaire* to Casilla's Bay. Sit there musing till I thought time to return and joined Miss Philp at the foot of the hill and walked with her instead of getting into my chair. Wilkinson soon after joined us. Aunt Low went to the Chief's, but I concluded to stay at home with Mr. Hunter, and see if any one would know I was not there. A Whim. I met Mr. Majoribanks or the Chief, he hoped to see me there, he said, and also said he should not excuse me. Capt. Hyne [Hine, of *Marquis of Huntley*], wife and sister arrived to day. A very large party at the Chief's—many inquiries—hem!

23<sup>d</sup> This morning threatens a Typhoon. The wind is blowing a gale, at any rate has taken all my "light sails" over a little terrace that goes from my room. Kept me awake ever so long and was the means of my rising very early. O dear suds! What a stormy day. But as I have given Abbot the whole history,<sup>93</sup> I shall only say the wind increased till about 2, the tide coming in at the same time, it made the sea quite tremendous. We could see it from our windows washing over the tops of the houses on the Quay. It has completely destroyed the Praya Grande, rooted up 10 ft. pieces of granite and thrown them into the halls of the houses. Capt. Whitehead kindly called in after dinner to see if we were alive, Mrs. Davis in too. A little boat was anchored in front. At last they cut their cables thinking it was their only chance and let her drive, it was a dreadful sight. It seemed impossible that she could live in such a sea. We watched her till it seemed as though she must with the next wave dash on to the point—but I have since heard with the assistance of Capt. Whitehead the men were all saved. The boat completely dashed to pieces.

24 Nothing but a scene of destruction this morning—our verandah is quite unroofed, our mats all gone. Proceed to the point of the terrace. Where is the Quay? Gone! Completely demolished! Houses without roofs! A large piece taken quite out of the Company's! from the roof to the ground. Immense masses of granite thrown up. Look a little further. Several Chinese houses at the end of the Quay quite levelled. Look at the Peña church—much damaged. Now come back

to this side, on the point near the Franciscan church is a large fishing boat, a complete wreck! Look into the roads. There is the hull of a large ship that only a few days since I saw come into the roads with their towering masts filled with canvass. Now it is levelled to the hull, not a stick standing. This is what meets our eye. But alas I fear that is not all. I hear during the gale masts of ships with men on them in numbers were floating about calling for assistance, but the ships could render them none. How horrid. Many ships are expected now, but I am afraid we shall hear of much damage.

After dinner Mrs. Davis called for us and we went out to see all the ruins.

Mrs. Brodie, Mrs. Fearon, Mrs. White, Mr. Gover, Mr. Forbes, Capt. Hogg called this morning.

Went into Mrs. Whiteman's on our return in the evening. She was obliged to take to the "go down" [storehouse] during the gale as part of her roof came in. Spent the evening with Mrs. Thornhill.

25 Went to church this morning. When we came home we had the unexpected pleasure of seeing Uncle. You will not doubt we were very happy.

Walked out after dinner, but the prospect of rain drove us back. Mrs. Allport and Capt. Forbes took tea with us.

26 Have been drawing some today. This afternoon went out to walk. Mr. Vachell joined us.

Mrs. Wilkinson took tea with us. At 8 I went to Mrs. Fearon's a small party. Had 2 quadrilles. Commencement of the season. Rather a pleasant evening.

27 Every day hear of more damage done by the Typhoon and we never shall hear of all the lives that have been lost. The Chinamen and Portuguese are many. They are very distressing.

Capt. [R.B.] Forbes dined with us today. Went to walk after dinner with Uncle. It is delightful to have someone to walk with. This evening went to Mrs. Davis's—a small party. Walked home with Vachell and Alexander. When we were coming back this afternoon we met the Davis's. Mr. D. said he was very anxious to taste our "Slap Jacks" that have quite risen to glory in Macao. We told him he must come the next morning at 1/2 past 8. They said they would. Says Mr. Wilcox [Benjamin Chew Wilcocks]<sup>94</sup> used to give them some-



thing very nice he used to call "hominy." Says he himself used to call it the "ablative case of Homo." He is a droll creature. In the evening he says "Miss Low I shan't sleep tonight, visions of 'slap jacks' will be before me all night"—they laugh at the name.

28 They came this morning punctually. Liked the cakes much.

Called on Mrs. Morrison this morning with Mrs. D[avis]. Capt. Whitehead and Mr. Vachell & Sir Andrew called this morning. Bring more distressing accounts. 2 dismasted ships arrived this morning, and have seen a wreck bottom up on some of the Islands. They say it was dreadful outside. An American ship has arrived, but I cannot find out where from.

This evening went out to walk. Mrs. Allport joined our party and Mrs. Thornhill, Capt. Whitehead, Vachell, and Alexander. Some funny little adventures, the days of chivalry returning. Capt. W. gives a party on Friday ev'g. Urgent invitation.

Walked home with Alexander & Vachell. They took tea with us, with Mrs. Thornhill, [J.H.] Blight, and Wilkinson—quite an unexpected party. Oh dear, I wish I could keep all my good resolutions. How hard it is when inclinations and duty run counter.

29 Capt. Locke, Neish, Gover, Beale and Dudman<sup>95</sup> called this morning, then Mrs. Neish. After dinner we went to walk. Were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Alexander. Went to the Ship's [name not given] party this eve'g with Mrs. Davis. A large and gay party. 2 double Quadrilles went off with great effect. I danced with Mr. Davis and Alexander.

30 A dreadful rainy day. However Mrs. Grant called between the showers. Set with Mrs. Davis an hour after dinner. The rains ceased about dark, but the wind began to blow and we feared another Typhoon. The Chinese call it the "Typhoon's wife." However we went to Mr. Lindsay this evening and danced till after 12. I cannot say I felt happy, for I received a note [from Vachell] just before I left that made me quite miserable—but I danced every dance; notwithstanding.

**October 1<sup>st</sup>** Replied to my last evening's note this morning, which cost me a sigh and many tears. Not but I think it right to do as I did, but I cannot bear to be unkind and I fear it will be thought so, but it cannot be helped—there must be an end. Fox in this morning—arrived last night.

Being a rainy day, after dinner I went to see Mrs. Allport, from there to Mrs. Thornhill's. There, I met Mr. V., the one my note was sent to. He was civil, but I could see a change in his manners. Poor soul, I am sorry for him. While there received a note from Mrs. Davis asking me to come in there to tea. So after taking tea at Mrs. Thornhill's we both went to Mrs. D's. I stayed till about half past 9, then went home. Uncle had received a letter from Uncle Daniell [Daniel Low].<sup>96</sup> He says he was to leave the 1st of September for home. Oh happy man. Perhaps they are this very day going into New York.

2<sup>d</sup> Sunday morning. Probably the last day we shall have church at the Chapel. Aunt Low has just come into my room and says the *Alert* [Captain J. W. Sever] is near. But alas she is from Cadiz and we shall not have a letter by her. You cannot tell how much I wish for one. The English Ladies all had lots last night. It is some 6 months since my last dates.

Walked after dinner with Uncle. Alexander joined us and walked home with me. Mrs. Allport spent the evening with us.

Some parting calls this morning. The Factory leave tomorrow night for Canton.

3 Blight, Alexander, College, Dr Cox (just arrived but not a rival in appearance of my old friend [Dr. Benjamin Cox of Salem]), 2 Robinsons, Young and Vachell called this morning to say Adieu. Poor V. was barely civil to me. Oh dear, if we could only explain one's feelings and motives. At 5 Uncle left us for Canton. I went to see Mrs. Allport as I heard she was not well. When I came home I found a note [from Vachell] in answer to mine of Saturday. [It] occupied 3 pages of fine writing, thinking me the most unkind creature in the world. I wrote a short note in return, asking for a few minutes conversation with him, but the note reached him just as he was sitting down to dinner at Gover's at 7 and they left for Canton just after dinner, but not till after writing a kind note dated 10 [P.M.] I referred him to Uncle if he could not see me. He trusts we shall meet under more auspicious circumstances. I think we both feel happier. Mr. Hunter left us tonight. All the Factory, also.<sup>97</sup>

4<sup>th</sup> Rainy morning—indeed a most gloomy day. No soul in and the house seemed like a tomb. Wind blew very high, increasing every

minute. Became quite a gale in the night. Have been reading Mathews' *Diary of an Invalid*,<sup>98</sup> very interesting.

5 Still gloomy wretched weather. The sound of a voice was hardly heard until about 5 when Mr. Daniell and Mr. Fox came in to see if we were alive. They stayed to tea, and Mrs. Davis came also and I felt all the better.

6 Some appearances of clearing off today. I long to see the sun, wretched morning enough.

After dinner went to see Mrs. Davis and then went on to the Campo with Mrs. Thornhill. She took tea with us.

This morning I was sitting in my own room [when] Assow came to me. Says "Miss 'Haya' Company's butler wanchy see you," says "I have talky he, Master have go Canton but he say no wanchy see Master, wanchy see that lady called Miss Low." I went into the drawing room and told Assow to ask him up. To my astonishment he came. Handed me a letter which Mr. V. requested him to deliver in person—written 1/2 way between here & Canton. Not very important.

7 A perfect morning, quite cool. Fine bracing north wind—felt as though I could do anything. A blanket would have been excessively comfortable last night.

We went out this morning to make calls. Called on Mrs. Morrison first, then on Mrs. Cartwright<sup>99</sup> just arrived from Calcutta, a little fussy figure and rather pretty; then on Mrs. Hyne and Miss Petrie from England; then on Mrs. Allport, then on Mrs. Jarvis<sup>100</sup> from Bombay; then on Mrs. Davis, out; then on Mrs. Walden & Miss Williams from Calcutta; then on Mrs. Baynes, who is just confined.

A wonderful woman she is. She was giving us a history of her troubles. After she had been confined 3 days, we had this dreadful Typhoon. She happened to be alone for a minute, the people were all busy fastening doors, and a gust came, burst open her windows and took all the tile off her room so that she could see the sky through. She rushed out of bed with her infant and a sheet, knowing not where to fly to, thinking the whole house would go. Bare feet and painted floors—she fortunately escaped all colds and is now quite well.

Went to the Campo after dinner and spent the ev'g with Mrs. Thornhill, a small party. Mustered three "bows" [a playful substitute for three beaux] however.

8 Spent the morning in reading a novel called *The Young Duke* by the author of *Vivian Grey*.<sup>101</sup> Not very well satisfied with myself, I must confess, but I thought if I was going to read it I must do it at once. Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright returned our call. Pleasant woman—quite young. On their way to the Cape in search of health, the greatest blessing. By the bye yesterday had a letter from Natty Bumpo [Nathaniel P. Knapp] per *Alert*. See C. Gray is married. There seems to be quite a mania in that family, only one left now.

This evening spent with Mrs. Davis. We walked on the Campo after dinner, were joined by Fox, Inglis, Daniell, and Mr. Browne.<sup>102</sup> Had the supreme felicity of walking home with Inglis and B. The former is a delightful person, a great traveller. He has been almost everywhere. His last travels were in India, to the top of the Himlayah mountains.

9 Went to Dr. Morrison's this morning, heard a good sermon. After dinner walked on the Campo—Mrs. Thornhill, Allport, Davis, self and Fox. Spent the eve alone.

10 Spent the day in reading French. *L'étrangère*,<sup>103</sup> very interesting. Not feeling very well, I did not walk. Mrs. A & Mrs. D. came in. Aunt L. took tea with Mrs. D., but I stuck to my book.

11 This morning was reading in my own room, when I heard the Bell. Knew in a minute by the ponderous Boots and early hour that it must be some Yankee just arrived. So I combed my wig and appeared. A Mr. Burridge<sup>104</sup> from Ship *Howard* handed me a little bundle of precious letters, which give him a welcome. Cannot say much for agreeable manners however.

In spite of my longing looks at my letters, he was determined I should have patience; he stayed an hour and my politeness would not let me open them. I had quite a treat, but I believe I am a most ungrateful being. The more I have the more I want—and whenever I get letters I am sure to feel homesick. Went out after dinner with Mrs. Davis & Aunty. Fox, Inglis and Daniell joined us. Mr. I. walked home with me and was very agreeable giving me a description of his visit to America. His visit to the Springs and the Falls of Niagara—and to all the large cities on the coast. Spent the evening at home. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Allport were with us. We had a variety of subjects of conversation, among which were

love and Friendship, which you know constitute a woman's life. We are expecting to lose our friend Mrs. Allport. She thinks of going to England.

12 Busy this morning cutting out a Gingham dress, rose colored. No interruption of a morning now. Very few people to call. After dinner Mrs. D[avis] came in and wanted us to go with her to walk. We went. She said she had picked up a little party for the evening which she hoped we would join. We did. Had Mrs. Hyne, Miss Petrie, and a few others. Mr. Gernart just returned from Java says he saw Miss Shillaber. She was not well and he thought possible they might come on here. I should be most happy to see them. Or her, I do not care about seeing him. [John Shillaber]

13 At home all day. Mr. Gernart called in the morning. Read *Paul and Virginia*<sup>105</sup> in French today. Did some work on my dress. Resolved that I would endeavour not to grumble any more. We have got into a dreadful habit or I have of complaining. It is the fashion here, but I have resolved tonight to be out of fashion for it is wicked when we have so many blessings to repine because we have not more. Ungrateful creatures. Did not go out and we took tea alone. Finished my book. A lovely ev'g. Walked the terrace.

14 This morning Mr. and Mrs. Jervis returned our call— neighbours to us. He is here from Bombay for his health. Hates Macao. Went out with Mrs. Allport after dinner. She is a good creature and a true friend, a rare thing to find in this world. We had a nice walk. I spent the evening with Mrs. Whiteman, a small party.

15 This morning busy finishing my dress till one oclock. Mrs. Hyne and Miss Petrie called. Went up to Mrs. Turner's, and then to a Portuguese woman's to look at some French things, brought here by some unknown hand. They are very beautiful, all kinds of worked things. I bought two very pretty collars for 3 dols a piece, double and splendidly wrought. Called on Mrs. Neish and Mrs. Fearon. In the evening went out to the gap with Mrs. A[llport]. Met Millett. Says an English Ship of War has just arrived [H. C. Cruiser *Clive*] from Bombay it seems. Can't learn particulars.

So you do not like Navy men. Ah you never saw the elegant Magruder. I hardly remember Dorning [T. A. Dornin] though think he took tea with us.



Went home. Answered S. Allen's letter per *Globe*. A gipsy, how horridly she writes. Had a long and important letter from Uncle, deciding a case. Dressed and went to Mrs. Thornhill's, only three others there. A glorious evening. My reflections before I went to bed were not pleasant. I am sorry to say I every day find how deceitful people may be in this world. I hardly know my dear sis whether all the experience I have had this last year will end for my good or not. It has been bought with much pain, but I must say my opinion of human nature is much lowered by it. It requires much patience and submission to get along in this place. You would be startled if I could relate to you many of the scenes I have witnessed, but do not think it has anything to do with Mrs. T. She is a woman of the strictest principles and excellent feelings. If I am not deceived in her too, I think she will be the friend after all.

16 Sunday morning again. I have been reading all your letters since January. Have read my bible, some chapter of Mason on *Self Knowledge*,<sup>106</sup> and now I have brought up my journal to my precious sister. I shall dress & go to Dr. Morrison's where I shall hear a good sermon, I have no doubt. And pray to be led not into temptation; for grace, that I may be restrained from sin & excited to my duty.

Went to church. Quite a large congregation. Did not feel as I ought while there, for there was an event that quite disturbed my gravity. My naughty muscles would not keep in place. [Perhaps referring to Morrison's off-key singing—see October 23d]

After dinner Mrs. Davis came in. We went to our hill. Met Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, Mr. Daniell, Fox & Inglis all joined us and waited upon us home. Mrs. D. took tea with us.

17 Reading & drawing all the morning. Aunt Low went a shopping [with] Mrs. T[hornhill] & D[avis] to buy some French things. Wrote a letter, make it a practice to write a letter or part of one every morning. I have 12 answered; think I have 7 more to write. What would you do my dear? In the evening finding none of our party disposed to walk I concluded to go solitarily to the Campo. Soon met Fox and we two had a delightful walk together. Mrs. Davis, Thornhill, Mr. Daniell & Fox took tea with us. Had a very pleasant evening.

18 This morning reading Spanish a little, drew a little, wrote a letter, and I don't know what else. However after dinner we went to

the Campo, perched ourselves on “our hill.” Mrs. Allport, Mrs. Davis, ourselves, were soon joined by Mrs. Thornhill, Fox and Daniell. Walked home with D. and spent a delightful evening at home with Mrs. Allport. Her conversation made such an impression upon me that I dream’t about it all night. It was a subject regarding myself and another person [Vachell]. She wished to express her feelings on a certain subject.

19 Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman and Mrs. Davis in this morning. They came so early that I accomplished little this morning. Did some odd jobs. After dinner was reading in my own room, and I had the very unexpected pleasure of having a long letter from you my dearest, with several others from Salem per *Neponset* of Boston. It is needless to say how glad I was. You would have thought to see me crying over them that it contained ever so much bad news, but your arrival at Salem and altogether seemed to awaken those feelings in me that I shall have when I meet the old familiar faces again.

Went on to the Campo with Mrs. Allport. A hot even’g. Went to Mrs. Davis’s to tea to meet Mrs. Cartwright, a Lady from Bengal, a little fairy figure, not pretty but lively and intelligent. Her husband is a very agreeable person. Had a good deal of conversation with him and made up a party for the Joss house for tomorrow. Had some music. Have hardly seen an English Lady since we have been here but that plays on some instrument. I do wish I could. We had beside at Mrs. Davis’s, Mrs. A., Mrs. Whiteman, and two Mr. Devereaux’s, Honourables, sons of Lord Hereford. They are on their way to England. One we call the Adonis, he is very handsome, but diffident. But I do admire modesty in a youth. And there is nothing more unpleasant than a forward youth, who thinks anything he says and does quite right.

20 This morning a great change in the atmosphere, quite cold and unpleasant. Mr. Daniell, Mr. Robertson, and Capt. Harris called. Read *History of France*. So rainy were obliged to postpone our walk till Saturday. Went in our chairs to Mrs. Davis. There most of the party met; soon dispersed. Mrs. Davis, Mat. Daniell and I strolled a little on the Peña hill and then as it rained we made a call on Mrs. Daniell. Stayed there till dark. Came home and dressed and went to Mrs. Thornhill’s to tea. Met Mrs. Bignell, a widow, on her way to England. A lovely face, such a subdued look, placid and a sweet smile.

Mrs. Davis & Mr. Daniell sent up his card, "hoped he did not intrude." We told him he might come but there were 5 ladies to one gent, and he must behave. We had a merry time. He says when three or 4 ladies meet they always make a riot.

21 Cold night, could have borne two blankets, but such a morning as never shone before. Most lovely. And here it is after 12 and what have I done. My hair not combed, and I have been so far behind hand in my journal that it has taken me all the morning to bring it up. The bell. Mrs. Allport, soon after Fox, and Beale and Dent. Mr. D. [Lancelot Dent] is the drollest mortal I ever met with. It is necessary to brighten up one's wits when he comes for he is as sharp as a needle. He spares no one. He set with us about an hour and said he would come again tomorrow evening. We told him to come whenever it was agreeable to himself.

Made an appointment with Mr. Fox to meet him at Casillas Bay after dinner, but I had to write him a note, to say he must call for me as Aunt Low was going another way and wanted the chair. So he called for me and Fox & I set out and had such a delightful walk together, a most lovely evening. Mr. F. says people never talk about him—I should hardly venture to do such a thing with any other gentleman, as to go out without some other lady. Fortunately all the mischievous ones are gone. I tell F. I feel as though I was walking with Uncle. He leaves next month for England, going home to get married. I hope his lady will not be jealous. She has not the least reason, for I believe he idolizes her. In the evening we had a party, Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Thornhill, Mr. Fox & Mr. Daniell. A most lovely night. Walked on the terrace, looked at pictures, and conversed.

22<sup>d</sup> As fine a day as I should ever wish to see. Capt. Locke, Whiteman and Mrs. Duncan called. Cut out some work for Nancy, and read some. After dinner at 5 we went to the Joss House [Temple A-Ma]. Our party consisted of Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Low, Mr. Sands,<sup>107</sup> a young lawyer from Calcutta, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Fox and the Hon. Mr. Devereux. We had a most delightful walk. Wish I could give you any idea of the Joss house, but it is impossible. It is the most wild romantic spot I ever saw. We took a long walk afterwards and returned. Mrs. Davis and Mr. Dent took tea with us.

23<sup>d</sup> Heard this morning Blight was to dispatch another ship. On the 25<sup>th</sup> I dispatched some letters chop chop but have no idea they will reach in time. Went to church at Dr. M's. Had quite a large congregation. Wish he would not sing, for he don't know how. You never heard such a noise as he makes; it quite discomposes one's gravity.

Mr. Fox & Daniell called after church. F. engaged to call for me to walk after dinner. Reading over your letters after dinner. I see it was hotter when you were in Salem than we have had it in our house since I have been here. Had a delightful walk with Fox. This fine cool air braces me up and I feel like another person, both in body and mind. Joined the Cartwrights. Very pleasant people. She is a little creature. Mrs. D[avis] spent the eve'g with us.

24<sup>th</sup> A cool day. Wrote a letter to George [Archer]. Stupid enough. Think I shall have petitions from all of you soon not to write such long letters. Cut out a silk dress, all spotted. After dinner Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Davis in. We did not walk for we had a juvenile party, the little Francis and Helen Davis. Mrs. Allport took tea with us. We had a letter from Uncle, saying Mr. Shillaber and his sister had left Java for Manilla & Canton. She poor girl was quite ill. I long to have her come here. I should be so happy to have her here, and do all I can to make her comfortable. Think she will be here in about a month. A ship is a dreadful place to be sick in.

25<sup>th</sup> Cold morning, glad to put on Flannel petticoat. Mrs. Davis in this morning, learning us some portuguese words. We have one of these servants now learning. Went to Mrs. Jervis's with Mrs. D. then to Mrs. Thornhill's & then went to Mrs. Cartwright's—pleasant little woman, musical little body. Plays harp and piano.

Returned home, read some Spanish. Worked a little, eat some dinner. Wrote to Mr. Fox, asked him to walk with me. We went, with Mrs. Thornhill. Had a fine walk. Spent the evening in sewing, quite like old times. My poor little bird was brought in dead, much to my sorrow. Never can keep anything, only am surprised it should have lived so long. Capt. Whitehead in this morning, says he is going to give a party as soon as he engages a house. Invitations come this evening to be at the Company's Friday.

26<sup>th</sup> Cold and rainy today. Sewing. Wrote a long silly letter to you which 10 to one I tear up. Mrs. Allport in this afternoon with a cloak

on. Expected a party this ev'g. 12 invited but only one came—Mrs. Thornhill. We had a nice cosy ev'g. Hear our letters were in time for the *Mary* for which I am very glad.

27<sup>th</sup> Went to Mrs. Davis's this morning. She is to chaperon me to-night to Capt. Whitehead's. Dr. Bradford arrived just at night. I told him I would take him to the party with me. So he adorned himself and we went for Mrs. Davis and then to the party. Mrs. Thornhill had the kindness to dress my hair for me—wore a white lace over white satin. Danced 7 quadrilles, got home at 1 o'clock tired out. Introduced to several gentlemen from the Sloop of War. One youth looked so astonished when I told him I was from America. He seemed to wonder I was not a savage—at least I thought so. I was quite amused with this person. We discussed the merits of Basil Hall's Book [*Travels in North America in the Years 1827 and 1828*].

28<sup>th</sup> Bradford breakfasted with us this morning. Capt. Locke & Major Playfair<sup>108</sup> called this morning. Capt. L. to tease Aunt Low to let me ride horseback with him, but I have had to ride to get Uncle's consent. Wrote him a coaxing letter. Mr. Baynes called; we talked politics.

After dinner Dr. Bradford called for us to walk—we went to the Campo. Mrs. Thornhill & Mrs. Allport joined us. Bradford, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Thornhill took tea with us. We were all in high glee—last part of the evening learning Portuguese words. Our maid cannot speak English.

[29] This morning worked steadily fitting a dress. Made it set "like a duck". The Chief and Capt. Hyne called. Capt. Whitehead had the carpets put down today, but it is quite warm again. Walked after dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright. Had a most delightful walk where I have never been before. I like them very much. Spent the evening with Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Whiteman there. Felt dreadfully tired, put my feet on the couch and listened to their playing. Enjoyed it much.

29<sup>th</sup> [30]. Rather a warm morning. Dr. B called and I walked to church with him at Dr. M's.

Mr. Millet[t] came in after church, entertained us, giving us the history of his travels in Java, and of the wonderful parts of the Island that he visited. Speaking of the fruit, the Mangusteen, which is thought the most delicious fruit in the world, he says that he lim-



ited himself to a hundred a day, which he could eat without the least harm—and without feeling at all cloyed.

I wish I could impart to you all he told us, of the fountains of mud, thrown up into the air, of the splendour of a volcano, and the wonderful plain of fire. He says this spot of ground of about 10 ft. by 5 will immediately burn a piece of paper or anything that comes within its reach. You can see a sort of gas coming out of the ground and rising to the height of 5 or 6 inches. In the night it looks quite brilliant. It is held sacred by the natives. He says it is the most perfect country to travel in. At the place where he stayed for two months the temperature only varied about 5 degrees from 75 to 80, which is quite perfect. How I should like to travel there. I wanted to come and transcribe all he said immediately, but I find I cannot give it so that you could understand.

Went to walk with Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright. Took a very long ramble. Went to the Joss House & to a pyramid on the top of a high hill, came home much fatigued. Dr. Bradford came in to tea with us. Aunt Low went to Dr. M's. B. & I were sitting *tête à tête* taking tea, & in walked Mrs. Davis. She said it would be a capital story to send to Canton. I dare say it will get there in quick time.

30<sup>th</sup> [31]. Writing to you all the morning my dear. Bradford & Van Basil called, but I luckily escaped for I was not dressed.

Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright called for me after dinner, and we took a quiet walk this evening, sitting under the lee of a hill. The dear little creature was dreadfully fatigued yesterday. Went home from our walk and put myself on the couch with my book, thinking I should have a nice eve'g to read, but just got seated and Mrs. Whiteman came in. She is a delightful woman.

**November 1<sup>st</sup>** Went out this morning, after having received permission from Uncle to ride horseback. Called on Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Thornhill, & Mrs. Davis. Came home, found Bradford here. Says the *Panama* has arrived.

After dinner a party of us went up to Mrs. Fearon's garden— Mr. & Mrs. C., Mrs. D., and Daniell, Bradford, and myself. Went to Mrs. Thornhill's in the evening. As a specimen of the comfort we take at these lady parties, I'll just tell you how we were situated tonight. We took our tea at the centre table, then had a couch on each side of the table, Mrs. Fearon on one, Mrs. Davis on another, Mrs. Low on

the third, and Miss Low on the fourth. Our feet up, which is generally the custom when no gents are present. I dare say you would think it very odd, but it is the custom. [Harriett draws in the margin a diagram of the seating arrangement around the table.]

2<sup>d</sup> Capt. Locke called this morning, and said my pony was quite ready for me to ride this afternoon. Had 2 letters per *Panama* this morning. So you are having grand times in Salem. I am very glad & wish I was there too.

After dinner set out on my little pony, which we have dubbed "fidget," Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Daniell, Capt. Locke and self. Had a very pleasant ride, the little thing was a little troublesome at first, and I being a novice, took me a little time to get used to it. He has not been rode much of late. However went very safely and enjoyed it much. Felt very tired when I got home for "fidget" give me a good shaking. He would trot at first. Mrs. D. & Daniell spent the evening with us.

3<sup>d</sup> A rainy day. Aunt Low went out. Bradford spent an hour with me. We talked politics. Brought me his sister's letter, giving me the scandal of Washington, the real cause of the dissolution of the Cabinet. Seems there was a Lady at the Bottom of it.<sup>109</sup> Spent the evening with Mrs. Whiteman, a small party. Mr. Millet[t] brought some Javanese musical instruments, very crude affairs, but capable of rich sounds.

4<sup>th</sup> Mr. Bradford breakfasted with us this morning. Rainy again. Am afraid I shall get no ride today.

Had a delightful ride this evening with Mr. & Mrs. C. My pony behaved much better this evening. Capt. Locke and Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Daniell were on the course [race course near the barrier]. Dr. Bradford spent the evening with us & I did a good evenings work.

5 A dreadful warm sultry day. Mrs. Davis came in soon after dinner and stayed till after 12. Then I went out and made some calls, but felt more like going to sleep than talking with anybody. These changes from cold to heat and reverse are very trying and produce colds generally.

Rode after dinner with Mr. Daniell & Mrs. Davis. The rest of our riding beaux departed for Canton. The evening was so unpleasant, I did not much enjoy my ride. Spent the eve'g with Mrs. Davis.

6 Went to church this morning. Capt. Forbes & Bradford called after church. After dinner wrote a letter, and went out to the Gap with Mrs. Cartwright, a pleasant woman. We had some chat and returned. Bradford and Mrs. Allport spent the evening with us. A very pleasant one.

7 Hot sultry morning. Mrs. Davis & Mrs. Cartwright and that everlasting Bradford in. Took a dose of salts, amused myself looking at myself in the glass, seeing the horrid faces I involuntarily make whenever the salts came in contact with my olfactory nerves. Went out to the Gap with Mrs. Cartwright after dinner. Thought to have a quiet walk, but Bradford and Capt. Forbes spied us out and joined us. They all took tea with us. We had a game of whist—which was anything but whist.

8 Feel stupid enough today, not strength for any thing. Hot sultry day. Very unseasonable. Brad in again. He must think himself most delightful company. Bannerman called this morning. Brad dined with us. After dinner we called on Mrs. Playfair and Mrs. Fearon. Mrs. P. [and her husband] are from India on their way to Scotland, retiring with a fortune of 2,000 lbs. a year. Spent the evening very pleasantly with Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Whiteman & Mrs. Cartwright there.

9<sup>th</sup> No calls this morning thank fortune. Sit in my own room all the morning. Had a letter from Abbot yesterday per *Panama*. Says Mrs. Knapp [the wife of Joseph Knapp, who was executed for murder] is engaged—can it be true? Busy reading, writing, working & drawing. Wrote a letter to E. A. Breed. After dinner took a quiet walk with Mrs. Cartwright to the Peña, to get out of the way of torments—just escaped them. Spent the evening with Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Davis & Bradford there.

10<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Crockett, Mr. Smith and Mr. Baynes called, the two latter to pay parting compliments. In a few days we shall lose about 15 people. It is unpleasant having people leave, and to think we may never meet them again—and those too that have been polite and kind to us. After dinner I took up *Le Solitaire* <sup>110</sup> and got so much interested in it. B[radford] called but I said nay. A strong north wind came up as I set on the terrace and quite chilled me. Mrs. Allport and Bradford spent the evening with us, and I was obliged to put by my book.

11 A cold morning, and I shall not say much to my sis, for I am going to finish my book. I have just been gardening, and I see an invitation to Mrs. Davis's this even'g, so adieu *por ahora*.

Finished *Le Solitaire*, a most interesting thing. After dinner set out to visit Mrs. Cartwright, but met Mrs. Allport on the way and concluded to go to the Campo with her. Had a pleasant walk, delightfully cool. B[radford] joined us. Met Mrs. Morrison in the Campo.

Spent a very pleasant eve'g with Mrs. Davis. The Hynes & Miss Petrie were there. Had some good music & pleasant chat.

12 Lovely morning. Up late, lost my hour for drawing. Did some mending this morning. Read a little Spanish and the lovely Mrs. Baynes came in pour prendre congé. It is a wretched feeling to say "Good Bye" even to those you are not intimate with and with the thought that we shall never meet them again. Oh sad! It quite unfitted me for reading, and I put on my bonnet and went to visit Mrs. Cartwright. Spent an hour with her. I could love this woman, I am sure she is truly good. I cannot be deceived in her. She has good principles, which is the best foundation, and indeed the only one.

Then I went to Mrs. White's, an interesting woman, then I called on Mrs. Hyne and Miss Petrie. Found Mrs. Hyne finished a beautiful head in Crayons, done splendidly. Miss Petrie was drawing. Had a very delightful call. Went to Mrs. Thornhill. Had a cup of tea and piece of Bread & Butter with her, and spoiled my appetite for dinner. Then came home. Oh called on Mrs. Grant; sent me word she was on her *canope* suffering. Oh forgot. Circular from Dr. Morrison this morning saying Mrs. M. had a Boy last night. I asked if it happened on the Campo for it appeared to me I had seen her there an hour before.

After dinner Mrs. Cartwright & I went to walk. Had a most delightful *tête à tête*. I could love this little creature if I dared. We had a long conversation this afternoon. At last we came to religious subjects. She seems to be religiously disposed. She says she takes great delight in these matters. It really seemed good to hear some one speak on the subject, I am sorry to say that it's not one often introduced among our Macao friends. We walked till quite late and the night was so perfect I could not bear to leave her to go home. Poor thing she has a dreadful cough, and I fear that she will suffer from it yet. I came home and found Mrs. Allport and Mrs. Thornhill here. I

cannot say I felt quite happy for it appears to me that it is our fate to love those who I am to be immediately separated from, but then—so it is. Again I say “To fate’s decrees we must submit.” Mrs. T., Mrs. A., Mrs. Davis & Dr. Bradford took tea with us. We had a very pleasant evening. Laid awake a long time thinking.

**November Sunday 13** Letter from Uncle saying the *Nile* has gone and taken two packages for me, one of which I intended for *Alert* of Boston. Now I shall have to send some more. Owing to Mrs. Morrison’s accouchement we have had notice that there will be no service at Dr. Morrison’s. Therefore I shall read at home. I have a feast before me too and that is a new book lately sent us —*Ware on the formation of the Christian Character*.<sup>111</sup>

Read the book and hope to profit by it. Wrote a letter to Abbot and dispatched 3 per *Alert*. Had a delightful walk with Mrs. Cartwright, and spent the evening at home reading.

**November 14** A fine cool morning. Have read my French lesson and now I am going to work and so adieu.

After dinner so windy could not walk. Mrs. Frazer<sup>112</sup> and the two Hon. Mr. Devereux called to say farewell—a few minutes after Mrs. Smith for the same purpose. It seems to be nothing but parting calls now which I do not like. I went to Mrs. Fearon’s and spent a quiet evening. Mr. Vachell & Mr. Cartwright arrived this evening.

**15** A dreadful cold morning. Had a fire in the drawing room for the first time. Looks delightful. I do love a fire—the associations with it are so delightful.

Bradford breakfasted with us. Vachell called this evening and Mr. Jervis & introduced Capt. Jacobs from Bombay. Capt. Whitehead called to say Good Bye.

Went to Mrs. Cartwright’s but her man would not let me in. I knew he was telling me a fib, and I told him so. I told him to go up and tell his mistress that Miss Low had come. He says “No Sir, no occasion, I talky true Mrs. no have at home”—all this with a long face and I was obliged to go away. Went to Mrs. Whiteman’s. Met Mr. Cartwright there. Said his wife was at home. After dinner walked with Mrs. C. A delightful cold evening. Spent the evening with Mrs. Thornhill with Mrs. Davis and Mr. Vachell. A terrible cold night. Walked home to keep from freezing, with my plaid cloak and pi [slang



for pious] tippet [scarf], and then cold. We feel the cold very sensibly after so much hot weather. Wished for you at my back tonight my dear, though I should not like the "fixing time."

16 Another cold day. Mr. V. sent me some flower seeds this morning which I shall send you. Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright in this morning. Agreed to ride this afternoon. Mr. V. and Dr. B. called. After dinner V. in again to see if I would walk but I agreed to ride and at 5 we went. Had a most delightful ride. Cantered and galloped. My pony not content with going to the Barrier, leaped through the gate and was unwilling to come out. I only felt afraid of the Chinese. They are not at all civil and sometimes stone people if they intrude. But it was a lovely evening. Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Thornhill and Dr. B. spent the eve'g with us.

17 A letter from Uncle says vessels going rapidly. I must scribble some more.

Mr. V. in this morning. I had a long *tête à tête* with him. He spoke in the highest terms of Uncle. Mrs. Davis in and Mr. D. Rode after dinner with Mr. & Mrs. C. and spent the eve'g at home alone.

18 V. breakfasted with us this morning. Mrs. Pereira, Dr. B. and Mrs. Davis in. Constantly bothered and want to do my bonnet.

Rode after dinner. Vachell joined our party. Am sorry because it will make a fuss in Canton. Mr. & Mrs. Cartwright spent the evening with us with Vachell.

19 At work all the morning. Mrs. Thornhill and Mrs. Davis in. After dinner rode. Mr. V. and Mr. Millet[t] joined us on the course. Made a *grand exposée*—lost my hat. The string broke and my hair was flying in the wind. Spent the evening very pleasantly with Mrs. Thornhill. Dr. B., Millet[t] & V. there.

20 Went to Church at the Chapel—17 ladies there. After dinner walked with Mr. & Mrs. C. Dr. B. spent the evening with us.

21 Mr. Cartwright & Mr. Davis in this evening. V. in after dinner. Rode with us. Had a delightful time. Spent the evening with Mrs. Davis.

22 This morning Mrs. Cartwright in and Mr. V. and Mr. Layard<sup>113</sup> called for me and we visited the Monte & Guia forts—the first time

I have ever been there. Delightful views from them. Rode after dinner with our usual party. A splendid evening. Had a slight fall from my pony. My habit hitched on the rocks and the saddle twisted round. I fell as though I had fallen on to a bed and did not feel the least injured. Mounted again and cantered off in great style. Shall not tell Aunt Low.

Spent the eve'g with Mrs. Whiteman very pleasantly.

23 Dr. B., Mr. Layard, and Mrs. Davis called. Rode after dinner with Mr. Vachell and Mr. & Mrs. Davis. The C[artwright]s did not go. Spent the evening with Mrs. Robinson.

24 Dr. B said Adieu this morning.

Mr. Layard called this morning. I had a long *tête à tête* with him, and one I am sure I did not desire. After some observations on the Catholics of Macao, which naturally led to religious subjects, he very unwisely went on denouncing all sects but the established church. He said he would turn Mahometan rather than be a Unitarian. He had not an idea that I considered myself one. I let him abuse them for a little while, and then told him I considered myself one of that sect, upon which he was quite non-plussed and begged ten thousand pardons. I think he saw his error in thus introducing such a subject for he is quite a gentleman & I do not think would willingly hurt any one's feelings. I told him I was perfectly willing to hear what he had to say on the subject, but it was one upon which I did not feel myself qualified to argue. He is a youth who is now very much engaged in everything relating to religion. He has led a very wild and dissipated life. A severe illness has led him to think of the error of his ways, and to feel the necessity of preparing for a better world. I must confess I felt very glad to have the conversation interrupted by Mrs. Allport's coming in. It is too intricate a subject for everyone, that of the Trinity.

We had a delightful ride this evening—Mr. & Mrs. C., Mr. V. Mr. Layard & Mr. Sandys an Irishman. Mr. V. and Mr. C. start for Canton tonight, said Adieu. Mrs. Davis & Mrs. Thornhill spent the evening with us. The other ladies sewed & I took off patterns. Spent quite a rational eve'g; quite reminded me of old times at home.

25 Mrs. Cartwright & I had a delightful walk together. Mr. Millet[t] and Mr. Layard joined us on the hill on horseback and Mr. Sandys walked home with us. We spent the evening alone in cutting out work.

26 Mrs. C. called this morning. After dinner we walked together. Have hardly read any thing this week. For all my leisure time I feel that I ought to write. The Ships are constantly leaving now. Mrs. C. spent the eve'g with [us]. She brought her harp and played to us beautifully most of the evening.

27 Went to Dr. Morrison's this morning. A large congregation. Mrs. Turner in after church, says there is some danger of the Ships being detained to fight—expecting the Admiral & etc.<sup>114</sup> Wonderful occurrences always end in nothing. Walked with Mrs. C. Spent the eve, part of it, at Dr. M's. Found Mrs. D at our house when we returned.

28 Called on Mrs. Morrison this morning. Mr. Layard in. After dinner walked with Mrs. Cartwright. Poor thing, she has a distressing cough. Spent the evening with Mrs. Allport. Took our work. Mrs. Davis was there. Sewed over a pair of gloves. Such a job; every stitch rips out of them.

29 This morning finished the *history of Charles the 12th par Voltaire*.<sup>115</sup> Very interesting indeed. But I cannot admire his character. He was a great but not a good man.

Walked as usual with Mrs. C. Number of gents from Canton today.

30 Passed the day as usual, walked with Mrs. C. & Mrs. D. When I went home found 3 letters on the table for me but not one from you. I could hardly get over the disappointment. They must come yet I think. The *Eclipse* has just arrived. Spent a very pleasant evening with Mrs. Davis.

**December 1<sup>st</sup>** Mr. Millet[t] called & Mr. Layard to say Adieu, one for Canton, the other for Manilla. Walked with Mrs. C. Had the blues all the evening. Never felt more completely wretched.

2<sup>d</sup> Got up this morning, and received your package of letters. How happy I felt I cannot say. Wrote all the morning in answer. Walked with Mrs. D. and Mrs. C. and spent a pleasant eve'g with Mrs. Whiteman.

12<sup>th</sup> My dear Sister, my book is now drawing to a close and it has been sadly neglected. Caroline Shillaber arrived on the 7<sup>th</sup> [in the American ship, *Caroline Augusta*] and I received a large packet from

home by the *Franklin* at the same time, the only 2 things that have happened I believe worthy of note since the last date. We have had one eveng. party at Mrs. Whiteman's since. It takes all my leisure time to write letters now. I think I shall send this by Mr. Hunter. Poor fellow I hope he will recover. He is obliged to take a trip home for his health.<sup>116</sup> I shall give him a letter to some of you. He is a good young man as ever was and I hope Abbot will take a fancy to him & see much of him. He is a fellow of good sense and about A's age I should think. He stayed with us about a fortnight in September.

I send you this book my dear sis hoping it may interest you, but I hardly dare flatter myself. I think this is your share by one ship. I have not more books like those I have sent. Shall have to take to China paper I suspect.

[From a letter.] Caroline and I get along finely together. Her health is very good, and she is a sensible and well-informed girl, really an uncommon girl. She is only about nineteen [b. 1812] and has the quickest perception and the best judgment of any girl I ever saw. She has a quick temper, but good sense enough to control it, and a pair of piercing black eyes which keep the gentlemen at a goodly distance, though those who know her generally like her much, at least any she takes a fancy to, which is not every one.

Dec 14<sup>th</sup> I intended to have done this book up & given it in charge to Hunter, but I fear I shall be too late for him. Therefore it must take its chance. I have nothing new to tell you, but my time goes so fast now Caroline is here that I know not what to do. I ride horseback every day almost, and like it much. Caddy wants me to come to work now, but I must read a little now so Good Bye for the present. If I do not do this up in a hurry I shall write a little more.

I have put up a few flower seeds which are all I can muster now.

December 15<sup>th</sup> This must be my last date and I must close this and send it off. I have written some of you as often as I possibly can. I dare say there will be a number of vessels without any, but when there are so many going at one time it is quite impossible to write by all. I can only assure you of our constant health, and I find it very pleasant having a companion I assure you, but I cannot make a walker of her. She has been so used to a carriage of late, that it fatigues her, and I must confess it requires a year's practice to run over these rough

paths and hills. I have become quite celebrated in that way, for I go over the hills as I should over a level path.

Mr. Cartwright yesterday killed a large snake on the spot where we have been in the habit of sitting. It was about 5 ft. long. I think in future I shall not feel so safe.

Well my dear sis with wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy new year and all the blessings of heaven I shall close my last book, seal it up, and trust it to the waves. If it serves to show you that your sister, though absent, is still the faithful one she was, it will answer my wishes. I can but wish it would do me more credit, but keep it to yourself my dear and make all excuses for hot weather and inability.

Love to all and believe me your ever affectionate

Sister H

My love to George [Archer] and tell him I shall pay due attention to his letter as soon as I possibly can. I always have a secret wish to transform myself into any thing I am about sending you.



## Volume IV

*January 25–July 31, 1832*

Macao February 1<sup>st</sup> 1832

1<sup>st</sup> And now my dear Sister I can have a little more conversation with you as my dear Uncle has provided me with another book. As usual I make no promises that it shall be more entertaining or useful than the last, but it shall contain a faithful account of my manner of passing my time, and perhaps some times a few observations on what I have been reading, etc. At best it cannot be very amusing for one day almost certifies another. Today is William Henry's birth day [her brother, b. 1816]. May God almighty bless him and so direct his steps that he may be both a useful & ornamental member of society. This morning I was employed in French exercises till about 12 when Mr. J. P. Sturgis called. He is an odd fish, but Aunt L. reporting him in his best humour I thought best to see him. Mr. Blight came in soon after and as proposed the night before, we went to Mr. Beale's to see his aviary and all his other curiosities. Uncle is now with us and we are quite independent. We went to Mr. Beale's first. I believe I have before given you a little history of his beauties. It is really quite a treat to go there, and he is so polite and gentlemanly, so attentive to his visitors, that it adds much to the pleasure. From there we went to make a few calls, not finding the ladies at home we went to the Museum where they have a great variety of curiosities. It has been established but a few years, but the donations have been very large. Saw a skeleton of a man there. Not a very pleasing reflection that we must all some day or other, be such a wreck of bones. The day being very delightful, we extended our walk to the garden of the Franciscan fort and Church—a most beautiful situation from which there is a most lovely view of

Macao. Then Uncle & I called on Mrs. Whiteman. They give us some fine Italian music on the flute and piano. I almost envy people who play so well. It is such a resource. Then we went home and found Mr. Alexander there. Went to walk again after dinner. Spent the evening at home. Blight & S. P. Sturgis here.

**Friday 2<sup>d</sup>** This morning read considerable Spanish, translating *las Comedia de Moratin*.<sup>1</sup> Day before yesterday Mr. Goyenne called here and made me talk Spanish to him, but I have neglected it of late in attending to French. Mr. Blight came in and then adieu to reading Spanish. I took *A Year in Spain*<sup>2</sup> up and left C[aroline] to entertain him, but they would not let me read and I was forced to work. It is written by a young American and very interesting. The style is neat and very lively.

Did not sleep well last night and feel miserably today. Went to walk after dinner with Uncle and Mr. Blight. A lovely afternoon. Uncle and Aunt dined at the Company's this evening. C. & I refused. We intend to make ourselves very scarce. Mr. Blight spent the eve'g with us, and Sam Sturgis came in about 10 after he got up from dinner and brought us each a cake. He is a queer creature. I do not know what to think of him. Now I hear the *Erie* [sailed February 14, for Philadelphia] goes in a few days and I believe I must write one letter.

Soon after called to the drawing room to see Capt. Forbes, Blight, & Mr. & Mrs. Whiteman.

Reading French till dinner, after walked with Caroline. Were soon joined by S. P. Sturgis and Blight. Spent the evening with Mrs. Thornhill. Went to bed very low spirited.

**Saturday 3<sup>d</sup>** Rose in the same humour. Finished a morning dress, read a little Spanish. Mrs. Davis set with us some time this morning. Did not walk after dinner except on the terrace which I had all to myself.

Mr. Wood & Mr. Gillespie [Charles V. Gillespie]<sup>3</sup> came from Canton today and took tea with us tonight. Mr. W. in great spirits and put us all in good humour. Mr. Blight also there.

**4** Went to Church this morning. Read a most excellent sermon after church by Dr. Channing—his famous Baltimore sermon.<sup>4</sup> What a splendid and convincing writer he is. Mr. Gillespie dined with us. Capt. Forbes & S. P. Sturgis in after church.

Went to walk with Gillespie. Wood joined us and we went off to the barrier. Wood commenced talking at 7 o'clock and ceased at 10 without scarcely a response except a laugh from the rest of the party.

5<sup>th</sup> This morning J. H. Blight & Gillespie came in and Uncle persuaded us to go and walk. He says we do not have half exercise enough. So we went out to Casilla's Bay, and really enjoyed it very much. Came home and dined and walked again as usual. Alexander joined us and J. H. Blight. I walked home with A. Poor fellow, he is pining for home. He is quite miserable I believe. It seems to be the general cry of youths here that they are so lonely, without a friend, & they want something to love. It is very amusing and I cannot help pitying them poor wretches, for I have a fellow feeling for them. Gillespie took tea with us and we played whist.

6<sup>th</sup> At home this morning, no one in. Uncle went to the Lappa this morning. About 1/2 past 2 received a note which run thus:

The Humble petition of W. W. Wood  
This Sheweth,

That the petitioner humbly solicits the pleasure of carrying arms with Miss Low this afternoon, and the petitioner would ever humbly pray, etc., etc., etc.

I answered it in due form. Had a very pleasant walk with the petitioner. He is a young man of splendid talents and can be excessively agreeable.

Mrs. Davis & Mr. Blight spent the evening with us.

7<sup>th</sup> At 1/2 past 11, Wood & Blight as agreed came for us and we sallied forth to the Campo armed & equipped for sketching. We seated ourselves, but Mr. Wood was the only sketcher, which he does very well. Mr. W. & I were sitting very romantically sketching on one side of the hill. C[aroline] & B. had left us because it was cold, and who should pass by but Daniell. Of course it will be all over Macao in an hour. Unfortunately he did not see C. so there will be a fine story. But we soon joined forces, set there sketching and chatting till near 2, then started for dinner. After dinner they called for us again and I enjoyed another walk to the barrier excessively. We talked very rationally and did not reach home till after dark. Wood, Gillespie, Ibar & Blight took tea with us. Read a little Spanish to Ibar & had a pleasant eve'g. Wood & Gillespie started for Canton

about 11 with a head wind. When Caroline & I were sitting cozing over the fire after they had all departed she disclosed to me a secret which so discomposed my nerves that I did not sleep till near 4. I was however much entertained as she commenced talking in her sleep, upon which I had a very funny dialogue with her. At last my shout of laughter which I could contain no longer awoke her. I got so thoroughly awake that I got up and took a book.

8<sup>th</sup> Writing French this morning. Went out with Mr. B. & Caroline to call on the Miss Ulmans and went to see Mrs. Thornhill. Told her we would spend the evening with her. Went to walk with Uncle & Blight. A curious appearance in the water on the Beach—a bright pink of the consistency of molasses appeared on the surface of the water all along the Beach.

[Marginal note] Said to be fish spawn

Spent a pleasant evening with Mrs. Thornhill.

9<sup>th</sup> Somewhat under the weather to day; feel the effect of an easterly wind. Stayed at home all day. We spent the evening alone. Uncle read aloud to us while we worked. How much I enjoy such cozy evenings is more than I can tell you. It seems so rational and pleasant. Finished today *A Year in Spain*. Gives a very correct idea of Spain it is said, and is very interesting. Should like to know the youth who wrote it.

10 This morning poking round till I was summoned to see Mrs. Davis and Mr. College. Then we went to look at Mrs. Baynes's house with Mrs. D. Returned and went to work. Nothing new. Went to walk after dinner with Blight & Uncle. Met S. P. S[turgis]. Offended him the other night but did not intend it and we were readily forgiven. He is a good dispositioned fellow. B. & S. spent the evening with us. A sudden change in the weather today.

11<sup>th</sup> Cold and unpleasant this morning, but went to Church. Sam [Sturgis] waited upon me home. Too unpleasant for walking after dinner, and now we are all dispersed after dinner. I have been trying to sing Psalm tunes, but I was completely laughed out of the room. Now by way of comfort I shall either write a letter or read old ones, I don't know which.

Wrote a letter to C. Dean, and J. Blight passed the evening with us. A terrible cold night. We drew the couches close into the fire & enjoyed it.

12 A cold, dismal day. A note from Mr. Wood this morning with some caricatures. Employed myself as usual today. Such eventless days as the present are hardly worth taking any notice of. No walk even today. Blight passed the eve'g with us and we played whist.

13 Cold and rainy. Had a dreadful headache, but went to see Mrs. Thornhill. Met Dr. College there, to whom I made sundry complaints and prescribed for myself some [Peruvian] Barks, which he said he would send over—kind creature he is. He said he must say “I did not look so beautiful as I used to.”—& in fact I am looking more like a tallow-candle than any thing—but I told him if he did not restore the roses I would not forgive him so ungallant a speech. Called at Mrs. Davis's. Mrs. D. & Helen [her daughter] came to see us after dinner. Spent the evening alone. Uncle read to us while we worked. About 11 rec'd my medicine with a long letter from that dear soul C[olledge] giving me directions. Did not begin tonight, because I eat a piece of cake.

15 I have lost two days but I cannot tell how I am sure. Another cold and rainy day. Headache again. J. H. Blight spent the morning with us. After dinner S. P. Sturgis came in & took tea. Have been reading French; think I improve. Spent the evening in drawing. An arrival from Manilla says George Russell is going home or gone now. Hope we shall have another soon for I am very anxious for letters now.

16 Feel sick and sad. Blight with us all the morning. Caro walked after dinner but I did not. Mrs. Davis spent the evening with us. We had a pleasant evening. Read French to her.

17 Gloomy, cold & rainy weather. Terrible headache. Blight and S. P. Sturgis in, brought me *The Diary of a late Physician*,<sup>5</sup> very interesting. Mr. Ibar and Chay Beale<sup>6</sup> & Mrs. Morrison called this morning. Walked after dinner with Uncle, Mrs. Davis & Blight. Just as we got on to the Beach we were joined by Mr. Vachell who had the impertinence to offer his arm. Oh dear well my politeness I fear will have to suffer a shock yet, for I will be rude, if words politely given and looks are not enough. Hyvah [a Chinese exclamation]. I will not walk



with him. Excuse this Soliloquy, but my thoughts went on to the paper unconsciously. Passed the eve'g with Mrs. Morrison sociably.

18 Another gloomy morning. Blight in and spent the morning. We had a long discussion on romance. Mr. College was in, the most matter of fact person in the world. One observation of his introduced the subject. It's strange what ideas the English have of matrimony. He says every man ought to make it a business to get his daughters married and while they are in prosperity too. We told him he ought not to make such a speech before a party of Americans, for our motives for marrying are not so mercenary generally as theirs. Uncle & Blight were against Caroline as regards romance. Uncle is the death of every thing like it. If we admire the dashing of the billows, he says "it looks like soap suds."

We had a long walk to the barrier in spite of the rain for by the time we got home we were wet through. We however dressed and spent a very pleasant eve'g with Mrs. Davis. Bid Uncle good bye tonight, he starts in the morning.

**Sunday 19** Rainy, cold and gloomy morning. Went to Church, very few there. S. P. S[turgis] & J. H. Blight came home and stayed till near dinner time with us. After they had gone read an excellent sermon of Dr. Channing's. Walked to the barrier with Sam. Rather a pleasant eve'g. He spent the evening with us.

20 Raining hard all day. Mr. Vachell came in. Have been reading this morning Channing's review of Napoleon Bonaparte,<sup>7</sup> as good a thing as I ever read. It gives him his due and no more. It is elegantly written. After dinner I read the *Diary of a Physician* and finished it. Some amusing stories in it, and some very horrid. The story of a "turned head" is very amusing.<sup>8</sup> I think it would make father laugh. It is very well written.

Being rainy and no walk to be had, I went in the chair to Mrs. Thornhill's. She is not very well. Spent a very pleasant evening with her. Found Mrs. Davis with us when I went home at 9. Caroline & I set over the coals chatting till 1/2 past 12, and it was long after 1 before we went to sleep. It seems as though our tongues were just unloosened as it is time to lay them by.

21 We are rejoiced with the sight of the sun this morning, and resolved to make the most of it. Mr. Sturgis & Blight came in this

morning and we sallied forth with them first to the Peña and sunned ourselves there. Then we called on Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Daniell, and Mrs. Thornhill. After dinner walked out to the barrier with the same gentlemen. Mr. Sturgis spent the evening with us.

22 Not very pleasant today. Capt. [Robert B.] Forbes in today to say Adieu. He leaves for America in a few days.<sup>9</sup> Happy man! Would that he would put me in his pocket. Blight & Sturgis in this morning and stayed till dinner time. They seem to think young ladies have nothing to do but entertain them, but they behave very well. Called for us to walk after dinner and spent the evening with us. We played whist which proved anything but whist, for we got in a great frolic. S. P. S[turgis] is quite an original; he reminds me more of Haskell with a little polish, than any one I can imagine.

23 Warm rainy day. Dreamed of home last night. Think I shall have some letters in a few days. Never was so long before appears to me without hearing. Spent the morning in reading Spanish, wrote a little French, & etc. No disturbances. After dinner we walked out, but you would have thought we had bid adieu to our senses I think to have seen us, and have imagined that there was some great attraction on the Campo, but I can truly say there was none for me whatever. There might have been for Miss S[hillaber]. We were joined by Mr. Blight and Sturgis who spent the evening with us. Aunt Low went to Mrs. Thornhill's. Find by the help of Peruvian bark which I take twice a day (at the expense of all horrid contortions of my visage) that I am regaining my colour and strength and consequently spirits. For I am convinced that unless one feels well they cannot have good spirits, in this place, at any rate.

24 Damp and dismal weather. The water begins to run down the walls. But I have been very busy drawing and reading which generally keeps at a respectful distance the blue devils. I find there is nothing so inimical to their presence as employment. S[turgis] & Blight spent the morning with us as usual I might say. After dinner Mr. Lindsay came in to say Adieu. He is going on a voyage to the North to explore.<sup>10</sup> Mr. Gutzlaff goes with them. Mrs. Davis came in and we concluded that we wanted to hear some music and that we would spend the evening with her, and had a delightful evening. She is a most fascinating woman—but—

25 I might have introduced you to Mr. S. P. Sturgis and Mr. Blight this morning if you had have dropped in as they really spent part of the morning with us. They make themselves quite at home, and we treat them as brothers. They say it seems so delightful to see two young ladies in China that they cannot help coming. Aunt Low gives the drawing room up to us and ensconces herself in her boudoir. Mr. Vachell called this morning. Again another year of your life has passed my dear sis and this day commences your 24th year, I think [born February 25, 1808]. If you are not married soon, you will get into the old maid list. We are both of us growing old. Well you know, and it is almost useless for me to say, that my best and kindest wishes for your happiness ever attend you, and may all the felicity this world affords be yours is the sincere prayer of your absent sister. Perfect happiness is not a resident on earth so do not expect it. I flatter myself I am quite a philosopher.

I spent part of the afternoon with Mrs. Thornhill, and Mrs. Davis spent the evening with us. I would I was near enough to you to tell you a thousand things that daily annoy me and destroy my comfort. I think you would hardly recognize me as your once heedless and wild Sister, for I have become so tamed, so thoughtful that I astonish myself. I suppose it is age in a measure. I have learned thoroughly to bear and forebear, and will recommend myself as a good wife for a quick and high tempered man. Think I should manage him beautifully.

26 Rainy. Did not go to church. Read a sermon of Dr. Channing's. Cleared up after dinner, went to walk—joined by our two beaux and they spent the evening with us. They talk of going to Canton tomorrow. Thundered and lightened this evening and in the night. Caroline & I set over the coals discussing our affairs till long after 12. Every spark of fire had gone to sleep which warned us to retire.

27 Rainy, gloomy, dismal, dirty, damp, and dreadful weather. For my own part I care not, but C. does not bear it so philosophically as I do. For her the Campo being new has more charms than for me, and I am very glad not to see it for a few days. Now for my french lesson, so *ma chère*, *Adieu*. Had hardly finished when Mrs. Davis came in and I took my drawing. Sturgis in, told Mrs. Davis of the arrival of a gentleman which sent her home. Mr. Dashwood [Lt. George Frederick Dashwood] made us a long call *pour prendre congé*; they leave in a few days, if nothing new happens. Spent a pleasant evening

with Mrs. Davis. Mr. Dashwood & Mrs. Robinson there. A very pleasant young man, but I think a little of the “gay Lothario” about him. Think it best to keep him at a distance.

28 Still raining and unpleasant enough. Wrote a letter to Mrs. Cartwright this morning. Caroline & I had great sport this morning, making a doll’s face, one she has been making for Mrs. Davis’s little girl. Reading after dinner. About dark Capt. Clifton and another youth came in, just arrived [on] the little *Red Rover*. I had hoped to have letters, but alas. Ladies seem to be their husband’s agents in Macao. No less than three boats were dispatched this morning by them with Letters.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Robinson spent the evening with us.

29 Mr. Blight spent the morning with us. Vachell called. Sturgis in after dinner, & Mrs. Davis with Helen. Spent a pleasant evening with Mrs. Robinson, 7 ladies and one gentleman. Gents all engaged.

**March 1<sup>st</sup>** Cold and rainy yet. When shall I sing another song? [Chay] Beale & Ibar spent an hour with us this morning. Rec’d a long note from Dashwood this morning with some sketches made by himself. An old bet from Mr. Blight also rec’d—two pair of gloves. He and Sturgis have gone to Canton. We shall be minus walking beaux. No walk today. Mrs. Davis in just at night. What a variety of annoyances in this little place, but I forebear.

2 Busy with my Spanish or French, I believe. Vachell came in. After dinner C. & I took a long walk to the barrier. We have given out that we are quite independent and would rather walk alone. So I hope we shall not be bothered.

Spent the eve’g with Mrs. Thornhill.

3 Mr. & Mrs. Davis in, rec’d a note and book from Mr. Wood this morning. Walked after dinner, out rather late. Passed all the gentlemen coming back. They let us go quietly on for some time. At last we passed Ibar and another Spaniard—we were rejoicing on our way that we had at last declared and gained our independence. On turning around to go back we were accosted by Mr. Ibar coming back to join us. He said he thought us in great danger walking there so late, and he had been waiting on the top of the hill to see if we were safe. He joined us and went home with us.

4 Went to Dr. Morrison's this morning. No church at the Chapel. After I went home rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Brother Nat [N. P. Knapp] via Calcutta dated 9<sup>th</sup> of August. Delighted as you may imagine. Glad to hear you are all well. Answered it after dinner. Spent the eve'g at home reading. Aunt L. preached two Sermons to us.

5 Rainy as usual. Mr. Millet spent half the morning with us. Many made attempts at wit as usual. On the whole was rather agreeable and thought himself exceedingly so. Deserves a great deal of credit for endeavouring to be so. Stayed till all the fire went out.

Went out to walk in spite of rain.

6 Ibar came in this morning and read Spanish with us. Says I pronounce very well. We read one of Moratin's Comedies—very amusing, well written. Called *las escuelas do* [*La escuela de*] *los Maridos*, or the School for Husbands. The style is elegant and for delicacy far exceeds most English Comedies. In fact there was not an idea in the whole that would rouse a blush upon the most fastidious.

Ibar stayed with us till near two when we were interrupted by the Elegant Mr. Dashwood and Young, which finished the evening.

Vachell came in after dinner and wanted us to walk, but I told him we should not walk. So we lost ours, for him, for we had fully intended it. We were very anxious to go as soon as he had gone, but we were influenced by Aunt L's prudence, and I am now glad I was—there is nothing like having a steady person to conduct one. Many an error she has saved me from. We spent the evening as we do almost every one alone, but very pleasantly with our sewing and chatting and you will believe it when I tell you that 11 o'clock finds us still at it.

7 Still unpleasant. Damp and nasty weather. Huddleston came in this morning. Not in a talkative humour, though inclined to listen. He is a queer chap. Busy with my French this morning. Have been very much interested too this morning in reading Southey's *Life of Nelson* which is very interesting. Find that I have employment for every minute, drawing, etc.

We walked out after dinner. Dashwood walked his horse by the side of us, and Henry Robinson<sup>11</sup> joined us before we got home.

8 Busy this morning cutting out a dress. Got it fitted and ready to sew. Walked after dinner. Vachell joined us and Henry Robinson



Caroline. So I had one more talk with Vachell and endeavoured to impress it upon him that C. & I were quite independent, that we had rather walk alone than be the subject of jokes and conversation, which led to much conversation which is not worth putting to paper. Evening alone as usual.

9 Ibar in this morning for two hours, and let his tongue have full play. He let us into the Secrets of the padres of this place. I never heard him speak so openly before. He told us stories of them that would disgrace a villain. Quite put us to the blush, for the Spaniards think it no sin to talk about any thing.

In the evening we went to Mrs. Grant's, a small party but very pleasant. We had a few quadrilles, music & etc. Dashwood was the star, a pleasant creature, lively, witty, and a little given to quizzing. Keeps one "wide awake" to be ready to give him as good as he sends. It is so long since we have been at a party that we enjoyed it much.

10 Rainy day as usual. We do not see the sun from one day's beginning or ending to another. It seems to be in deep mourning. Finished the *Life of Nelson* this morning—very interesting. The description of the Battle of the Nile is quite thrilling. What a shame that he should have so disgraced his private character. He was a brave commander, certainly, and a gallant hero, but ah, that is not all to make a man in my opinion.

I wrote a note to Mr. Wood in answer to one from him this morning and returned his books. C. & I went to walk in spite of the weather this afternoon. It was so very thick we could hardly see our length before us. We have not seen the hills for the last week. They will be quite a novel sight. Mr. Ibar spent the evening with us—a most amusing little fellow. He says in plain words much to the annoyance of our risibles. Speaking of news from Europe, he says "our queen is again in the family way" with as much nonchalance as if he had [been] speaking of the weather. The French and Spaniards appear to have none of those ideas of delicacy (perhaps it may be called false delicacy) that the English have. He entertained us till after tea with all kinds of anecdotes and then we read a Spanish play.

11 Went to Church this morning. A very warm damp day. Mr. & Mrs. Daniell & H. Robinson called after church. Read one or two sermons. Went to walk after dinner with Mrs. Thornhill—after

having seen a Catholic procession and having seen all the beauty and fashion of Macao assembled at the Church. I stayed at home and wrote letters this evening for *Eclipse*. Aunt and C. went to Dr. M's. Set and talked till 12 o'clock.

12 Chay Beale & Morris called this morning—two Miss Ulmans. Mr. & Mrs. Robinson invited us to a party at her house tomorrow night. Said she was going round like a snow ball to collect all she could get to come, that the party was for us.

Went to walk after dinner. Invited to Mrs. Thornhill's this eve'g but would not go. Lost a great deal as one of our darlings was there. Aunt went.

13 Dr. College in this morning, a "darling," stayed two hours. The best Englishman I ever saw. He is truly good at heart, I believe. There is no nonsense about him.

Little Clifton in this afternoon. Starts for Calcutta again tomorrow morning. He is a droll one. Says he is 1/2 American for he likes the Independence. Dressed and went to Mrs. Robinson's. I wore my pink gauze over white satin. Caroline Blue satin under white lace, and Aunt a purple silk. Had a very large party, danced all the evening. The chief of my amusement was in tormenting Mr. Huddleston, a demure, steady, serious-looking fellow, but handsome and very gentlemanly. Never was known to dance. At Mrs. Grant's I made a "dead set" at him and asked him to dance a quadrille with me, which he declined doing. For which he got well roasted, but he was incorrigible. So to night, said I "My beauty you shall not escape." So the first moment I got a chance I at him, and told him that I should not condescend to ask again, but I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him dance. But all in vain. He said he was a wretch and never deserved to be forgiven, for which he said he would do any penance. We had a pleasant eve'g and got home about 2 o'clock—danced every dance. Mrs. R. said it was our party and we must be mistresses of ceremonies.

14 Huddleston & Ibar in this morning. Drawing all the morning. Afternoon walked. Mr. Alexander & Thornhill joined us. Spent the evening alone.

15 Reading French or Spanish this morning. A letter bearing Mr. Wood's compts. [compliments] which assured us of his arrival in

Macao. Walked after dinner. Wood joined us and took tea, which he says is postage for the letter. Always give him a paper & pencil after tea and he amuses himself and the company. He illustrates every thing upon paper. He is famous for caricatures. Mr. Ibar took tea with us tonight.

16 Rainy and gloomy as usual. Seems as though we were never to behold the sun again. C. has a bad cold, no walk today. Mr. Wood spent the evening with us. Aunt Low went to Mrs. Thornhill's. His honour stayed with us, in rather a melancholy mood. He is a strange mortal. I wish I could tell you every thing that goes on here, but it would be a waste of paper & time to write it, but I flatter myself I could make you laugh if I tried. Some of our jokes are good.

17 Got up as usual, eat my breakfast, devoured pretty much a whole loaf, etc. Read Spanish, drew a little, and spent 2 hours with Mrs. Thornhill. Came home, eat again, went to walk, as a rare thing. What creatures of habit we are. We have got into the habit of going on to the Campo, and thither we bend our steps day after day, as regularly as we go to bed at night. Mr. Wood walked with us and spent the eve'g with us.

18 Went to Church this morning. Wrote a letter to you or mother, and was then called to the drawing room to see Mr. H. Robinson. A great quiz. Wood in also, stayed till dinner. Wood sent after dinner to know if he should "play cooly" with us, told him yes and he came forthwith. We were joined by Robinson, he took Caroline. We had a very long walk, and I never shall forget the conversation W. & I had. It was most extraordinary.

19 Rainy morning. Huddleston & Wood in. We domesticated them. C. & I were drawing and they spent half the morning with us, cutting our pencils and waiting upon us. It is very pleasant I assure you to have them drop in so. [Lancelot] Dent called to say "good bye." Off for Calcutta I hear, in search of a spouse, but do no. Chay Beale in also. Then came Mrs. Grant and frightened them all away. No walk this afternoon. Wood spent the evening with us. Goes tomorrow.

20 Wood in this morning, giving me a lesson in drawing, not going until evening. Says 2 American ships have arrived. Now I trust I shall have a good heap of letters.

Walked with Wood. He took tea with us, and left for the Boat. [Several words deleted.] This evening a note from Ibar saying the *Genr Hamilton* has arrived, having on board Capt. & Mrs. Macondre [Macondray]. Hyyah, it does not take long to "catch a wife." Only about a year since he left here, and here he is back again with his *Sposa*. Long to hear who he has married and all the news, which I hope is good. Expect it will set some of the other Bachelors on tip toe. Set up till after 12 tonight, had a working fit.

21<sup>st</sup> Raining hard this morning. The prospect of my letters quite unsettled me as usual, so I ordered the chair. Called on Mrs. Fearon. She has removed out of the beautiful house into a smaller one where she seems much more comfortable because it is snug, and where I dare say she will be quite as happy. She has one of the sweetest dispositions possible. In order [to] gratify the foolish & ostentatious disposition of her little husband they have lived here far beyond their means, and now having completely run through their little stock, they have been obliged to haul in their horns. Called on Mrs. Davis & Mrs. Thornhill. No walk today, but C. & I spent the eve'g with Mrs. Thornhill.

22<sup>d</sup> No letters this morning. Employed in reading Spanish, drawing a little, and then sewing. No one in today. After dinner we had handed to us our packet of letters per *Hamilton*. I was delighted, I hardly need say. Happy to hear you were all well as late as October. I wanted to hear more about Mr. Russell. Poor David [Low] is gone, then. Well I hope he is happy. It seems hard to have to resign one so young & so promising, but no doubt it is all right. Therefore why do we weep. I have had but one letter from him and that I shall keep very choice. I was always very fond of David. I hope Sam [Low] will go back to Paris. It is a pity he should lose such a situation. Disappointments seem to be the lot of most mortals. It must have been a great one to Uncle Daniell & family. I expected to hear it from what Susan [Orne] wrote me. I am glad Margaret<sup>12</sup> is engaged, if as you say she has made a good choice.

I am quite encouraged about writing in my journal, now you tell me it interests you. Suspect I shall be more "copious" than ever. A little praise sometimes does an immense deal of good.

Your description of getting home after 3 month's absence pleased me much. I can readily enter into your feelings. What will it be when

I get home after 5 year's absence. I am impatient for the time. I am rejoiced to hear Roundy has arrived again. I feared we should never hear from him again. And altogether I am very thankful for my letters. We spent most of the morning in reading them. Aunt Low kindly permits me to read all hers so that I have a double share, & I take as much interest in them as my own, almost. They [the Knapp family] seem to be very happy now. As to Nat, he is quite magnificent and seems as contented as need be. His misfortunes have been of service to him I am sure.<sup>13</sup>

Although my letters made me happy in a degree, yet I was quite ripe for a good cry, but however I shed but few tears and concluded it was better to laugh than cry. So Caroline & I soon found a subject and we kept it up till nearly 12. We have several capital subjects for a joke in Canton, and we expend all our wit upon them when we are so inclined.

23<sup>d</sup> The first thing after breakfast this morning a youth was announced, a pretty boy of about 16 of the name of Thorndike with a few more letters for me. Came out passenger in the *Hamilton*, says Mrs. Macondry is from Taunton. Suppose she will be very green. Had a letter from Julia Steele in which she says they invited her to come out with them. It is all for the best that she did not, I think. It is no joke to come out to China. As soon as the youth had gone (who by the bye is a nice little fellow) I set down to answer some of my letters, thinking to send them by him to Lintin to meet the *Eclipse*. I had just finished one to Nat, and Millet pops in, and thinks I to myself, I may as well bid adieu to it now for he will set for hours, I know. Being in the drawing room I could not well withdraw. I did think he might guess I was writing letters, but he would take no hints. I therefore resigned myself to my fate, took my drawing and made myself comfortable. Wound him up and set him going upon his travels in Java, whereupon he is very eloquent. He went on till nearly 3 o'clock. If you made an observation you were sure to be wrong so we let him talk. He gave us the History of Java from beginning to end. Upon the whole was rather entertaining, if I had not wanted to write. Little Thorndike did not come to dine with us & Aunt missed the opportunity to send her letters to Lintin which she had been all the morning preparing. Took a long walk after dinner to the barrier. Taking a french lesson by the way, *pour passer le tems* [temps].



24 Aunt L. out this morning. Read aloud to Caroline all the morning. Finished Inglis's *Spain in 1830*,<sup>14</sup> very interesting. It is astonishing to read the degraded state they are in there. Their morals are excessively low.

This book I should judge was written by a man who had arrived at years of discretion and whose days of romance were on the wane, and I conclude that it is as correct as any. The one by a young American [A. Mackensie, *A Year in Spain*] is written with all the ardour and enthusiasm of youth—but very interesting, more so than the other.

After dinner had a very pleasant walk with Mr. Thornhill. Went through the village. For a wonder, we saw the sun set clear— the first time for months.

25 Being rainy this morning did not go to Church. Read two Sermons aloud. Cleared off after dinner and we walked—joined by Ibar & Thornhill on our return. Read all the evening.

26 I must tell you I am up early this morning, say 8 o'clock. The sun was shining and I could not resist jumping out of bed and  bidding C. do the same, opened the windows. It is delightful to see a pleasant morning, just like a Spring morning at home, or rather a summer morning at home. It is quite warm. I have given me such a rubbing with a flesh brush, which is so large that at the sight of it I said I should have to call the cooly to officiate, but it is grand exercise & I think I feel better for it. Now I shall take another book. So good morning my dearest. Hope all looks as bright at home. The breakfast bell—Oh la—

Wandered about the house 1/2 the morning. It is so pleasant and so novel a sight to behold the sun. Mrs. Periera called this morning. Wrote some French exercises, read a little of Florian's *Estelle*,<sup>15</sup> and then I read aloud Hume's *History of England*<sup>16</sup> to Caroline till we were interrupted by Mr. Alexander. Chatted with him awhile about divers and sundry things, and when he retired I took to my drawing till dinner, which by the way every body takes a marvellous interest in. Mr. Alexander has furnished me with a nice book and pencil, Mr. Huddleston another pencil, and Mr. Wood is my teacher, and so it goes. They are all very kind.

As soon as we had done dinner we went to walk. It was so delightful we could not wait. The sun rather hot. We perched at Casillas

[Bay] and took our pencils and little book, and I sketched while Caroline set by and spouted poetry. Soon after joined Aunt Low & Mrs. Davis. A most lovely evening. The sound of the Vesper Bell warned us that night was closing in and we bent our steps homeward. Were joined by Cha Beale & Young.

We spent the evening in working and Caroline read to us the *Conquest of Granada* by that most interesting writer Washington Irving.<sup>17</sup> Went to bed as usual after a good frolic.

27 As usual after breakfast Caroline “prepared for work.” She is most indefatigable in Tambouring [embroidering] a veil for Aunt Low. I read a short lesson in Spanish and then took the *Conquest of Granada* and read till we were interrupted by visitors. Mr. Thornhill first to invite us to tea with him tomorrow night after a little aquatic exertion. Then came the charming Mr. Huddleston whom we have succeeded in domesticating—he comes in and sets for an hour or two, we go on with our work and drawing and talk. He is very agreeable, which we have just found out and must lay it to Caroline’s attractions. Then came Cha Beale *pour dire Adieu*, leaves Macao for Canton tomorrow. This youth perhaps (with your scrupulous ideas of what is good and proper) might not make one of your circle, as he is an illegitimate, but he has been educated in England and visits in the best society here. Alas these misdeeds are too common in the Eastern world to be looked upon with the shame they should be. He is the Son of the very respectable gentleman [Thomas Beale] I have often mentioned in my former journal.

Did not walk as we were to go to a Ball at Mrs. Daniell’s tonight. Went to the Ball, had a delightful time; danced every dance and between each dance had some fine music by Mrs. Periera and Mr. Piva [Paiva], Italian, French and English—Mrs. Grant and Alexander on the Guitar. The finale a very nice and elegant supper and altogether was very delightful.

28 As usual. Took my French Books this morning. Said my lesson, or had it corrected by my dear Instructress Caroline. Read to her aloud to get the pronunciation, a translation from Cervantes by Florian of his *Galatée*, extremely sickening, being brim full of lovesick swains, which are ten time more silly than lovesick damsels. Threw it by in disgust and took the far more interesting and more rational work of Washington Irving, which is written with his usual elegance

and drollery. He seems to have a great partiality for old fashioned words which he draws in, in a very funny way. Such as "behooved" etc. He [has] the most humorous way of saying funny things, may be called quaint. After dinner we equipped ourselves and went to Mrs. Thornhill's where our party assembled for the water. From there we went to the wharf and were put into a small boat called a "gig," being a mere nutshell and but very little thicker. C. & I were seated in the Stern, Caroline as helms-woman. Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Vachell, Huddleston, & Young rowed us. We enjoyed it very much. The evening was rather pleasant and our party all in high glee. We met with no other accident than getting our dresses wet around the bottom, which Mr. Huddleston consoled us for, by the consideration that the water came in the right way. We took tea with Mrs. Thornhill, all of the party. Walked home with Mr. V. and Mr. H. As we found one of our coolies had been sitting in the chair smoking all the evening for which offense I entered a complaint & he is to be dismissed tomorrow. Came home quite tired and went to bed.

29 Up again after a poor night's rest. As usual eat my breakfast and sit me down to read aloud after a short lesson in Spanish. Soon interrupted by old Millet, a stiff old Bachelor who is conceited in the extreme and fancies he must be right and every one else wrong, of course. But to give the d---l his due, he has been very obliging and kind to us in endeavouring in every way to make himself useful. Soon after Thornhill came in (exit Millet) to enquire for our health after the aquatic excursion. Soon after in came a bundle of books, notes, etc. from [name deleted: Mr. W. W. Wood] which amused, petrified, and astonished the addressed—and left them in doubt whether the youth had taken leave of his senses or not. Some poetry too.

We went into Aunt Low's room to see what news she had from Uncle. She had a letter & etc. While we were there we missed a call from the charming Huddleston. He came in, admired the work, the drawing, the book which laid on the table, and left his card, despairing of seeing the inmate of the mansion.

After dinner sallied forth, were caught in a shower of rain. Were joined in the midst of it by Mr. Millet & Mr. Huddleston; sheltered ourselves under the Bamboos till it held up a little. The cooly brought us umbrellas and we proceeded on our walk. Came home, received a note from Capt. Forbes saying Adieu. He leaves in the *Eclipse*, says

his horizon is now so cloudless that he fears there must be a dark day in store for him.

Bradford arrived tonight. Came down, I believe, to gratify his curiosity to see Miss S[hillaber].

[Marginal Note] a mistake, not he.

I hear the mysterious Ship that has been in the roads for some days is the *Roman* of New York [arrived March 22]. She has shown no colours and has kept us all in the dark. As she has now departed [for Lintin], suppose we shall soon get our letters. She has probably rec<sup>d</sup> orders from Canton. We spent the eve'g in reading aloud.

My dear Father's & Mother's Birth day; it was not forgotten by me. And I pray for many happy returns of the day to them, with Heaven's choicest blessings.

30 Mr. Vachell called this morning. Speaking of flowers & etc., he says he was yesterday noticing in his garden some tree, which bears a beautiful flower (the name I forget), but he says he noticed the ends of the branches beginning to wither. Upon observation he found the white ants had found their way into the centre of the tree and had completely devoured the inside of it. I know they make sad ravages in dead wood, but I had no idea they would enter a living tree. The natural history of these ants is very curious, and is next to the bee, they say, in ingenuity and order. After taking to themselves wings they live but a few hours.

Mr. Ibar came in and we had a variety of topics of conversation, abusing our beloved president Jackson and his whole cabinet. Find from Ibar that it was known all over Macao that I eat Lobster Salad at Mrs. Daniell's. I suppose in Canton ere this. It is true, but it did not hurt me and they may laugh if they please. Read a little. Letter from Uncle. Eat dinner and as usual walked after dinner.

I have just returned from walking and Caroline is setting Auntie into convulsions telling her of our Capers. You may remember how I used to rave about a certain doctor at home. Well there is another Dr. here. *Parfait amour*. We met him on the Campo on horseback. By mutual consent we stopped, chatted, petted the horse (instead of his master) and made him promise to call tomorrow and see Aunt Low, as she is not very well. However, we will have the call. Millet and Huddleston joined us. And we are both raving. She says we shall

not go out, and we say if Uncle does not come down and take care of us we will not behave. So we go.

Caddy & I have been gathering wild flowers and come home and adorned our heads so that we are all ready for a party if we only had one to go to.

Mrs. Davis has gone to Lintin today for change of air. Now we are going to have some tea my dear, so *Bon nuit*. Caroline is rattling away. She is a darling.

31<sup>st</sup> Spent all the morning in reading aloud and finished *The Conquest of Granada*. Dr. College in. Says I had better not die in Macao for he should take me for a skeleton. He is a good creature. Went to walk after dinner. In the course of our walk were joined by Mr. Daniell, who left us for the barrier, and then Vachell joined us. We poked him to Aunt Low and went flower hunting. Caroline sprained her foot and we had to return soon after. Huddleston joined me and Thornhill offered his arm to Caroline. V. spent the evening with us and we teased Aunt Low to give us a Ball. She has half consented.

**April 1<sup>st</sup>** Went to Church this morning, all of us. Rec'd some books from Mr. Wood and the "Token" from Uncle, a very pretty annual. After Church wrote a note to Mr. Wood—despatched them. Went to walk after dinner. C. & I walked unmolested. The gents all say they envy us, we seem so happy. And it is certainly true, quite a new existence, having some one to ramble about with. I shall miss my dear Caroline sadly, but then she is not going yet. Poor girl she is going to a worse place for society [Batavia] than this even; indeed much worse, for we have good society here. I wish I could go with her and stay a while. It would be delightful. We have just returned from our walk, quite tired out. Mrs. Thornhill came in a minute. Aunty just came from Dr. Morrison's, and you are just getting out of bed to spend your day in a much more Christian way than I do, I suspect. Tea is ready, so good night.

2 Just dressed this morning and set down to read my Bible and Sarah (Miss S[hillaber]'s servant) handed me a packet of letters from dear America. As you may imagine they were soon taken from [her] hands. They were by the *Roman*, Capt. Lavender, who has been in the roads for a week and at Lintin another, but I have been as patient as a lamb. I verily think I shall be a pattern for you when I get home my



dear. Now I shall have a job to answer them. My little drawer that contains unanswered letters is almost full—but none from Salem.

Had one from Uncle R[ussell]. Tells me he lost one of the dresses and a piece of Pongee [he had sailed from Canton March 7, 1831]. Naughty man—but he says he was sorry so must forgive him. After I had read my letters, which I did by perseverance only (for Caroline declared she would plague me because she had not any) I took my French with fresh zeal because my dear father is pleased and approves of it. I shall go on now with a doubled energy. I would do anything to please either of them. Dear souls I love them more & more every day. I long for one hearty embrace. O dear to be so far from all one loves is hard, but there I am done complaining—repining is cast out from my vocabulary.

After dinner we sallied forth as usual. Were struck by the appearance of a strange European lady and gentleman upon the Campo. She seemed to have sprung up without any one's knowledge. Had heard of no fresh arrival, C. & I being full of curiosity and mischief concluded to follow her. Our observations were the following: tall, fine figure, well dressed, good foot, genteel in appearance, and her companion seemed to be quite enamoured. Who can she be. We followed her up one hill and down another, fixed our shoestrings and let her pass us, but her name was not written upon her. Who could she be? We concluded she was not pretty in the face. Mr. Thornhill joined us soon after. Says he thinks it must be a Miss Ash, sister of a Mrs. Lane now here. So we were satisfied. We went on to the beach which was quite magnifique and Vachell joined us—walked with him. In the evening we commenced the *Life of Lord Fitzgerald*,<sup>18</sup> one of the Irish rebels, or if they had have been successful would have had the far nobler title of patriots—a most interesting character. Must confess I was rather disappointed in the book however. Written by Moore.

3<sup>d</sup> This morning Mr. Thornhill called to ask us to go to the Fort in the afternoon and to his house in the evening. Mrs. Morrison & Sir Andrew Ljungstedt called. Went on with our book after they had gone.

After dinner went to the “Monte Fort” accompanied by Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Ibar and Mr. Huddleston. The views from it are quite perfect. Some of the guns are said to be very large and made in 1626, and the curiosity of them is that they were made in Macao. After

inspecting this fort, we walked part way to the barrier, and returned to Mrs. T's where we spent a pleasant evening.

4 Studied my French lesson this morning and we then finished our book. A most interesting character—died in consequence of a wound he rec<sup>d</sup> in defending himself, which was certainly a great mercy, for he would undoubtedly have been executed for high treason. He left an amiable wife and three interesting children. She was Pamela, natural daughter of Madame de Genlis. This said Lord Fitzgerald was concerned in the rebellion with the noble "Emmet" which history and romance have both made interesting. You recollect I dare say "The Broken Heart" by W. Irving. This same young lady was the beloved, the adored of this unfortunate "Emmet."<sup>19</sup>

After dinner we walked out to the barrier. Were joined by Mr. Vachell in spite of finesses and "ruses" of different kinds. He is the most wonderful man; hints will not do for him. Before we got home I give him some more plain English. I do wish he would not torment me so.

Mr. Ibar came to read Spanish to us this ev'g and just as we commenced we were interrupted by Capt. Little, just arrived from the Sandwich Islands. Every one that comes from there gives sad accounts of the Missionaries there. I have heretofore endeavoured not to listen the them, thinking they were prejudiced, but this Capt. Little I should depend upon. He says they are converting from the simple and as it were innocent life that God in his mercy intended them to lead, to Idleness, drunkenness, and treachery and deceit of all kinds. They have treated a little band of Catholics there was there as no Christian certainly had any right to treat a fellow being.<sup>20</sup> He says their accounts that they send home are very incorrect and so it goes. For my part I do not believe those who call themselves ministers & missionaries are generally so good as other people. But I will not judge; there is one who can and will judge the hearts of us all. It certainly seems very much against them that they do not teach them to be industrious, for Idleness you know is the mother of vice. I am half inclined to think they are better as the Almighty placed them. I do not see that civilization produces either goodness or happiness. I am sometimes half inclined to envy the merry Caffre who goes on with his daily work, cheerful and contented if he gets his quantum of rice, without envying any one,—at night he lays his head down

perhaps upon the hard pavement or wherever he happens to feel tired, and sleeps quiet and contented.

5 This morning C. & I adorned ourselves to pay some visits, as the sun was clouded and we determined to walk.

We first called on Mrs. Whiteman who “had a litty sick & no could see,” then on Mrs. Grant who had “also a little sick.” The influenza seems to be travelling through Macao and very severe in some cases. Then called on Mrs. Daniell who we had the pleasure of seeing with her lovely baby in her arms, which I grabbed from her and rolled him about upon the ottoman till he got quite out of patience. He reminds me of Mother’s babies, so fat and good natured. She seems to have every thing to make her happy, comforts of every kind—a beautiful home and garden, a good husband and hopeful children, which would seem enough if nothing more. Mr. D. told me he had just had a letter from Canton which said the *Roman* brought accounts “not only of a dreadful insurrection among the slaves in the Southern States, but of a great disturbance in ‘New England,’ that the lower class of people had risen upon the higher and that many lives had been lost.”<sup>21</sup> The former no doubt may be true, but I told him it must be a mistake for I had letters to the 23<sup>d</sup> of Oct. which did not mention it and I did not believe it. The English admire to catch at anything against our free government, and often make a “a mountain out of a molehill.” Mr. Daniell is a true Englishman and I believe hates Americans and admires to ridicule them. I often have to squabble with them both, for the wife imbibes the feelings of her husband I find.

Went from here to Mrs. Robinson’s. We found them walking in their garden arm in arm with their children digging in the ground. These two people are happier I should think than any in Macao. They are perfectly satisfied with each other. They are both six feet tall and no beauty to boast of, very well matched as regards intellect, and not at all troubled about the fashions of this world.

Met Mr. Huddleston here who went with us to Mrs. Thornhill’s where we made a long call. Eat some Loquats, a very nice fruit when ripe, about as large as a gage and very yellow. [Harriett inserts a sketch of a loquat in the margin] Went from here to Mrs. Davis’s where we eat come Cumquats—look like a small orange, taste more like citron. Very nice, a discovery I made today; never tasted them before.

Went from Mrs. T's to Mrs. Davis, from Mrs. D's to Mrs. Periera's, where we met College, and Ibar. Walked home with us when dinner was ready.

Walked to the hills after dinner. Alexander walked home with me leading his horse & we spent the evening in reading aloud. Commenced *the history of the Netherlands*.<sup>22</sup>

6 Ibar came in this morning to read Spanish to us. Hear there is to be an auction in the next house, we run in to see the things. A fine organ for Sale. Stayed and heard it play for about an hour and promised to come the next day again. Went home, read Spanish, worked & etc. till dinner time. Mr. Innes called. Walked to the barrier after dinner. Alexander joined us and spent the evening with us.

7 Mrs. Davis came for us to go to see the things with her and hear the organ. Stayed two hours, played some parts from the best operas. Quite a treat. Don Gabriel came in while we were there. Talked to me in Spanish and I mad[e] him cross because I would speak English. Ibar came back and I read Spanish to him for some time.

After dinner took up W. Scott's *Demonology*<sup>23</sup> and read till dark, when I was half inclined to see ghosts all over the house. Spent the evening with Mrs. Davis.

8 Went to Church this morning. Read after dinner the little book Father & Mother so much admire, which I was delighted to find pleased them as I had kept [it] on my table for this long time thinking it an admirable work. I have not rec<sup>d</sup> the one they mention sending me, but suppose it will come along sometime or other. Patience you know is my motto, and as I have a copy of the same it will not be so severely tried in this case, only I am sure I shall feel much more interested in it coming from my dear mother.

The evening we could not walk as it was rainy. Commenced two letters which I could not finish for my brain seemed a perfect chaos. I could not find anything. Suspect it had been cleaning day in my upper story, and they had not put things to rights. Went to my room after dinner and charged C. not to disturb me for I intended to write several rational epistles, but all to no purpose, for I was not in the humour. So after spoiling two sheets of paper I laid back on my couch, tried to read my Bible, but finding myself in rather a mood for reflecting I laid that aside, moralized with myself, and before dark

found myself in the “arms of Morpheus” who had carried me away without my knowledge. The Vesper Bell awoke me and tore me from his enchanting embrace. I started up and went to find “my sister” who had so dutifully obeyed my commands. I found her in her own room ensconced in that great arm-chair that used to stand behind Aunt Low’s bed in Salem under which used to be placed a drum of figs. Do you remember?

We heard the door bell and went out to see Mr. Thornhill. Soon after a gentleman was ushered in who called himself Capt. Whitney,<sup>24</sup> a brother of Uncle’s friend I. Whitney. Aunty had gone to Dr. Morrison’s so I found myself bound as a dutiful nun to entertain him till her return. I commenced my acquaintance with sundry sage questions, and remarks upon the weather, contradicting him now and then for the sake of conversation, till in about half an hour we were good friends. And before Aunt Low came home we had discussed the merits of China, Manilla, Java, Bengal, Lima, Valparaiso, the Sandwich Islands, and the missionaries—who I am sorry to say do not win either the respect or love of their fellowmen, at least their countrymen. No one that comes from there speaks well of them, though for my own part I make great allowances. We passed a very pleasant evening, and gained considerable information respecting the manners and customs of different nations. Could not help audibly wishing that I was a man, that I could take up my bundle and go where I please. Fell half inclined to fall in love with some Captain or Supercargo and make it in the agreement that he shall let me go where I wish or wherever he does. I do hate this dependent system. I do not like being in one place more than a year.

9 This morning sent out invitations for a party Aunt Low intends giving on Wednesday Evening. Every body had been making parties for us, and we find from divers hints that [it] is thought Mrs. Low ought to give one too. She has two young ladies and no children to bother and to them there is no earthly reason why she should not & every reason why she should. All accepted but 4, I think. Tell you more hereafter.

Miss Morrison called this morning. Alexander came in and brought a nosegay to me. Ibar in. We are going to make him master of ceremonies. Went to walk after dinner, got lots of wild flowers. Found on my return 2 annuals for me, a present from Mr. Wood with



his compliments—so ceremonious it alarms me. Oh dear what animals men are. They are certainly incomprehensible. I do think I have had some odd specimens to deal with. When I can tell you my dear Sis all the funny bits I have in store when we have a *tête à tête* in “our” little chamber, you will laugh and wonder. I have looked at the pictures in the books which are pretty and well got up. If you ever see the *Token* with the story of the bashful man, prepare for a laugh—and pray do not read it if you have the mumps.

Now I am sitting scribbling here waiting for the hour to arrive when I may dress for Mrs. Daniell, for at 1/2 past 8 or 9 we are to go. Is it not absurd to introduce London hours into Macao?

A whole week since I have said a word to my sister, but I shall try and remember the events. I have just got my room to myself again, and right glad am I for I cannot bear to have any body interfering in my retirement. Well Monday evening I dressed and went to Mrs. Daniell's. Had a very pleasant party of about 15, had 2 quadrilles and some music.

10 Spent most of the morning in making preparations for the party. Had every thing turned out of my room to make a supper room of it, because it opens into the drawing room and is quite magnificent. Mrs. Davis in a while. Ibar also read a little Spanish to us. Thornhill called, and C. & I engaged to go out in his gig after dinner.

Went out, had a delightful pull, conversed with the people on the barrier beach from the boat, and got home in good season. A lovely evening.

11 Busy as a bee all day. Got every thing elegant and in good order, but tired enough before the company came. Never mind that however—must dance all night.

About 1 o'clock, amid all the confusion of preparations, we heard the Bell ring and who should enter but Capt. & Mrs. Macondry, came from Lintin to spend a few days. She is a pleasant woman, no beauty. Capt. M. left about 4 for Lintin.

At 8 we were all adorned and ready. Aunt L. had a China gauze over white satin, C. Pink aerophane over white, and my ladyship blue crape over White Satin. Our hair dressed with natural flowers that some youths sent us for the purpose.

Ibar was master of ceremonies. He was not well, but made every thing agreeable. Said for the House of Spain he must do his best.

We had a piano from Mrs. Daniell and Mr. Paiva and Mrs. Periera played and sang beautifully at intervals. Had the Guitar too—4 Portuguese musicians to the grinding of whose fiddles we danced. Danced every dance, and when they broke up about 1/2 past 1, I could have danced as much more. I had just got so much excited that I had forgotten my fatigue. We had a handsome supper and every thing in style I assure you. We mustered about 40: English, 4 American ladies, Spanish, Portuguese, French, & Swede & Scotch, and I am sure I don't know what other countrymen there may have been. Made the Scotchman dance a reel which I joined in myself. Every thing went off well and handsomely.

12 Arose this morning feeling stiff and sleepy—rose about 9. Mrs. Davis, Morrisons, Vachell, Alexander called this morning on Mrs. Macondray. All say we had a delightful party. Walked after dinner, but feeling stiff enough. Glad to get home and went to bed early.

13 Mr. & Mrs. Robinson & Daniells called this morning. Feel rested today. Went to walk after dinner. Were on the hills, met Thornhill just come on shore from his little gig. Asked us to go home in it. So we went, had a nice pull and very glad to get home so comfortably—so we said we walked out, and came home in a gig. Spent the evening alone, at least our party, which is now 4, and very pleasant. Like Mrs. Macondray very much.

14 C. & I had an industrious fit and set working all day in my room. Had a short *tête à tête* with Young who called. Aunt L. and Mrs. M. paid visits. Went to Mrs. Grant's this evening, a pleasant party. Thundered and lightened severely with torrents of rain.

15 Could not go to Church this morning it rained so. Read one of Channing's sermons and the little book sent per *Roman*. I read it with double attention now I know you all like it.

After dinner Mr. Thornhill came in and as it had cleared up a little we walked out to the barrier. Were joined on our way home by Alex[ander] who offered me his arm, leading his horse on one side, and College walked by my other side on horseback. "He is such a love."

Wrote a letter this morning to the family via San Blas, and finished two letters for the *Hamilton*.

17 [16] Capt. Jennings called this morning and took my letter for San Blas. Leaves here again today. He had no sooner gone than speaking of the postage there might be, I repented that I had sent it. Having so little to do with postage here it did not occur to me, I hope you will forgive me this once and I will not sin again in the same way. It was foolish as there are ships going direct at this time. Well there I hope it will come first as he warrants it will. I judged too much from my own feelings perhaps. It always gives me so much pleasure to receive a letter unexpectedly that I wished to give others the same if possible.

Went out to the barrier after dinner. Alexander dismounted and joined us there, Reives & Thornhill afterwards. Spent the eve'g at home. Capt. M[acondray] came for his wife. Mrs. Fearon spent the evening with us. Thundered and lightened all night.

18 [17] Mr. & Mrs. M[acondray] went away at day light, did not see them this morning. A lovely day as ever shone. Mrs. Grant called this morning. Walked out to Casillas; very warm. Spent a pleasant evening with Mrs. Thornhill; Mr. Morris, Mrs. Grant & Mr. Alexander there beside ourselves.

19 [18] Had a note from Mr. Wood this morning with some Lithographic prints. Went to drawing immediately. Am very much engaged just now curtailing one dress and altering another, and putting things to rights. No time for studying. Now and then write a letter but nothing to say. Spent the evening at home.

20 [19] Studied a little. So pleasant could not stay in the house, so C. & I put veils over our heads *à la none* [*nonne*] and went to Church. This is the day when all the Portuguese women visit all the churches 5 times and say prayers. It is quite amusing to see them going dressed in their best, some very rich, others unsuccessful attempt. In fact high & low, rich and poor, sally forth on this day if they have been in the house all the year before. They go from morning till night in crowds. We went only to one, & then went to Mrs. Thornhill's where we met Dr. College. Had a long chat. Then Millet came in, found us all in the Stable. Went to see the calves.<sup>25</sup> Insisted on walking home with us when we persisted in not having chairs. They said our brains would be addled, but we went. Got a bad head ache which lasted till night. Walked after dinner, Huddleston offered me his arm & Millet

Macau.



*A Portuguese woman, going to church*

A Portuguese Woman Going to Church, Lucy Cleveland's Sketchbook  
(Peabody Essex Museum)

Caroline. So we had a pleasant walk. We had rather an unpleasant adventure by the way, but not to be booked. Spent the evening alone.

21<sup>st</sup> [20] Good Friday today. The first thing this morning there was a procession from the Cathedral. Our Saviour was represented lying in the Coffin just taken from the Cross . . . the music slow and solemn, muffled drums, arms reversed, and a representation of all you read of in the Bible. It is really quite dreadful—I hear they go through all the ceremonies of crucifixion, burial, resurrection, & etc. It is quite a drama. I believe I have described it all before. [April 9, 1830, vol. 2]

Went to Church this morning, heard a very good sermon from Mr. Vachell. After dinner went to the barrier. We there held a levee. Alexander, Thornhill, & Huddleston and several others. They dismounted and set at our feet for some time, then we came home. Alex gave us his arm, and his horse to his cooly, and came home with us. Worked all the evening.

22<sup>d</sup> [21] Wrote a letter to Abbot and a note to Mr. Wood. Did not walk this evening. Mr. Inglis called this morning, a very gentlemanly, pleasant man. Has travelled all over the world.

Sunday 23<sup>d</sup> [22] Easter This morning the last act of the Drama takes place. At the Church of St. José—the Church is dressed in black and no light from heaven is seen, till suddenly the black is withdrawn and flowers drop from above. The joyful tidings of the resurrection is made known. Does it not seem blasphemous my dear Sister? I must say the Catholics are much more strict in their outward observance of religion than any others, but I cannot say how much the heart is concerned. However it is not for us to judge how few there are of any sect who act up to what they know to be the duty of a christian. We were awoke this morning by the sound of joyful music, and it certainly leads our thoughts to the blessed Saviour who died for us. Went to Church this morning and sacrament was administered. I hope my thoughts and prayers were directed aright. Suppose in this you have approached the communion table my dear Sister and that it will be the means of good to our souls. Mr. Vachell gave us a very good sermon this morning, but even the very text he preached from appeared to me to be in direct opposition to what he believes. It does appear strange to me that they can thus pervert the sense of scripture. Why do they not take the same simple view of it



that they do of the miracles of Jesus and his precepts? If we were to go on in the same way with all these, in putting so different a construction upon them, what work would be made. His text was "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father [ . . . ] & your father, to my God & your God." [John 20:17] What can be more plain, what more simple, what more conclusive? and what more absurd than to make of it: I have not yet ascended to myself? It appears to me this doctrine must be put down before long. But let us look to the heart and see if that is right, and I believe it will make little difference in our happiness hereafter.

Read a tract after Church, one you sent me.

Hear the *Sylph* has arrived today from Calcutta. Brings news from England that the "Reform Bill" had not passed, and that there are sad disturbances in England.<sup>26</sup> Not much else as yet. Walked after dinner. Met Mr. Alexander [who] had been off to the *Sylph* to bring the passengers on shore, a Mr. & Mrs. Russell, and a Captain in the Army—a young lady only 2 months married. Set on the terrace all the evening till it was time to go to bed.

24 [23] A very hot day, the first we have had. About 11 Mrs. Davis came in and said she had been inviting some people to come here and practice some new figures of quadrilles, which astonished. However as we were to have a Ball in the evening, we were very glad to have something new. Alexander, Whiteman, Young, and Mrs. Grant came and with one fiddler we succeeded very well. After dinner had a thunder storm which cooled the air considerably. Went to the Factory about 9, danced all the evening. Was very much fatigued. Succeeded pretty well with our new figures. I felt in wretched spirits and must confess though it was a very brilliant and gay party I enjoyed it but little—not one there I cared about pleasing. Do you understand that feeling? I do not suppose you can, as when you go to parties you always have the one you love there.

There was one person here too who will not behave as I wish him to. He [Vachell] is most unmanageable.

25 [24] Got up this morning feeling tired and excessively out of spirits. About 10 Aunt had a letter from Canton which told me of an occurrence in Canton which is quite dreadful, horrid, but I shall say nothing till I hear the termination of the affair [see April 30]. I hope it will end well, but I fear. I hear the *Roman* goes in a few days, and

also the *New Jersey*. Wrote a letter to Nat [Nathaniel Knapp], and Mr. [Samuel] Russell and sent them to Lintin to meet the *Roman*.

An alarm of fire this evening. Saw the light of it, in the Chinese Bazaar, I believe. They fire guns from all the forts and ring the bells. Went to walk late this evening and Mr. Huddleston joined us. He is a pleasant creature. Spent the evening working, chatting, and thinking.

25 Nothing new today. Doing very much as usual. Ibar in this morning. Find I have to work a great deal now to get my Spring work done. Dresses all out of order. Sallied forth after dinner a little. Made no new discoveries.

26 Raining hard all day in showers. Miss Morrison came in and spent 2 hours with us. Poor girl I tried very hard to instill a little self-conceit into her. You know a certain degree of "modest assurance" is necessary, and she has not any. I do pity her [see vol. 5, March 5 and 6, 1833]. The damp weather is destroying every thing. Rotted the string that held the Barometer and it came down crash today. Fortunately I was near and caught it up and saved the quick silver and got my rings all covered with it.

No walk after dinner, spent the evening alone—in working. Oh wrote a letter to Grandma and W[illiam] H[enry Low] to go per *New Jersey*.

27 This morning studied Spanish grammar till I almost went to sleep. Has a most soporific effect. Was interrupted by Mr. College, then followed Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Ulman, Mr. Ibar and Dr. Cox [Richard Cox],<sup>27</sup> but not "the Dr." They all made short calls, but Mr. H. We discussed the politics of England and touched upon a little of every thing. Cannot tell when I have spent two hours pleasanter. Caroline was not well and did not see any of them. After dinner we went out to our "place;" we have a place and a "tomb" on the Campo, which we visit as suits our disposition at the time. The tomb is a large Chinese tomb with a commanding view and where we see without being seen. The "place" is very much exposed to the high-way and we are there seen by everyone. We were soon joined by Mr. Huddleston who came up to bring my rings; he took them away this morning to see if he could get the silver off that I got on yesterday, but he says "no can." Nothing but wear will take it off.

Mr. & Mrs. Davis joined us on the hill. We went home and Mr. Ibar and Don Gabriel Goyenna spent the evening with us and Mrs. Davis. We met to talk and read Spanish. We talked all the evening. I learn more in speaking one evening than in studying a dozen. You might have thought it a sort of Babel if you had have passed, for we were all very noisy.

28 Busy working all day. Mrs. Fearon & Mr. College in this morning to see Caroline. Read a little after dinner. Mr. Thornhill came in for us to walk. Were obliged to go late as it is now getting very warm. Mr. [James] Canning, an old Steward of the Company's, died this afternoon—a faithful, good man, and will be a great loss to his employers. We were joined by the Davis's, and Mr. Huddleston joined me, Millet Caroline. Spent the evening at home. R[ebecca] Morrison came to us and spent the eve'g. And now my dear Sister I have retired to my own room. C. & I have been promenading the terrace, laughing and sighing alternately, and it is now nearly 12. I have had a delightful warm bath and am all ready to pop into bed, but thought I would first post up my books for the week and wish that you may have—

golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose).

Lull'd, all your cares and banished all you[r] woes—

but that you may have no woes to banish is the prayer of your sister. But alas, that is a lot that few are blessed with in this world. A wise providence has no doubt ordered it all aright. Therefore we will not complain but weigh the merits against the blessings we enjoy, and the merits would be by far the lightest scale with me, I fear. I hope I am not positively wicked, but I am sure I am only negatively good.

29 Had a good night's rest and up not in very good season. Went to Church this morning. Heard a very good sermon; the text was, "And to one he gave ten [five] talents, to another five [two] and to another one." [Matthew 25:15] Shew us the importance of improving all the talents we do possess, and that nothing will be required of us, but that we make a good use of what is entrusted to us.

Mrs. Russell and her husband were at Church. She is said to be 18 only, he poor man, is in a consumption. Was coughing in a most distressing manner & I could not help feeling pity for her, poor thing. He quite disturbed my devotions. They are a pleasing looking couple. It is strange how people in consumption are deceived with regard to

themselves. This poor man thinks himself wonderfully improved because he has a ravenous appetite, which is I believe a strong symptom of the complaint. The very deceit is I think a symptom of consumption; he has great spirits.

After dinner C. & I set out to walk but soon had to return. Just got to Mrs. Whiteman's when it began to pour; we ran into her "go down" and sent for the Chair. A terrible thunder storm came up and it rained in torrents before we got home. I went in to see Mrs. W. a few minutes till the chair came back. The thunder was quite awful, appeared not 5 seconds between the flash and thunder.

I have been trying to analyse my feelings, to discover if I could from what proceeds my perfect calmness during all this commotion of the elements, for it did not use to be so. I remember having laid awake whole nights at the appearance of a black cloud before I went to bed. True it is, I have reasoned with myself and said, Why should I fear, now more than at any other time? Is not my life in the power of the Same Being in the calm, as well as the storm? I know that all these things are necessary for our preservation, for vegetation, etc. But I sometimes fear that it is not so much a firm confidence in my Heavenly Father as that it proceeds from hardness of heart. I am sure I am hardly prepared to meet my judge, then why should not I fear? How strange it is that we can so lull the voice of conscience to make it almost unheard. When we know the importance of her admonitions, why do we not strive so to live as to feel that any moment we may be prepared to leave this world—for I am sure it is not the pangs of death I should fear. Nor do I feel my attachment to this world so great, that I should be very unwilling to leave it, but the dread of an hereafter—

The dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns—[*Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 1, l.79]

How sublimely the thunder is now rolling over my head, and here I sit calm and composed as possible. But good night my dear Sister. We had a letter from Mr. [Charles N.] Talbot this morning, saying good bye. He too has gone. Well, I liked him; of course he would go. He is now winging his way to dear America—Heaven bless him, now Farewell, farewell.

30 Fine cool morning with a northerly wind. Mr. Millet in this morning. The melancholy affair spoken of before [April 25] is at last made

public. And what do you think was very near taking place—A Duel. Yes a Duel in China—in this little family as it were. Yes the two unhappy Editors have been sparring for a long time. It was commenced on the part of the *Register* [editor, Arthur S. Keating], and the *Courier* [editor, W. W. Wood] having all the ability and talent on his side, was able to drive him completely from his ground. The *Register* thought (upon finding he was nearly beaten in argument) to put him down by treating him with “silent contempt,” upon which the Editor of the *Courier* made some remarks upon him in his *Courier* which induced Mr. Keating,<sup>28</sup> “Editor of the *Register*” to call on Mr. Wood and demand an apology, which Mr. W. refused to do unless he (Mr. Keating) would do the same to him. But no, nothing would do but an “unqualified apology” which Mr. W. refused. Mr. W. then received and immediately accepted a challenge, and as the privilege of the Challenged appointed time & place. Now Mr. K. I suppose thinks he should not like to be shot and makes divers objections to fighting in Canton as the authorities will interfere, upon which Mr. W. so far concedes to him, as to consent to go to Whampoa. But no, it must be outside the Bocca Tigris, to which the second of Mr. Wood would not consent. Mr. K. takes to a Boat and proceeds to Lintin, and Mr. K’s second calls on Mr. Wood and requests him to follow him, which he was not allowed to do. However, Mr. K was off, and there he has stayed till this time, and Mr. Wood is honorably exonerated from the duel. Every one of course says he has behaved like a gentleman, and Mr. K. has not. He will hitherto be branded as a coward. Oh this morning came down a Circular from Wood, saying Mr. K. had had the audacity to post him in Canton as having evaded his challenge, upon which W. will bring out the whole correspondence and the public are requested to suspend their judgment for the present.

It is a most unhappy thing. I cannot tell you the numbers it involves in different ways, for this poor Keating is but the Cat’s paw in the hands of others, and it is said that one who writes most of the wrath for that paper, sustains a character and situation not at all in accordance with such doings, but that it will not do to mention. It is well known here who the Editors are, but as his name sounds forth in America in such glowing colours I shall not be the means of detracting from his glory. As I have said before, there is one who judgeth the hearts.



Much as I hate duelling and much as I think it should be shamed and put down, I do think there are some cases in which a man must fight, as the State of society is. But it is a horrid thing for two men in a cool and deliberate manner to go out to take each others' lives; it is horrid, horrid; and in this country too. But so it is, men will be fools sometimes. This is the talk of the place now, as you may suppose.

Alexander called. Walked after dinner to the barrier, were joined there by Millet & Huddleston. Came home. It began to rain and we had to put in at the gardeners. It was quite dark. A little boy about 8 had just returned from school. He unwrapped his book<sup>29</sup> and we asked him to read. He selected a poem and to our great surprise we heard in such an audible singing tone something, I cannot say what. Caroline thought he was suddenly seized with convulsions. He however totally disregarded our shouts and went on quite self satisfied till he came to the end, quite to our amusement and he concluded no doubt much to our gratification. We succeeded in getting from the gardener two umbrellas full of holes to cover our bonnets, which were all we cared for. We got home very well, fortunately did not rain much. Mr. Millet returned two new umbrellas with the old ones, to encourage their kindness and reward them for it.

**Tuesday May 1<sup>st</sup>** I am nearly a week behind with my journal. I hardly remember what I have been about, for it seems to me Monday was day before yesterday. I can hardly realize so many days have passed. Ibar called in this morning a while to see if we were going to Mrs. Pereira's.

We walked to the barrier this afternoon. Morris joined us. Huddleston & Dr. College walked home by the side of us on horseback. The general topic is the late challenge. All are for Wood as all must. As it did not end seriously, it makes some fun.

Went to Mrs. P. Spent a very pleasant evening. Had some fine music and danced considerable. Two young Calvos<sup>30</sup> there just arrived from Paris. Real French in appearance, manner & every thing. Give us specimens of the Galopade; the new dance is very horrid I think—at least I should be very sorry to be obliged to dance it.

2<sup>d</sup> At home till after dinner, busy plying the needle. Hate it. Got so many books I long to read, and I flatter myself I exercise a great deal of self denial by sitting down in the face of them and working while I am longing to get hold of them.

After dinner we walked out to the barrier, joined by Thornhill who went with us. Annoyed a little by the curiosity of the Chinese as there was a “Sing Song” or theatre out there, but they merely looked. Were soon after joined by Huddleston, Millet, Ibar, & Morris, who said they were just coming to our assistance. Thought we should be frightened, but we were not.

3 This morning called on Mrs. Russell, “not at home.” Then on Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Rees [Maria Rees],<sup>31</sup> Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Thornhill, & Mrs. Pereira, but found them not all at home. Heard nothing new.

After dinner we all had to sit down and sew over gloves for the evening, for you must know we can never put on a pair without having first sewed every stitch of them, which is very trying. Went to the Company’s to dinner at 1/2 past 7, had a very delightful time; after dinner we danced. The Frenchmen there. Came home about one. Oh I forgot, this morning was called to the drawing room to see the two Mr. Calvos and Don Gabriel, neither of the three speaking a word of English. However we had a very pleasant call and very merry. We spoke Spanish to them and Caroline, French. So we made out to make our ideas known. Mr. Inglis came in at the same time.

4 Mr. Ibar in this morning, also Mr. Huddleston, talking over the last night’s party. Feel stupid enough as I generally do. I say it is the reaction after excitement, but Cad will insist that I did not laugh for the evening. Can you believe I the greatest giggler in the world could exist a whole evening without laughing? Just before dinner commenced the *Enthusiast*,<sup>32</sup> a history by Miss Jewsbury, very beautifully written. The young Enthusiast is a great genius and from her childhood wishes for fame. Poor thing she has her wish, she has fame to her heart’s content, but in possession she finds it an empty bauble, dearly purchased, and unsatisfactory in the extreme. There are great many fine sentiments expressed, and many feelings I have often felt, but I cannot say my thoughts and wishes lead to that point, fame. The character is much like Caroline’s I think.

It had been raining hard all the morning and I thought we should get no walk, but C. insisted and I found I should have no peace at home and went in self defense, though rather against my inclination. But I was very glad afterward for the afternoon was delightful. The Thermometer for two or three days past has been at 65 and last evening we had a fire at the Company’s, which is very rare in May

in China. Really cold and rainy. We went out to our "place," soon joined by Alexander on horseback. He dismounted and soon after delivered "Moosh" to Campbell who took him home for him. Mr. Huddleston and Morris joined us soon after. Went to the barrier. A most glorious sunset, what I have not seen before for many months. The Scene altogether was quite magnifique. I walked home with Mr. Alexander & Huddleston, and C. with Morris. Terrible muddy, feet wet through. Got home, found a letter from Mr. Wood to me, with four lead pencils and his statements of the late affair which perhaps may send you. The pencils, he says, are as Mr. C[hinnery] would say "positive black Butter." This same Chinnery is a droll genius.

Ibar, Goyenna, & Mrs. Davis spent the evening with us. Talked Spanish and had a very merry evening.

5 What a lovely day, as bright as can be. The sky without a cloud, and the air delicious. Finished the history of the *Enthusiast* and read two others of the *Nonchalant* & *Realist* by the same Author. Very well drawn and many fine sentiments.

Dr. College in this morning, had a long confab. Aunt Low cried Sail Ahoy as she looked out on the terrace. Little did I think then that my dear sister's miniature was in it.

After dinner went as usual to the Campo. Mrs. Davis joined us and walked home with us. Huddleston & Millet joined us. Oh Mr. H. sent me an immense piece of sole leather this morning, I got my feet so wet last night. Sent back one skin. He is a pleasant creature. Came in of a most beautiful evening, Caroline scolding me all the way in to Aunt's room because I had Mr. H. again. We found Aunt there. She handed me a great packet of letters I thought and said Roundy was somewhere. I did not stop to hear where, but rushed to my room for scissors and a light. Saw a letter from Roundy first. Got half through it when he says, "I send your sister's miniature." Think of my having a resemblance of you in my hand my dearest sister and not opening it first—never mind. Caroline says now be moderate—I endeavoured. At last I extricated it from its snug bed of cotton where with your own dear hands you placed it. I unclasped it, the first look did not satisfy me. I saw no resemblance to what I fancied my dear sister. I looked again, I caught it, the tears came in showers for I then saw the same dear face. And now I have looked and looked till I think it a good likeness. Yes it is you my dear. I have kissed it again and again

but at first it looked to me dead, and even now I long to make you smile upon me. You look so *triste*, and in the night so pale. I look on it and long to make it speak or return my smile, but no, you still look sad—but the more I look the better I like. Aunt & Caroline think it like. I laid it by to read my letters, but ever and anon my eyes wandered to the picture. It looks as E. W. Ward says hers does, as though “she was looking at some refractory young nymph in the school room”—but it is so delightful to see anything like you. The red riband looks as natural as possible. I think the background rather too light and the right side of the hair I want to pull down a little. On the whole I am satisfied, though wish I could make you laugh a bit. That sedate phiz of yours always makes people think you a great deal more thoughtful than your sister, when in fact you are not a bit.

Had just got all my letters answered and was all ready for a fresh supply. And was wishing as I came home for some, but did not think my wishes would so soon be gratified, and more than gratified. Have read my letters. Thank God for his watchful care over you all and to still hear you are all alive and well is a great comfort. I have left your picture on the drawing room table and long to have daylight come that I may see it to better advantage. Now I must bid you good night my dearest.

6<sup>th</sup> Rushed out of bed the moment I awoke and laid hold of my picture, much to the amusement of C, hoping I should find it still more like, but there is the same look in the day. I do not think it so good looking as you my dear. It looks much too grave even for you. And the head has a cant on one side which makes it look as though you had a stiff neck, Who painted it? I do not believe he talked with you did he? I am persuaded one great duty of the painter is to keep the sitter in conversation that the expression of the countenance may be obtained.

I went to Church this morning. Was terrible sleepy. The noise of the water upon the Beach has a very soporific effect.

After dinner we went to the Campo but it rained and we had to return early.

7<sup>th</sup> Mr. Van Basil and Dr. Cox called. Mr. Van B. a stupid Dutchman, talks bad English, and we a little suspect “*il économises la vérité*” as the French would politely say. I drew a little “*pour passer le temps*” and C. & I were rather disposed to amuse ourselves with him. Dr.

Cox is a steady Englishman, nothing that any one would remark—has splendid teeth, otherwise is ugly enough.

Thornhill came in after dinner for us to go in his gig, but it began to rain and we were only able to get a short walk when we met Ibar who walked with us. Returned home and employed myself in the most notable manner till 11 o'clock mending a dress—work I dislike more and more. Then C. & I roamed about the terrace till 12 talking.

8<sup>th</sup> This morning was up very late. Must have a reform here, it is a great shame to lie in bed so long. You know my propensity to this custom. I am just as bad as ever.

After breakfast was delighted to hear that Mrs. Thornhill has a son born last night. Both well. It is quite an event.

Aunty had a letter from H. P. Sturgis from Manilla with some commissions she sent for. Says he expects to go home via China in 2 years. How delightful it would be if we could all go in the same Ship. I wonder if we shall go in two years. Aunt Low says there is no prospect of it, but I think I shall. But there, who knows where any of us may be in that time.

Ibar sent us some mangoes and preserves. I wish you could know him; he is the smartest creature I ever saw. He rules every body, makes them do just as he likes. Amuses us very much with his capers. He never gets into trouble, keeps good friends with all, which is no easy matter here. Walked and spent the evening at home working. All very busy. Read from 11 to 12 to Caroline.

9 Here I am, wonderful to relate, up 2 hours before breakfast, namely 7 o'clock, and I suspect a little before, for I have had a nice cold bath and dressed and all. Now my dear I shall take a book and leave you till another day has rolled away, and hope it will bring with it something worth relating, but almost every day is alike.

Nothing happened I think but we went to Mrs. Davis this eve'g, a small party. Talked Spanish most of the evening with Don Gabriel, the Calvos & Ibar. Oh Mr. & Mrs. Russell returned our visit this morning. He is a goose, and she I should think might justly be called the better half, though not much superior in sense. Did not like her much. He is thought in a deep consumption.

10 Been working hard all day making a muslin dress. You will think I do nothing else, but I do read and study at intervals. I dislike work



more than ever and make my dresses as plain as possible to get them done sooner, and if they will keep together is my only anxiety. Little stiches I am not ambitious to make. Went to walk after dinner as usual. Mr. Huddleston came home with us. A hot night, but worked all the evening or till 10. Set on the terrace till 1/2 past 11 discussing with Caroline the merits of Lord Byron and various other topics. Now it is 12. C. is coming and I must say Good Night. Oh Achow says he has had a letter from Canton tonight. Says Uncle left yesterday for Macao and will "catch Macao" tomorrow, so hope we shall see him, but there is "foul wind."

Had hardly written the last word when I heard a knock at the door which I soon found to be Uncle. Must of anchored a minute after we left the terrace, or we should have seen the boat. Caroline and I made a rush at him as he entered the room with a little rush light in his hand, and made him jump for he thought we were all asleep as it was 12 o'clock.

Uncle is looking well and very glad to get to Macao.

11 Mr. Ibar, Mr. Cox, & Mr. Allport in this morning.

Went to walk after dinner, & this evening had one Spanish lesson. Don Gabriel, Mr. Ibar and Mrs. Davis here.

12 Finished a dress today after working steadily. Mr. Millet called and a Mr. Finton from Bengal, a dreadfully nervous man and I hope his call will not be repeated. Thought he would drop to pieces. Went to walk after dinner, spent the evening at home. Uncle read us part of Mr. Inglis's journal in manuscript, written during his travels in India. By the bye, Mr. Inglis called this morning and said Adieu. Goes to Canton tomorrow. A very pleasant person—very entertaining. Has travelled a great deal in all parts of the world.

13 Went to Church this morning. Had to write letters for the *Pioneer* after church, and one to Capt. Roundy at Manilla. Walked after dinner. A lovely cool day. I have not felt so well for a long time. Mr. Huddleston and Morris joined us and walked home with us. He spent the evening with us. He is another of "our loves"—in manners is rather formal. Seldom laughs, but when he does it is good—is very sensible, converses handsomely, knows considerable, very gentlemanly, and the picture of neatness. Spent a delightful evening. He stayed till 11 o'clock.

14 This morning is very fine, the day proposed for a party to the Lappa. About 3 a thick fog came up and obscured the sun. We feared rain, but it was all as it should have been.

The party or some of it assembled at our house at 1/2 past 3. The "King & Queen" [John Francis Davis, president of the Select Committee, and his wife Emily] were detained by a visit from a Mandarin, which caused us by the mistake of one of our party a good laugh and raised my spirits for the evening. Aunt Low says "Well I hope Mr. Davis will give the M[andarin] his Congé or Adieu quickly and not keep us waiting." The Lady says, "do they always give them Congee," that is, a sort of starch, though often used here for food. I shouted at once, but upon second thought I sobered my face and rushed to the terrace where C. joined me quite ready to add her laugh to mine. The "King & Queen" arrived and we proceeded to the Boat, C. with Mr. Huddleston and I with Mr. Vachell & Morris. We arrived safely across the water and I had Mr. Morris and Mr. Alexander for my escort. We had a long but very pleasant walk on the Lappa, though rather rough and hilly. But the hills were so green and the scenery so varied that our travellers told us we might fancy ourselves now in the Highlands of Scotland and then in the beautiful scenery of Wales. The Springs of water on this island are delicious, and a clear stream was running at one side most of the time. Now and then we came to a fall over the rocks, which I instantly bid my imagination picture to me as the falls of Niagara in my own dear country; a stretch of imagination to be sure, but that we can afford now and then. We found many beautiful flowers. The weather was very pleasant for the sun was obscured. Our party all cheerful and made the best of rough and hilly roads. No one was sorry I assure you on ascending the last hill to discover in a beautiful valley a table handsomely set for 26 people. A beautiful stream running on one side, which was recommended to me as a looking glass. It really seemed as if we had reached the sky, for the clouds of mist appeared to rest just above us. After getting a little cooled, we set down to dinner, about 25 or 6. A very merry dinner. Every one seemed disposed to enjoy it. Aunt Low was of the party and bore it as well as any one. Mr. Daniell my neighbor at table, almost killed me with laughter. We all dined well, admired the party, and then had to descend to get over the worst of the walk before it was quite dark. This was the only fault. We had not quite time enough; we had to hurry too much.

We arrived safely at the bottom of the hill and then sat down. We were embosomed in hills and a stream of pure water running at our feet, the full moon shining clear over the tops of the hills and altogether it was most romantic and delightful. Several of the gentlemen sung and very well too. They chose me captain of the party or of that half. We had them divided and the plodding part had made straight for the boats. At last I gave orders for a move and we had to leave the enchanting spot. It was lovely.

We had in our boat Caroline & self, Mr. Huddleston, Alexander, Uncle & Morris, a most recherché party. We had a most delightful pull home. The moon was so bright and the water so smooth to prolong the time we went round the point and landed at the praya grande. The party was then invited to meet at Mrs. Daniell's. C. & I went home and adorned ourselves, and I walked there with Alexander. Had a very pleasant evening, some good music to finish off with. Altogether it has been a most satisfactory party.

15 Mr. Ibar in this morning. Gave us an amusing (for one cannot help laughing sometimes at the misfortunes of our neighbors if they are not very serious) account of his adventures and his gallantry displayed yesterday with one of our party. You must know that in some parts of our walk we had to go through paddy fields. There is generally a ridge of hardly a foot width to divide them. And this place unless one takes precious heed to their steps in the dusk of the evening is rather dangerous to walk upon, as you may suppose, as the ridge is often worn away to a point. One of our party I heard at the time had measured herself in the Paddy field, but Ibar says the poor lady fell into two paddy fields at once. So you may judge her situation. There she was up to her ancles in mud and seated like a man on horseback, this told with all the Spanish gravity and suiting the action to the word was more than I could do to help laughing, and laugh we did. He said to rescue her from her unpleasant situation he jumped into one and covering himself up to his knees in mud, he extricated her, and was much pleased with himself for his gallantry. A moment after I heard the cry of "Mrs. R. in the paddy" one of my preux chevaliers rushed into the paddy at my side, for what I then had no idea. I thought something I had been teasing him about had produced this rush. I laughed at him for being so rash afterwards, and he says "Miss Low you do not appreciate my motives. I saw the

fate and sad situation of Mrs. [Maria] Rees and determined you should not do likewise." Of course I offered mil gracias and told him he was a gallant youth.

Dr. Cox and Mr. Thornhill in to enquire the state of our health. Mrs. Davis sent for us to go out in the Cutter. We went with Thornhill, Mrs. D., Vachell, & Young. Had a delightful sail. Spoke the *Donna Carmelita* from Bengal just come in, but no news. Got home about 8 o'clock. A lovely evening. Ibar and Allport took tea with us.

16 A very hot day. Set en déshabillé all day. Mr. Whiteman, Mrs. Rees and Mr. Huddleston called. Did not see any one.

Did not walk after dinner. I felt very lazy and preferred taking a book. Finished the *History of the Netherlands*, very interesting. Read a little in the *Odyssey* [by Homer]. Then Caroline came home and we all dressed and passed a delightful evening with Mrs. Pereira sans cérémonie. Heard some fine music. Talked Spanish with the Calvos and Don Gabriel, danced two Quadrilles, had a very pleasant evening, and walked home with Uncle and Mr. Piva [Paiva]. Don Gabriel, Ibar, and the Calvos en train.

A delightful house to visit at. The Lord of the mansion sits smoking his hookah in state, now and then getting up to dance or crack a joke and returning to it—the mistress sings most beautifully—a family of 14 children or 15 fill their house. The hall we were in is I should think 100 ft. long, windows on both sides, which makes a fine draught of air through.

17 Came home and went to bed, but not to sleep, for I believe there were 6 mosquitoes inside. I got perfectly restless—got up and looked out of the window, about 1. Caroline proposed moving to her room and we did, but the little sarpents seemed to follow me there, and I got hardly any rest for the night. I was out of bed before daylight and tried my couch, but the provoking little buzz followed me there. I put on my dressing gown and sallied forth to the terrace. The air was pure and lovely, the scene altogether quite enchanting. I thought it a shame that I should have spent so many mornings in bed; will try and do better in future. Returned to my room, had a good bath and ever since have been writing in this book for my time had gone so fast that I have not before written since the 12. Now I must dress for breakfast my dear sister and very glad shall I be to get any, for I am hungry. Adieu for the present.

Set in my room most of the day. Very hot. After dinner went to sleep after reading a little. Went to the Company's to dine at 1/2 past 7. Came very near going to sleep at table. After dinner it was rather pleasant. Walked home with Alex. A lovely night.

18 Dressed today and went to the drawing room to write. Terrible hot. Cox and Thornhill called. An arrival from Calcutta says there are rumours of a general war in Europe, but no authentic accounts. This Ship says she spoke the *Potomac* outside so we shall have something new in a day or two.

Commenced and read aloud to Caroline Tone's *Memoirs*.<sup>33</sup> Think it will be interesting and good to read in connection with some other works I have been reading of the same time. Did not walk, but went to Mrs. Whiteman's this evening. Had a very pleasant evening, some fine music—flute and piano. Forgot to say and perhaps you know my 22<sup>d</sup> year expired last night of a natural death. Only think how old I am growing. Upon my word, I am fast getting into that detestable list of old maids. Never mind, all the same a 100 years hence. To day I commence my 23<sup>d</sup> year, I wonder what will be my feelings at the close of another. Shall I go on in the same quiet way, or will circumstances have entirely changed? Shall I be as happy as now, or shall I be miserable? I sometimes wish to look into the book of fate, although at the same moment aware that is in infinite wisdom that it is concealed. Oh that I could only know the event and consequences of certain actions that sometimes revolve in my brain and which would soon be performed if it was not for doubt. Well may we say with the "*Nonchalant*," [Jewsbury, *The Three Histories*] Doubt is the Alpha and Omega of our existence, but one thing is certain, the more I think the more I am involved in perplexities. Oh that I could see clearly. Why is it that our minds are so contracted, so narrow, that we are so soon lost in a labyrinth of uncertainties. Why have we desires for knowledge far beyond our means of gratifying them? Is this only the first stage of our existence, and are we to go on progressively from one world to another till we reach the perfection of knowledge? Will the knowledge we gain here be of any use to us in another world? Or what are we to be in another world? These questions I want answered, but where am I to go for the reply? We know not! must be the answer of all; all may think, conjecture, and suppose, but none can know. And the more we know, the more igno-



rant we feel, the more we search, the deeper are the doubts, the more incomprehensible is our existence, the world, our Maker, the great first cause, the Ruler and governor of all.

Every thing to be admired, and wholly perfect but ourselves. And why were we made to make such discord in the Universal harmony? For what object were we placed in this world, to be miserable? But there I question not the Wisdom of the Almighty, but I would like to know the Why's and Wherefore's.

19 This morning rose in good season, intending to do some work. Went into the drawing room and comfortably seated, and the man came up and said there was some gentlemen come. I run, and who should it be but the 1st Lieutenant and Purser of the *Potomac*, very gentlemanly people—arrived last night. They breakfasted with us. Just from Java. Have been at Sumatra, fought a battle there of 2 hours and a 1/2 and killed 40 of the natives, fought lustily—one Malay woman fought bravely. They demolished their forts and completely destroyed the town, killed the Rajah who was the instigator of the robbery and murders on board the *Friendship*.<sup>34</sup>

The Lieu<sup>t</sup> went to the Ship after breakfast and then proceeded to Lintin. I fear we shall not see the Frigate now. We hoped to go on board. She is of the 1<sup>st</sup> Class, carries about 50 guns [44 guns, built in Washington, D. C., in 1821], now on their way to Peru where they are stationed 2 years. The Purser spent the day with us. Told us of Magruder's marriage [visit of USS *Vincennes*, January, 1830, vol. 2], and that Capt. [William Compton Bolton] Finch had proposed to Mary Crowninshield and knew a good deal about Salem people. Is a gentlemanly person and very pleasant—good musters.

After dinner went to Mr. Beale's to see his birds—the Purser went to Lintin. Then we went to the Campo, and wonderful to relate I have not been there since last Sunday. Spent the evening at home *en déshabillé*.

20 Terrible hot day. Could not go to Church. Read *Decision*<sup>35</sup> aloud to Caroline—by the Author of *Father Clement*. Wanted to read this again so commenced with the first. Do not much like *Decision*. Some of the sentiments are good, but it seems too much like some case you see in real life, where they change in a minute and are very violent at first but soon go back to their own feelings and are too apt to think that profession is religion and principle. True religion is

I think deep, silent, spreading a mildness and contentment and cheerfulness over all our actions, subduing our temper, correcting our evil passions and propensities, the still small voice! growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength. I do not think we are to give up the pleasures of life, but enjoy them with moderation. But as Mr. [Henry] Ware beautifully observes, we are to have our chief sources of happiness within, to bear with equanimity the changes and trials of earth, and taste something of the peculiar felicity of heaven, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in a Holy Spirit. And how necessary for us to cultivate this Spirit. For if our happiness then is to consist in the love of God and the Society of Spirits, must we not partake of their holy feelings to enjoy them.

We went out to the Gap this evening for a little breeze. Was delightfully cool there. C. & I set talking upon the terrace till quite late. The starry heavens was our first topic, religion, creeds, forms, & etc. We then were led on till we had Bonaparte and Josephine and I don't know how many more upon the tapis.

21 Got up early and after reading a little set down to work, and was very industrious. Went to walk after dinner. Don Gabriel and Ibar joined us. After tea set down to read but was soon interrupted by the Purser and a Middy from the Frigate, stayed till quite late on business. Think they will have to come to Macao after all. They cannot get water at Lintin; at least the Chinamen won't bring it to them.

22 Studied Spanish all the morning—we are going to have a lesson tonight. Mathewson [James Matheson], Davis called this morning. Read after dinner instead of walking; am now reading Tone's Memoirs, find it very interesting. He was a most interesting, enterprising and worthy man, was one of the leaders of what we must call rebellion in Ireland, though had it succeeded would have had a far more glorious title.

Mrs. Davis & Don Gabriel came this evening. Spoke considerable Spanish and read some. Had a very merry evening. Party of Englishmen gone to see the Frigate today. No wind, cannot get back.

23 And before breakfast. Have just had your picture in my hand my dear sister. I wish you would smile, I look in vain for one smile of recognition. You look more *triste* if possible than you did three years ago today, just 3 tomorrow since we left our dear homes to tempt

the mighty deep and seek a home in foreign lands. I pray Heaven 3 years more may not pass before I revisit those shores. Oh forbid it! Alas I fear!

Read Spanish and a little French this morning. Mr. Ibar came in and give us an account of the Frigate, says it is magnifique and Capt & Lieutenants very gentlemanly. Says the Englishman said "The Crew was splendid, they must be more than 1/2 John Bulls." Fear we shall not see her, as it seems they take water at Lintin. And the Commodore [John Downes] is a married man, and can't be managed so well as Bachelors except by one. I am sorry.

Mr. Huddleston called. Ann & Hope arrived from Batavia. Letters for Caroline. I looked anxiously for my name on every letter in the bag, for C. had some from home. I believe if there were letters to come from Kamschatka I should look with a faint hope of some.

Mr. Blight and Ibar joined our tea table. Blight arrived today. Seems quite like old times.

24 Thought much of you all to day. I looked back upon the last three years with feelings of different hues. Some spots of sunshine illumine it in retrospect, though there has been much that was cloudy. I have many, many things to be grateful for—yes, how many and many I fear that I hardly realize. I have looked forward too—I see nothing in the vista before me to cheer or enliven me, but the thought of a return to you all, and the uncertainty of that takes from the pleasure of contemplating it almost. I fear Aunt & Uncle will not go at the end of my time, and I should hate to leave them. But then what may not take place in that time? Caroline will be with me most of this year and the next I shall study with all my might if I am alive.

Went to walk after dinner. Mr. Blight went with us. Mr. Ibar joined me coming home. Read all the evening.

25 Mr. Wilkinson, Mrs. Pereira, Ibar, Paiva, Blight and Capt. Bard called this morning—quite a levee. Wrote to you my dear per *Providence*. Sent Willy a picture of a Sedan Chair.

Walked after dinner. Mr. & Mrs. Davis joined us on the hill, also Blight and Wilkinson. Thornhill came round in his gig and invited us to go home in her, but we were not disposed. Walked home with Wilkinson. Had a battle on the Campo with Cock chafers [large beetles], very like our pinching daws. They were exceedingly troublesome, surrounding us in swarms, and often have the audacity to come

with great force right on to ones face or into the hair. Blight & W. took tea with us.

26 Finished another dress to day. Very industrious. Walked with Uncle, and spent the evening alone. Alexander & Blight in this morning. Alex is very anxious to see the miniature I have rec<sup>d</sup> of late. I torment him and make him think it is some lover at home. Have excited his curiosity delightfully. Reading all the evening.

27 Went to Church this morning, heard a good sermon. Passed the day as usual. Read and improved part of the day. Went to see Mrs. Thornhill's baby, a nice fat one. Went to the Gap after dinner and spent the eve'g in chatting and talking.

28 Translated French this morning. Cut out a gown and basted it, much to Caroline's amusement. She says my things drop together.

12 o'clock. Just returned from Mrs. Daniell's. Dull and uninteresting. The last quarter of an hour was worth all the others. I had a chat, short but pleasant. Oh this going to parties where there is not one you wish to see. To have to talk, to laugh if possible, or be called so triste, as I have been all the evening. I think I'll go no more and then I shall not show it if I am *triste*. We tried to dance, but every one moved as though they were forced to. Thermom. at 80, perhaps accounts for it. The mosquitoes buzz, so good night my dearest Sis. One hour with our dear family would be worth all the rest.

29 Made a great mistake this morning and got up very early. Happened to be the wrong day though I forgot, never mind. I set and translated Spanish all the morning. Worked a little. Read after dinner, after plaguing Uncle which is our greatest amusement. Went to Mrs. Davis's this evening. Had a very pleasant party, a little music and chat. C. & I sat on the terrace talking of our . . . till near 1 o'clock. Did not sleep well at all, for I fancied the mosquitoes were inside they sing so very loud.

30<sup>th</sup> And here I am up at 6 o'clock without the intention of so doing I assure you & I am more than half asleep. Believe I'll un[der]take my work and see what that will do. Have given myself a good sousing in cold water, but all to no purpose. *Adios por ahora*.

It was a dreadful morning, "not a breath the blue wave to curl." Find Aunt & Caroline in the same languid state. The morning is

very oppressive—went to sleep immediately after breakfast. Feel almost sick, very much as I used to at sea after knocking about. Mr. Blight called with one of the Lieutenants and Mr. Berry [John Barry]<sup>36</sup> from the *Potomac*. Find B. is from Salem and brother to W. Abbot's wife. Should know him from his resemblance to his sister. Great fat creature. I do not mean to say he resembles her in that particular. Say we may expect the Commodore tomorrow. Hope he will bring his Ship or I do not want to see him. A party gone to her to day of gentlemen. Ibar & Wilkinson in this morning.

After dinner was very glad to undress and take a nap, for the day is quite overpowering. When I awoke found a letter from S. Orne via Batavia. They have sent us an organ. Am sorry to hear Sam [Low] has lost his place. Think Uncle D[aniel Low] should have waited awhile. But there, perhaps it is all right and for the best.

The evening Blight and three of his friends took tea with us, do not think much of them. Not such musters as we had in the *Vincennes* [January 2, 1830, vol. 2]. The Lieut. is a real sailor, but of good information and a man of the world. Dine with us tomorrow.

31<sup>st</sup> The gents could not fetch the Ship yesterday and turned back. The currents are so strong now that it is impossible to do without wind. Ibar in this morning. A Ship of War from England arrived today from England with despatches for the Company—the *Coote*. Have not heard any news yet except that the Cholera is in England.

Lieut. Pinkham [R. R. Pinkham],<sup>37</sup> Mr. Berry and Mr. Warriner [Francis Warriner] dined with us. Lieut. is a man of good information, has seen considerable of the world, converses well, and is very communicative; the best of the three in appearance I mean. For goodness of heart & morals, sincerity, etc., I should say the school-master [Warriner] would bear the palm for he is about as unsophisticated and as green as need be. He says however he begins to find that it is not all gold that glitters, not the first who has repeated *con amore* the vulgar but expressive adage. He is full of enquiries, and there is some symptoms of a book to be made therefrom.<sup>38</sup> He is a genuine Yankee, caught in the country most probably. He wandered through Mr. Blight's house, returning ever and anon and expressing his delight at every thing. He says "he has often heard of eastern magnificence, but he had no idea of it before." You must know Mr. B's house is one of the plainest in the place, very comfortable, but



no elegance about it. He is a very pious young man it is said, but knows little of the wickedness of the world. We have several good jokes at his expense, but I shall not note them, for my sister would say I was getting scandalous. Well I confess I am a very naughty girl—is that any thing towards amendment. It ought to be, but I fear it is not. I soothe the clamorous appeals of my conscience by saying that it is only from the lips; I am sure in my heart I have not a spark of ill will. You know I always liked a good joke.

Well Mr. Berry was mate of the *Friendship*, and came out to identify the people at Sumatra, that had insulted and abused the Ship and people. He is a Salemite, as I have said before—as vulgar, fat, and greasy a muster as I should wish to see. I was as polite as possible to him for friends' sake. Had a "small flirtation" with Lieut. P., that is, I talked with him all the afternoon, but being a married man my flirtation was very limited. He told me a brother of his offered himself to the beautiful S. L. C. of Salem. Think from all accounts I should not admire a "man of war." It is said the Commodore is a very gentlemanly man.

There has been some difficulty in Canton with the Consul.<sup>39</sup> It is a great shame our rich "Uncle Sam" don't make the Consulate in Canton more respectable. There ought to be a salary and an establishment, instead of which there is neither honor or profit, not enough to support the flag. Cannot say I was sorry to say Adieu to our friends, for in warm weather it is tiresome to have strangers all day.

**June 1<sup>st</sup>** Mr. Blight in this morning. Despatched the people at 11. Ibar in and we agreed to go to Mrs. Pereira's this evening with him. I should like to introduce him to you. He is as smart a creature as I ever saw, witty, sensible, good humoured and exceedingly clever in the fullest sense (English). Speaks perfectly French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, understands Italian, and in fact can do any thing he pleases—a most excellent business man. Makes old and young do as he wishes, with his sparkling eyes or Castilian gravity. Is as good as a newspaper; I tell him he is a "furious gossip," he always has some thing to make one laugh. Perfectly respectful, knows his place in all society, just how far he can go, and never oversteps the boundary. He is about 5 ft. 4 inches high, black hair and eyes, and whiskers, a beautiful set of teeth, and pleasant smile. He says he is going to Canton. We tell him we cannot well spare him, but he must not

stay long if we permit him to go. He promises to be back in a fortnight. Went out to walk after dinner with Uncle & Blight. Ibar joined us coming home. Said he would walk with me to Mrs. P's. However went in my chair, had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Neish was there, just arrived—back again from Bombay. Poor woman she looks worn out almost, has had a long passage. They were very unfortunate going from here in October. Had a gale, lost all their masts and [had] a dreadful time. She is a delightful woman, a perfect lady in manners and appearance. She is far above the situation she fills. She would be useful as well as ornamental to any society. She bears it all I believe with a good temper and patience. I have never heard but that her husband is a very good man; he is quite a sailor.

2<sup>d</sup> Spent most of the morning with R[ebecca] Morrison. Her family have gone to Lintin for the benefit of change of air and scene. Have heard some things that pleased me and some that did not. Went out to walk after dinner. Called on Mrs. Fearon and then went to the Campo. Blight joined Caroline and Wilkinson me—had a very pleasant walk home with W. He is quite a love—gentlemanly, quiet manners, good sense and judgment combined. Has a fine face.

Mrs. Davis, Blight, Ibar & Goyenna took tea with us. We spoke and read Spanish. Passed a pleasant evening. Three Ships arrived today, but no Americans. Hear there are two between this & Anger, but fear there are no letters for me.

3<sup>d</sup> Went to Church this morning. Have thought a great deal of myself today. Begin to think I am much more wicked than I was last year. Makes me feel unhappy. I resolve but to unresolve. I am a sad child, what will become of me. I have read and reflected today, and I must pray that my resolutions may be strengthened. We see so little of the effect or influences of religion here that we are too apt to forget there is a God that sees all our actions. Oh that, that thought would continually prevent me from thinking, acting, or speaking amiss. Oh dear, oh dear

I have been reading *Father Clement* to day. Read it once at home. How well I remember where. My dear Father read it aloud too up in the Frost chamber in Crombie St. when my dear mother, you & I set by and listened. Little did I think then I should read it in China.

Mr. Blight, & S. P. Sturgis (just from Canton) came in after church. Talked with them awhile and went to my room and read.

And now my dear I am up in my accounts. Since dinner I have walked the verandah awhile with Caroline and now I have written you. Oh that I could see you, be with you, talk to you once more. Shall I ever, or what is my fate to be. It makes me wretched to think, so I drive away thought almost. For which ever way I turn is doubt and uncertainty, nothing to satisfy the present or to dare hope for the future. Alas, alas, why was I born or for what was I brought into the world. O but away, dull thoughts. Oh that I had some one to participate my feelings with. You may say why, why do you express such feelings, I would keep them to myself. Oh dear I can't. I do most of my moanings, but now and then they will out. Oh that vacuum.

Spent the evening on the terrace, Caroline, Blight and I; suspect he thinks we are both partially deranged. O. H. Gordon made us a call of a few minutes this evening. Goes back tomorrow morning. As interesting as ever. If he was not so ugly, should certainly try to bewitch him. He has lots of cash.

4 Uncle went this morning at 9 with Gaffer [Gordon]. Wrote a letter last night for the *Providence*. The Frigate [USS *Potomac*] anchored in the roads. A very squally day. The Commodore not on shore. Slacum [William A. Slacum]<sup>40</sup> called; is the soaper general [purser] for the Ship I suppose. Think they have treated us shabbily, might have waited in the roads till we had seen her. But the Commodore has been reading Horsburg<sup>41</sup> till he is very much alarmed. Should think he would be ashamed to own it. It's all nonsense. He's a married man is all the excuse I can find for his want of gallantry. Don't think much of their officers.

Mr. Huddleston spent an hour with us this morning. Went out to the hills after dinner. H. joined us, and Alexander before we got home. A. took tea with us.

5 Rainy in showers. Blight spent the morning with us. Was very industrious, but very low spirited. Caroline had a letter from her brother this morning. Some unpleasant news, such as some difficulty between him and Forrestier—had slapped his F's face and taken a "small stick" to him. Fortunately F. is a great coward so I apprehend no danger, but I should feel unhappy enough if it was my brother, for I should fear more his secret malice than public revenge. But I hope it will end well.

Potomac sailed this morning. Rained hard after dinner; however cleared up about 6 and we went to Casillhas Bay. On our return were joined by Wilkinson and Capt. Clifton of the *Red Rover*, a little clipper, both Capt. and vessel that runs between here and Calcutta with the Drug. Sturgis and Blight took tea with us.

6 Studied French and drew a little this morning. Wrote a letter to Mr. Shillaber in answer to his before breakfast. After dinner read Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Nap[oleon]*.<sup>42</sup> Did not walk. Thought some, but I hate to think. Read all evening. No walk, rainy. Come to my room and made up my books. Now these little mosquitoes keep warning me that I shall be doomed if I do not retire, so I must say Good Night and God bless you all. I would write for the next hour if it was not for these troublesome creatures.

7 This morning was suddenly seized with a fever for drawing. Rushed out of bed and seized my pencil and every spare moment through the day stuck to it. Went out to make some calls this morning. Called on Mrs. Davis, not very well. C. & Mrs. Davis against me in an argument on love, a subject ladies often handle I believe.

Called on Mrs. Clifton at Mrs. Pereira's, wife of the *Red Rover*'s captain. She is the smallest creature I ever saw, about 4 ft. 2 inches. Is dreadfully deaf, otherwise would be a most agreeable companion, is quite young. She has made us several handsome presents from Calcutta. Goes back in about a week. Has three children with her. You see English ladies think nothing of taking up their duds and going [on] a voyage.

Called on the charming Mrs. Neish and Mrs. Daniell, played with her lovely babe. Her children remind me of mother's.

Came home to dinner. After dinner drew again, and then read Bourrienne's *Memoirs*, all very interesting. C. & I walked up to Mrs. Fearon's. A lovely evening. Spent a very pleasant evening with her. She give us some specimens of people who she has well know[n] here, that we have known only by report—two as great contrasts as you can conceive.

One was a Mrs. B[leaucaut]. She is pretty, very high spirited, quick tempered, and very smart. She was imprudent inasmuch as she exposed her husband's foibles and did not hesitate to say she hated her husband, two things which if ever so true should never be known, for [at] that moment a pretty woman is liable to all sorts of tempta-

tions. She drew the remarks of every one in the place upon her so that at last no one or but few of the ladies visited her. Of course the gentlemen pitying, paid her double attention, which excited her vanity and made her dislike her lord and master more than ever. I do not believe the woman would allow a word or look more than was proper from any one, for she would have knocked them down if they had dared, but her spirit did not spare her from the ill natured remarks of all. Her history is quite public, and that is, that her parents (cruel they must have been) obliged her to marry this man when she told them she hated him, and that her heart and hand were engaged to another. She was then only sixteen. Her father had a large family and, like too many of the English, thought the sooner he got rid of them the better. She only saw her husband 3 or four times before she was led to the altar. A pitiable story to tell to be sure and would excite the pity of the most hard hearted, but it does not excuse her imprudence. A hard lot, and will not parents have to suffer for such cruelty. She has one little girl. Her husband was obliged to go to India where he remained 6 years, at the end of which time he sent to his wife saying she must come out to him or he should remit nothing for herself or child. So the poor creature was obliged to come. She arrived at Bombay just as he was leaving for China. So she was only transhipped, and brought here where he became jealous of her, acted like a madman, treated her like a beast, drew the attention of the public to them by his ravings and madness. Come very near losing his Ship in the Typhoon by bringing it into the roads at that dangerous season, risking millions of doll[ar]s of other people's property, and then took her to Lintin. Her health failed her and she was obliged to take passage to England, where she probably is now. Poor thing I do pity her, though I think her to blame in many things.

Another history of a lady who has been a great belle in Macao—a lady who I believe to be innocence and simplicity itself—who perhaps has erred and been imprudent from that very simplicity. She has drawn the observations of the envious and jealous upon her. Vain, perhaps she may have been from so much attention, but she has shewn herself a model for a wife in many instances, and shines in one in particular, and where the other erred, and that is in endeavouring to conceal the faults of her husband, when they were so glaring that they could not be hid. But even to her nearest and dearest friend never lisped her troubles. They have worn her to a skeleton,



but she never murmurs. She has been called cold and inanimate, but poor creature how little the heart was known. I declare since I have known more of her I have almost wept to think I ever listened to the ill natured observations. Her manners were mild and elegant. She risked perils of all kinds. Her husband was commander, but she always came and went with him because she had some influence over him; his vice was intemperance. They have now gone to England, as he was unfit for the seas and his last voyage here was obliged to give the care of the Ship to his officers. She is kind and affectionate to him, although he makes a beast of himself. Thus you see what poor women have to endure. Their greatest virtues are often construed into vices, and their patient endurance of sufferings into coldness and hardheartedness. Well there is one that can see the innermost recesses of the heart and will reward accordingly. This is always my consolation. How absurd it is for us to attempt to judge of the motives or actions of others.

Mrs. Fearon amused us with another, a stranger [wife of Capt. Robert Wemyss] here, one whom I have not seen but often heard of, who in a directly opposite way from Mrs. B. makes herself ridiculous—and that is for her excessive love of her husband. All the vocabularies of all ages must have been ransacked and plundered of their tender epithets to bestow upon her blessed Bob, and there is no diminution or concealment of her affection. So it goes. Contrasts of all kinds appear in review before us, some to excite our pity, some our mirth, others our contempt, and others our delight.

Mrs. F. sung us several songs, and C. & I walked home with Mr. Blight. We set on the terrace and talked till 12. Different subjects; one, where is Happiness to be found, and is there such a thing. I summed up the conversation with saying I thought we never experienced any lasting happiness in this world, but that it was my opinion that there were none so happy as the true Christian, one who though he lives in the world and enjoys its pleasures moderately, yet has affections so firmly fixed on his heavenly father and who looks forward to a better world with joy unspeakable, that none of the trifling troubles of this world have power to annoy him. Happy person it must be. Would that I was of the number.

8 This morning Mr. Blight spent most of the morning with us. Feel in dismal spirits, why I cannot say. Some times there seems to be a

weight hanging upon my spirits, and the more I try to exert myself, the more it weighs me down. Read all the afternoon, no walk. In the evening we had Mrs. Pereira, 3 of her daughters, her son, Miss Philp, Mrs. Clifton, and Mr. Blight to tea.

9 Was busy all day working and drawing. Rainy and no walk. Capt. [William Coffin] Little of the *Diana* spent the evening. Handsome, agreeable, and gentlemanly man. Hear he was quite smitten with Miss Shillaber, but have seen no proofs of it, but dare say it is true. Indeed I have no doubt. She looks beautifully sometimes.

10 Did not go to Church today, for Aunt Low was going and I thought I had better read a sermon at home than pay 1/2 a Dollar to go to Church. So I read one of Dr. Channing's best. Oh what a mind he had. How unfit for so frail a body. Such a person perhaps enjoys more in this world, but I should think the agony he would feel at not being able to soar further would be dreadful—to be still “left in doubt, after so much searching to make nothing clearly out.”

After dinner I walked with Mr. Blight, C. with Mr. Pereira. Had a confidential chat with B. You would laugh if you could know the funny actions of all the people here. B. spent the eve'g with us & C. & I had enough to talk of when he was gone.

11 This morning drew a little landscape, cut out a dress, read a little French. Set down to work and Caroline read aloud, *Childe Harold* [Byron], till we were interrupted by Sturgis, then Mr. & Mrs. Thornhill. After dinner finished Bourrienne's *Memoirs*. No walk as it rains, and here I sit before tea, kicking myself the mosquitoes bite me so. I must however bid you good night and deluge them with Cologne. Oh dear.

Took tea *en famille*. Soon after Capt. Little came in. “Quite a love,” elegant manners, and talks like a book. A man of good sense, and one I should judge that might be depended upon, his word I mean, he has for several years been voyaging between here and the Coast, touching often at the Islands in the Pacific. I am sorry to say, and still more regret to learn, that most of the statements given by Mr. [Charles S.] S[tewart]<sup>43</sup> and other missionaries are quite false. He says he knows them to be so. He is not alone. Every one that comes from there tell the same story. It is not that he was prejudiced against them, for he says he was predisposed to think well of them,

and indeed [is] a friend to missions, but alas the sad misstatements and so little of the spirit of the Christian religion is shown there, that he thinks it far better that they were left in the state in which the Almighty saw fit to place them. Then they went on in their own way; and is it possible my dear Sister that these poor creatures will have to suffer for what they never knew? Oh no, I think not. Oh if Missionaries would go there and first civilize them and then when they have taught them to be industrious and human, then let them learn the character of our Saviour, set him before them as an example for them to imitate. But how absurd to go to poor ignorant heathen and the first thing preach to them, what none of them know, that they must believe as they do or be damned, and they must first seek the kingdom of god and every thing else will be added to them; and more than all that incomprehensible doctrine of the Trinity that all confess they can scarcely comprehend. Capt. L. says just before he left the Presbyterians there compelled by the point of the bayonet a little band of Catholics to leave the Island, and treated them in the most unchristian manner, and for some time past had had a guard of soldiers stationed at the Catholic Church door to prevent any native from entering, and if they attempted it to take them from it by force [n. 20 above]. Is this the religion our Saviour taught? Is this the gospel (or good news) our Saviour commanded his disciples to preach to the world? Ah no, must be the response of every candid mind. And then to think that one of these missionaries (and more than one) should sit down and write a book to impose upon the world and fill it with falsehood. Any one on reading it would say undoubtedly that it was embellished and exaggerated, but I am sorry to hear that the statements are decidedly false. To think how they are drawing from the purses of rich and poor to assist them in usurping power and authority under the cloak of religion. Shameful! Mr. S[tewart] says the King there is converted and speaks of him in the highest terms. Capt. L says his morals are infamous, and his deportment altogether shameful—and the young princess also, is constantly intoxicated and as low as she can be. But I forbear saying all I would; I know the feelings of my dear father on this subject. But I would prevent him if possible from assisting such people. It is not the religion of Jesus they are teaching my dear father—depend upon it and you are not spreading his gospel. You are only converting them from the errors of their own ways to the errors of Christians—which are

neither few nor small. These sad tales come not only from the Sandwich Islands, but from India and wherever the missionaries are sent. I have heard the same from good pious people, females too who would willingly and happily promote the Christian religion, and I cannot think it false. Now I can conceive of a person acting from good motives, and erring in judgment, they may be led astray by their own feelings, but those statements that go home that they should be deliberately and coolly written for purposes of deception, I cannot abide. And what right has one sect more than another to go to poor ignorant creatures and even to enlightened people, and say I am holier than thou, and if you do not believe as I do you will perish? Who has assured them that they are right? I say, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," [Romans 14:5] read his bible, and act up to what he believes to be right, and follow the example our Saviour set him, and I believe if any are saved, such will be. There may be good of all sects. I believe—but enough of this. I could preach much longer on this subject, but I forbear.

A note from Mr. Blight about 10, saying he leaves for Canton tomorrow morning. So had to write a note to Wood, return him some books, pack them up, besides several other things. Went to bed about 12—got in a bit of a frolic. Run into Aunt Low's room, took her up by the waist and Caroline by the feet and put her to bed. So we act, the poor woman says she shall go distracted.

12 Read and worked this morning. Capt. Little in about 2 and dined with us. Has not ceased to rain, pouring all day. A second deluge is now pattering down in any quantity with considerable thunder and lightning. It seems like one of those determined wet days at home. Since Capt. Little left I have been asleep on the couch. Read a little, and as the only consolation at this time "when memory sighs for pleasures past," I have to talk with you my dearest sister. All is still. Caroline is I dare say wandering to distant lands. Aunt Low is perhaps in number 2 American Hong thinking of one who is all the world to her, first in all her thoughts and wishes. Oh how happy a feeling to be first to some one. Let no one laugh but him or her who has felt the overwhelming feeling of loneliness, which must come over every feeling heart at times. The want of some one to tell your most trifling thoughts, to participate in your joys and sorrows, to be all in all—as I have said before any thing can be borne with such a

friend to lean upon. Misfortunes would only make us cling the tighter, but there, such is my lot, to be not the first object in any one's heart. At least I cannot respond to the feelings of those who have thought proper to care for me, so there is no comfort in them. But I could never endure to marry one I did not love. So adieu for the present.

[Marginal note] November. Later accounts and other people give me the same accounts that Capt. L[little] did.

13 I seem to have summed up my last day very sentimentally. It is now Saturday evening, but I must call to mind the two or three last days. Though nothing has happened, it is astonishing how still and quiet we are; nothing to note time, but it goes rapidly. From our own selves our joys do flow now I am sure.

Continued and heavy rain for the last week, with considerable thunder and lightning. Keeps us prisoners to the house. Passed the morning as usual. After dinner took the second volume of [Charles S.] Stewart's *Journal*, and finished it before I went to bed. Thought I would get through it. It seems he is well aware of all the stories that have been told about the missionaries. I almost wished I had not written a word, for who can we believe. I cannot now believe that Mr. S. intends to tell what is not correct, but I do think the people appear so different before the missionaries from what they do to other people that they cannot judge of their characters. More than that his enthusiasm leads him astray. His judgment is not correct perhaps, his motives are good I hope. I do not think they send the right kind of people to be missionaries, and I think they do not act on the best plans; further I will not judge them. I pray for them, that they may be guided aright. It is our duty I know to contribute as much as is in our power to the happiness and comfort of our fellow creatures, and if they think they will be happier for being civilized, why it is right and proper for them to assist them. For my own part, I consider the savages to be as happy, and I some times think much happier than the civilized people. Compare the two and I think the balance is equal at any rate. Happiness, or what is so called, is I believe pretty equally divided all over the world. For my own part I should have some severe qualms about enlightening them. And as to their happiness hereafter I think their chance of happiness quite as good as ours, for will they be punished for what they do not know to be wrong? And



if they live up to what their principles of goodness dictate, will they not also receive their reward? We shall not be called to an account for what we have never possessed. Let us improve the talents committed to our charge, is the command of our Saviour. How few of us who call [ourselves] Christians live as though our happiness for eternity depended upon our present conduct. You may think my ideas very strange, but they sprang up and I now think them correct, [part of sentence deleted] of late I have thought much on this subject. What do you think my dear? Oh that I could hear the response.

14 Spent the morning as usual, except a visit from Mrs. Davis. If there is a woman in the place to be pitied, it is her. After dinner, as it did not rain, we reached Casillas Bay. Joined by some gents coming home. S. P. Sturgis spent the evening with us. C. & I set talking till 1/2 past 1 o'clock. We have these talking fits now and then, but I cannot tell you the subjects, for they are secret.

15 Caroline sick this morning. Sent for Mr. College and he spent two hours with us. Promised Caroline and I a Cashmere Shawl when we were married and a lace veil. He is as good a man I believe as there is going. Read a review this afternoon. Try in every way to gain some information, but I am sometimes discouraged. It is so hard to learn when one is old. I wonder whether the knowledge we gain here will be of any use to us in another world. I think it must be for what is the use of acquiring knowledge if it is to be buried with us in the grave? I should like to know if we go from one world to another progressing in knowledge. I sometimes think it must be so—but there, I get lost in wonders, and I must leave, for who knows any thing. “All we know is that there is nothing known.” [Byron, *Childe Harold*, Canto 2, Stanza 7]

Raining torrents, sheets, floods, all night, with heavy thunder and lightning. Seems as though the very bricks would come up. I hear several walls, and houses have been washed down.

16 Mrs. Thornhill called this morning. Then Mrs. Clifton “*pour dire Adieu*” with Mrs. Pereira, then Mr. College. The very sight of him would do one good. I am told that [it] has rained 17 inches of rain in 40 hours, which is quite tremendous.

Had a letter from Roundy, has gone home, with the “old box” full of Sugar and Hemp. Says “She is quite indignant at having such a

cargo and groans teas and silks whenever he goes on board." No walk today, raining all the evening. Caroline comes with Lord Byron's poems so I must put away my book. C. wants to see what I have written here, but she shall not. I am tired and must to bed I believe. What should we do without a bed. There we forget all our cares and troubles.

17<sup>th</sup> and Sunday morning. For a rarity the sun is shining, a novelty that cannot pass unrecorded. Read before breakfast Mr. Ware upon the "Lord's Supper." It is communion day. Aunt Low had a letter from Uncle this morning saying a party left for Macao to day, "the three ladies" as they are called in Canton from their fair complexion and some other things. One is Dr. Bradford, who is also called the "Amateur Tailor," "Miss Laura" and a variety of other titles; Mr. King alias Miss King, and Sir Charles Gillespie Bart alias Miss G. He has a very fine establishment in Canton and they rather quiz him, but taisez vous because I would not have it go to his employers. He is the most uncouth looking youth. His legs are a great deal too long for his body.

Went to Church this morning, a great many there. Being Trinity Sunday we had a sermon suited to the occasion, some good sentiments expressed, but most of it I could not comprehend. He told us though the Doctrine of the Trinity was hard to be understood and indeed was contrary to reason, yet they must believe it because they are told too, and that it was not proof of its not being true because we cannot comprehend it. That should only teach us humility,—I longed to say. Who tells you and why do you not take your Bibles and learn the simple truths that are there taught—and not cling to unmeaning words that were conceived in error and ignorance, and believed in more enlightened days from habit . . . —is not this the case? I am sure it is with English Episcopalians. Partook of the Sacrament, I hope not unworthily.

Mr. College and S. P. Sturgis in after church. Had a long chat with C. Says he has never heard anyone speak ill of me since I have been in the place. Do you not think that a compliment—but from him I believe it. I suppose they think I am a good natured harmless crittur, but what matters it. I care not. Sam had an American prayer book here, which he says is used in Mr. [F. W. P.] Greenwood's Church in Boston. Dare say you've seen it.

After dinner, C[aroline] not being well enough to walk and Aunt not disposed, I jumped into the chair and went *à la solitaire* to the

Peña, where I had an hour and 1/2 delightful meditation. The scene all around was fitted to inspire calm and tranquil thought. I perched myself upon the edge of a precipice a little below the path, with the sea rolling beneath by feet a 100 ft. or thereabouts. Hills as high above me, there I sit with a little mantle thrown over my head without a bonnet, the picture of what—romance, no meditation, much to the surprise of Portuguese & Chinese who I suppose never sit down to think except upon what they shall have for dinner. There was Chinese and Portuguese upon the rocks far below me scraping a scanty meal from the rocks in the shape of small oysters—seemingly happy as the merry laugh often greeted my ears. Others were endeavouring to reach the summit of a neighboring hill, for what? Amusement, exercise, or prospect, I know not which. On the other side was the broad ocean, where lay several Ships waiting for despatches, & etc, boats of all kinds and descriptions winging their way upon the blue water, their banked sails beautifully glazed by the beams of the setting sun. Yes, and yonder clouds too, borrowing from her beauties. So it is with every thing, most beautiful just as it is snatched from us. Here I was sitting contemplating the different objects around me, moralizing and etc., when I heard at my side the words How do, do, and turned around to answer my friend, and who should it be but an old ugly China woman. I knew her not, but I was very ready to hold a conversation with her, if we could make ourselves understood. Her knowledge of English & Portuguese was, however, very limited, and I found much to my amusement after she had gone, that I had made some ludicrous mistakes—such a jargon as it was you never heard. Her object was however to know if I wanted a servant. She chatted some time in great good humour and left me. I was soon afterwards joined by Mr. & Mrs. Clifton and [Thomas] Beale and soon returned home and here I am. I felt as I sit there like the “lone thing” Byron tells of, isolated from all I hold dear, in a distant land [*Harold*, 2, Stanza 98]. When I think of where I am, how far away from the land where a few years ago I thought my lot was cast, it seems as though it must be a dream, and I wait with almost impatience to know where my fortune will next carry me, to know what my destiny is to be. I hope it is not to pass many more years in this uninteresting place, not but that there is more tranquility here than perhaps I shall find any where else, but it is a sort of quiet that does not suit my mind or disposition. I am restless, I want some excitement. I sometimes think

I care not what, so it be some thing to rouse me from a sort of lethargy. The present is a blank, the future is all uncertainty. The past has some bright spots, but alas not much that is satisfactory to reflect upon. Would to God I could withdraw the past two years from my life, but there my pen shall not say all that my tongue should, if I were by your side my dear sis, for this may fall into hands and be inspected by those who would not be so indulgent to my follies as my sister. I sometimes construct schemes for happiness, and think with real pleasure of my return, which indeed is the only pleasure I see before me, and can there by any mistake in the joy, the delight, I shall experience in again being with my dear parents, brothers and sisters, where I know I am loved, in whom I never can be deceived. Ah no, in that there cannot be. But alas, the Changes that time makes—I dare not reflect on what may be. And why need I? Is not the evil sufficient for the day? And then again if I should too much indulge the fond hopes I wish to cherish, how much greater would be the agony if I am disappointed, or do not at times reflect that there may be thick clouds to welcome me. These feelings were so strong felt in a dream the other night, that I have often thought of them since. You will say “A foolish girl; her silly dreams again,” but I will tell you. I dreamed I returned and saw you all but my dear little Ellen, but her I could not find. And still you pointed me to a child who was much older and altered in every respect. I traced not the slightest resemblance to that little darling I wished to see. I felt exceedingly disappointed, and felt as though Ellen was dead and this child was brought to make up the number. And so it will appear to me. But before dull thoughts, I dread and yet I love to think of you all.

18 Now I am a week behind. I can scarcely think what has come to pass; for the week seems a blank behind me. They pass away so monotonously.

Caroline and I went out to our hill this afternoon, C. in her chair, not being well. Went into the flower garden. Saw a China[man] making a small *jet d’eau* of rock, coral, etc. It struck us we could surpass him. So we told S. P. Sturgis who we met [after]wards he must find us some rocks, and that we wanted some coral. He promised to do all he could, so we shall enlist them as they come along. H. Robinson joined me soon after and I told him C. and I had an idea between us, and told him our wants. Says he will get us some coral. In the

course of time we may succeed. They are very anxious to know what we are about.

“The Ladies” arrived tonight [see 17 above]. Read all the evening Good’s *Book of Nature*.<sup>44</sup>

19 Rec’d from “Sam” this morning a bundle of common rocks which he says he obtained as he swam the Hellespont this morning [and] a long facetious note from him which I did not believe he could have concocted. He is a good natured creature. Went out to “our hill,” were joined by Sturgis & Robinson. Both took tea with us. R. is a great quiz and I should fancy at times partially deranged. Bradford called the first thing this morning to pay his devoirs and gratify his curiosity. He has been in agony the last 3 months to see Caroline. He is the same “old sixpence.” Loves ladies I believe, so he does “Beef Stakes.”

20 Bradford & Gillespie (“Sir Charles”) called this morning. Also Goyenna, had to speak Spanish. Read but little. After dinner every day undress and take a book on the couch till it’s time to walk. B. & G. by permission came to walk with us to the Peña. Lovely afternoon.

21<sup>st</sup> King & [James Dunlop] Perit<sup>45</sup> called this morning. King looks more delicate than ever. P’s a pretty boy about 18 I suppose.

Mr. B[radford] sent me a novel called *Philip Augustus*<sup>46</sup> this afternoon, which I devoured. Have not read a novel for many months. Think it interesting, and an imitation of Scott’s founded on facts. Think it rather a good thing to read Historical novels as it induces you to search out the real history of the parties concerned, and I always do it with double interest after reading a novel. But there it’s 12 o’clock and the mosquitoes will let me have no comfort, and so good night my dearest sis.

22 Finished the novel today. The story is interesting but not much talent displayed—no new thoughts or sentiments—some noble characters. A novel way of finding a heroine: the hero tumbled down a precipice on horseback, and there found a large party of people at the bottom, and was fortunately only wounded enough to require the assistance of this bewitching fair one, whom he thought necessary to tumble into love with at once. After perils of all kinds he marries her. I always wish when reading books that bring to mind the days of Chivalry and romance that I had lived then. Then it was no harm for



a lady to show forth her best feelings and be herself. Oh but times have changed. All must be heartless, made up creatures, without feeling of any kind. But all this and I have not said good morning. Mr. [Horatio Gates] Ward, Supercargo of the *Don Quixote*, and Mr. Sullivan called this morning, just from Canton. Also Don Pedro and Mr. Pereira. Mr. W's forehead looks as though he had lots of intellect, but his mouth is very simple. He nods his head like a mandarin. Walked after dinner. Met Mr. Blight just returned from Canton.

Don Gabriel and Mrs. Davis came this evening. Had a Spanish lesson, a very merry one.

23 Mr. Blight and Henry Robinson in this morning. Did some work. After dinner read *Ivanhoe* [Sir Walter Scott] I believe. No walk. Had a good cry about dark and felt better. Thinking, thinking.

We had an American party this evening, consisting of ourselves, the amusing Mr. Blight, the sedate Mr. King, Mr. Bradford alias Paul Pry or "the Curious," Sir Charles Gillespie, or the "vacant," the pretty little Perit, the conceited but rather agreeable Mr. Sullivan, and the nodding Mr. Ward. We spent the evening on the terrace and conversation was our amusement. We passed a pleasant evening, as you may judge when I tell you they stayed till after 11.

24 Mr. Vachell sick today and no church. I set down this morning and read those beautiful prayers now used in Mr. Greenwood's church at home—they are really delightful, so pure, so holy. They truly seem to breathe a heavenly spirit to spread a religious calm within. There is no sectarianism to mystify and cloud our minds—but all calm and holy. I went to Dr. Morrison's this morning. Heard a very good sermon. He made a prayer in Chinese as there were two China men there. Came home, found S. P. Sturgis here; he stayed a while. I asked him what he came in the morning for, and told him we did not want to see him in the morning, that he better come in the eve'g. He is a good dispositioned creature and he knows we do not mean to offend him.

After dinner that Bradford came in and we had to walk with him. We went to the Peña. Met Blight afterward. They spent the evening with us.

25 Rained all the morning in torrents. Cleared up after dinner and we went out to walk, all the way admiring the splendid clouds, just

illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun. We set down for a while on the rocks till they had all changed their glowing colours to a somber grey, and were rapidly approaching us. We were then surrounded by beaux. There was Thornhill, Robinson, King, Blight, Bradford, Sullivan, Perit, & Sir Charles [Gillepsie]. But the rain spared us not. It came down in torrents and drenched us all through—capital sport though. I was at last poked into a chair and came home. None of us took any cold fortunately. Had to take all our clothes off, for we were wet through. After tea we composed ourselves upon the couches, books in hand, slippers off and dressing gowns on, when we heard the bell. We sprung quickly enough, but had not time to get our slippers, and Mr. Ward was announced. He spent the evening with Aunt Low.

26 Two Mr. Wards called this morning to say Adieu. Bradford alias “Laura” paid an official visit to see if we had suffered from the last nights cold. Rainy day and no walk. Read *Eugene Aram* by the author of *Pelham*,<sup>47</sup> a work of talent, much depth of thought and reasoning discovered. The story very tragical, and very horrid, but interesting. Such a book as I should not wish to read often. Some interesting characters, but does not shew the knowledge of the female heart that he has shewn in his other works. For example a youth on discovering that he is dreadfully in love with a young lady, at the same time finds that she is engaged to another, and immediately transfers his affections to the sister. Now what young lady would accept of transferred affections, and not feel some jealousy, which is never in the least discovered.

Mr. Blight sent us two Canary birds just about night. Lovely singers. He and Mr. Sullivan took tea with us. Some pleasant conversation with S.

27 Raining hard this morning. H. Robinson sent me a box of shells for our *jet d'eau*. Blight in this morning. Walked with us and took tea.

28 Raining as usual this morning in torrents. Went out with Blight after dinner. King, Gillespie, and Perit joined us on the way home. King and Perit fell to my lot fortunately, and I had a very pleasant walk. As to Mr. G. you might almost as well have a bamboo. He has nothing to say for himself, never reads. Went and called on Mrs. Neish this morning. She give me some coral, by dint of begging and

the exertions of the gentlemen we shall get fitted by and bye. Bradford has gone to Lintin, he does not dare disobey orders. We need his services now.

29 This morning Caroline had letters from her brother, with some Pumelo [pomelo—grapefruit], a Javan fruit. Very delicious, but resembles nothing you have ever seen. Reading some Salem papers all the morning—seems so natural to see the same old names, quite carries me home. Notice several deaths, and sundry other pieces of news. What a happy and prosperous state our country is in. We ought not to complain of General Jackson, for certainly his has been a good reign, although I do not think we owe it to him. His turn came in a happy time, like Napoleon's, only a different sort of glory. The domestic discords however do him no honor. See they are going to make people fly between Boston and Salem by means of rail roads. Oh the March of Intellect—the March of bodies double quick time I think.

Went to Camoen's Cave after dinner with Blight & Sturgis. A lovely place. Mrs. Davis & Blight took tea with us.

30 Busy all the morning working upon one grotto or whatever. Set B[light] to work to get us moss & etc. Get along famously. Read a little French. After dinner walked upon the Campo. Only think how strange—but what makes it more wonderful is that James P. Sturgis, Esq. condescended to offer me his arm. Walked home, took tea with us, and made himself extremely agreeable. Perhaps it will be in the Courier!! Sam [Sturgis] took tea with us. He [J. P. Sturgis] has been here 23 years, is to be sure an excuse for any enormity he might commit. Never been in ladies' society. Is of a most reserved and singular temper, but when in the humour can be quite delightful. He let me step into a heap of mud tonight, which I did not much like, because it was so heavy it took my shoe off and broke the string. However, he's near sighted, and then the honour.

July 1<sup>st</sup> Aunt Low tells me there is a Ship to sail from Manilla and that we had better write. So I wrote all the morning to my dear parents and N. P. Knapp. No church as Mr. Vachell is sick. Did not go to Dr. M[orrison]'s.

After dinner took a short walk. Were joined first by Sullivan, then C[aroline] by Blight. Heard some good music on the Campo. A shower came on, we got a little wet. On my return was joined on

the other side by Mr. S. P. Sturgis again. They quiz me well, but I don't care. He give me a volume of Mr. Channing's *Sermons* tonight, worth having too. Mr. Blight spent the evening with us. Now my dear Sister it is 12 o'clock and I have just brought up the last week's account. I have not had a chance to say any thing to you for some-time, for at night the mosquitoes and Cockroches are so thick it is impossible to write. They are unusually quiet just now, but I must now say Good Night.

2<sup>d</sup> Constant rains begin and end all most every day—had 28 inches last month. It seems as though we must all mould if it continues much longer.

Bradford and Mr. Perit in this morning. B. wants me to make him some gingerbread if he will find the materials. He says he will see to the baking. I promised.

Mr. Sturgis came in after dinner and I allowed him to make a cigar upon the terrace, a great favour. We took our books, and left him to amuse himself till Mrs. Davis came in. Spent the evening in reading. Got a little low spirited and went to bed.

3<sup>d</sup> Up again as usual and find every prospect of a second deluge. Thunder and lightning all night, but I have become so accustomed to it, or so hard hearted that I do not feel the alarm at it I used to. Mr. Sullivan & Blight in this morning. Amused ourselves with teazing them. They stayed till dinner time. After dinner I copied Flora's *Dictionary of Flowers* for Sullivan—9 pages, a long job. Sent it to him, for which I got a handsome note of thanks. Rec<sup>d</sup> a note of invitation from Mr. Blight to dine with him tomorrow, being Independent Day, but for some reasons it was declined. He came with Sullivan in the evening to enforce it, but it would not do. Bradford came also, and brought a letter from Canton, which excited our curiosity, surprise, and I may say regret, but it won't do for the journal. What queer people one has to deal with. S. P. Sturgis came too, a harmless good creature, inasmuch as he is perfectly well disposed. Talked almost all the evening with Sullivan, upon various subjects, temper, & etc. He is a pleasant young man. Though rather conceited, thinks a great deal however. Has lots of aristocratic feeling, his father being an Hon[ourable] I believe. I told him he was [a] very proud young man, which he granted, but he says he has improved. So we may hope when he has seen a little more of the world and become a little older he will have cor-

rected that feeling. They all stayed till after 11, seem to hate to go then. The mystery is what they want to stay for. They seem quite happy if they are allowed to come and sit down in the house. Strange! but true. They are all to come tomorrow evening.

### 56<sup>th</sup> Year of the Independence of America

**July 4<sup>th</sup>** Oh happy day! Hail to thee ever more! Liberty, how prized—our country, how happy. What changes in the aspect of things since the day on which that declaration was signed.

Our happy country, growing in every sense of the word. How I long to be there once more, how I long to be able to ramble over fields or through cities, to have no barrier but my own will, which I hope will always will right and keep reason on its side. The Spirit of Independence I am sure is deeply implanted in the breast of every American, but how we are all controlled by circumstances.

Raining again as usual, with its attendant thunder, & etc. Nothing new, but the teeth ache which made me very stupid, although I laughed, but laughed because other people did, not because I wanted to. I mean [in] the evening; all day alone reading.

King, Blight, Bradford, Sullivan, Gillespie and Sturgis took tea with us. Most of them appeared very merry. I got the cards that I need not be obliged to talk. Played whist, which proved any thing but whist. Went to bed half sick. Oh dear me.

5 I am tired of saying it rains again, but it is nevertheless a fact. Spent the day as usual. I eat, drink, & read—nothing interest[ing], nothing scarcely affords any pleasure—indeed I cannot say when I have passed an hour that I reflect upon with pleasure. I have had a note from Mr. Shillaber to day. I have dressed myself and spent the evening at the “Company’s,” a dinner party. Stupid enough, not one there I would have walked across the room to have spoken to. Is it not delightful. Mr. King handed me to dinner. I talked with him. I took wine with most all. I walked in the verandah with Mr. King, talked of one thing and another, argued whether it was better to read novels and live in an ideal world or devote minds to base luck. I raved considerable, talked of the days of chivalry, and wished the brave and chivalrous spirits could be put into men of this age without all the horrors of those times. From there I got to the uselessness of myself; I will not include the whole sex, but I told him I was a mere cypher and etc. He



said I drew a sad picture and looked very grave. I told him I made him look grave, but it was nevertheless true. I said I had the will to do more good, but wanted the oppy [opportunity], but he says he differs, and that we have the abilities and chances but not the will. I told him I thought I was sure of the will, but I might be mistaken. Suspect he thinks I am a strange fish, but can't help it. He seemed astonished. And now I have come home finding more pleasure in scribbling to my sister than any thing else. What a resource this book is. It is so delightful to feel that there are some few although far distant who will take an interest in our most trifling thoughts, who will sympathize in all our feelings. Oh how glad I shall be to be once more with you—but now I must to bed again.

Hear poor Vachell has been very sick. Very much alarmed but not without reason. I hear makes a great many good resolves, which I hope he will keep, and that he may be able to say, "It is good for him that he has been afflicted." I fear there is a great need for reformation in him as well as others. Good Night.

6 This morning was summoned to the drawing room to see S. P. Sturgis. Spent two hours, made himself very agreeable. Mrs. Daniell came in, and then Blight & Sullivan. So my whole morning was spent in talking, and holding my hands, for I had no work prepared. After dinner went to walk. Mr. Sullivan joined me first, then Blight. Went to the Peña where we were soon joined by Mr. S. P. Sturgis, much to the amusement of our party. He waited upon me home and Sull[ivan], and he spent the evening.

Caroline has a nice subject of merriment, indeed they all have. I shall now be the subject of conversation again. It seems my fate, whereas if I had remained at home but a few would have known that such a person existed. Sullivan told me this evening a story that had been in circulation in Canton. Laughed I did and could not help it, but one thing is comforting: they say I am never abused. I have got so used to it now. I am quite indifferent.

7 This morning Caroline & I finished our grotto and being in sad *déshabillé* with our hands in Chunam [lime] and sand etc. Said "No could see visitors." After dinner went to the couch as usual, but soon heard the bell ring and heard the two Mr. Sturgis's voice. As much as I can do to keep C. within bounds. I took my nap however. Auntie went in and chatted with him. When it was time went out to walk,

and had the honour of Uncle Jem's [James P. Sturgis] company [several words deleted] hem! Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, 2 Sturgis's, Miss Morrison, Bradford spent the evening with us.

8 Went to Dr. M's this morning, heard a very good sermon upon prayer. After church read some of Mr. Channing's works. Oh what a mind! worthy a nobler tenement. Uncle came just after dinner. Had a long passage.

C. & I went to the Peña. Met Blight & Sullivan. Say the *Addison* is in but no letters for us of course via England. Uncle had a letter from Mr. [Samuel] Russell to the 16 of January via Java. Why could I not have some? Because you did not write! No particular news from England.

Had a lovely walk by moonlight. No company tonight.

9 Mrs. Fearon, Capt. Gover, Capt. Tonks,<sup>48</sup> Don Gabriel, Blight, Sull[ivan], & King called this morning. Quite a levee. Did not see them except through the screen. C. & I did not go in.

This evening at 7 o'clock went to dine with J. P. Sturgis. His birth day. Says 40 [born 1791], but—never mind. Has a magnificent house and every thing pleasant in it. Set between him & College all the evening and at dinner, don't know when I have enjoyed an eve'g so much. Had about 12 at dinner. Wish I could tell you all the good fun.

10<sup>th</sup> Tried to study but could not; tried to read but found it difficult. Had visitors, first Van Basil, and Mrs. Rees, then Don Pedro and Pereira, Thornhill, Robertson & Young. Mrs. Davis sent for me to go out in the Cutter with her this evening—being very calm just at night. We went down and dispersed the party. Went to walk with J. P. Sturgis. He is very agreeable. [later inserts: Oh H -] Spent all the evening talking with him. Now my dear it is almost 12 o'clock and I must to bed—without further observations—for Uncle Jem says I must keep better hours. So good night dearest. [inserted in pencil: Well done myself. Agreeable!!]

11<sup>th</sup> This morning Uncle was taken quite sick with fever. College came. Capt. Gordon<sup>49</sup> called, a very pleasant man.

After dinner walked to the Peña. We wished for a quiet walk but there is no such thing now. We first met King who joined us, then Bradford spied us *à la distance*. He came. We had just got comfortably seated upon the hill and up came the two Mr. Sturgis's and Blight. A

lovely evening. It seems to me if I had any poetry in me it must have come out tonight. Such a night and such a scene before me, but there I was too much surrounded with earthly creatures, that my thoughts could hardly be said to soar from this frail tenement. Some insipid questions would come from some unloved tongue and break the illusion when I was just about entering the fields of imagination. There's for you. (Nov. 24th Quite sentimental myself.) Well we came home, we had some tea. Our party nearly dispersed. Bradford & Blight took tea with us. Bradford stayed with us till 11; we catechized him.

12 Up again as usual. Uncle much better. A very hot day. Read and studied as usual. College made his visit to Uncle and then spent an hour with us two, which he promised yesterday. Told me to chalk it down. He is a pleasant creature, but one of the odd ones of Macao. You would be amused if I could draw you a correct picture of all the people I have seen here. There has been a wonderful display of character.

I hear Nancy [the Lows' servant who bore an illegitimate child] is going to Bombay with Mrs. T[h]ompson. Am very glad. She takes the child with her. I hear she is exceedingly fond of it. I hope she will be provided for. I pity her poor thing, and would assist her if in my power. I know she is very wicked, but when we take into consideration the education she has had and the temptations that such creatures have, I cannot help pitying while I condemn.

Messrs. Sturgis in for us to walk, but I determined not to go, at least till after tea, but they would stay. Mrs. Neish called, too. We went after tea to the Peña, & how lovely. Uncle Jem was very agreeable. Wonder if he is as good as he seems. Oh, dear, I am dreadfully suspicious, unhappily so for my own comfort.

[marginal note] and justly suspicious. They were not without reason, but should have been even greater—

But oh! This heartless deceitful world, or the people in it. People laugh and look quizzical at the old man—not that his age [nearly 18 years older] is at all objectionable to me.

[marginal note] Say nothing of this

Bradford, King, and [Thomas] Beale in this morning. No news.

13<sup>th</sup> This morning read considerable French to Caroline. Drew a little. College called. Bradford also, to say Adieu; leaves for Canton this afternoon. Made a call today which I did from a feeling of duty to do an unpleasant errand. Never mind I did a kind act; at least it was done from the best of motives, and if it does not prove for the best, why I cannot help it. No one knows it. It was very unpleasant, and obliged me to witness a scene that was truly disagreeable, but let it rest. I fear it will not be the end. What strange actions, what strange people, and yet they are like all the rest of the world, but we know more of them. We get initiated into the private characters that will not bear inspection. How appearances deceive. It makes me melancholy to think of it. I believe I am a great hypocrite, for I treat people delightfully when I ought to frown upon them, and all for why—because I am a girl and must not put on airs. Oh ye married ones! The privileges that are yours for having taken unto yourselves a helpmate! You may command, entreat, obey if you please. You can make a little world of your own and live within yourselves. Well, unhappy Spinners! I say throw off all this unfeeling, general attraction, centre it all in one, and then there is some chance for your happiness.

After dinner went onto the terrace and Bradford had just gone on board his boat. We waved our handkerchiefs to him and he returned it. Came in then to make ourselves comfortable as usual, and Caroline was suddenly taken with the fever & ague. I never saw anything so sudden. She was quite cold and shook like a leaf, then violent fever. Sent for College. He gave her some quinine. Set alone upon the terrace all the evening musing. Had the blues—had a good crying spell and feel better. Had I have taken this book two hours ago, another page would have been spoiled I am sure, but I feel better now. Therefore without uttering any complaints I shall quietly say good night.

14<sup>th</sup> A hot morning. Caroline better. Was jumping out of bed all night fearing Caroline might want something. Hardly strength to speak. Blight and Sullivan called. Went and looked at them, cannot say talked with them. College came afterwards and he made me both laugh and talk. Made me a curious proposal which I do not intend to avail myself of. I do not mean he offered himself. He is a queer creature—every one likes him. I hardly know his drift this morning. If the conversation could have been written, it would have made

you laugh. He left us at three after having made us all cheerful. After dinner, to avoid intruders, I made some visits. Called on Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Tonks, Mrs. Neish, and Mrs. Morrison. She poor woman is worn to a skeleton by sickness. Her husband cut up would make 4 of her. Mrs. Neish has had a "Nancy case" in her family. Spent the evening at Mrs. Davis's. At 9 we went out to sail in the Cutter with a full moon, a fine breeze—and a party of 9. Cannot say I enjoyed it much, for there was a scene that rather discomposed one, a domestic quarrel. At least a shameful affair on the part of the husband; the poor woman bore it quietly. Oh woman, how much you have to bear at times. I made several sage reflections upon the married life, what a lottery. I came home sick at heart I confess. Came back about 11.

15 Happens to be Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Macondray dined with us. Mr. S. P. Sturgis spent the evening with us.

16 Languid, listless and lazy today. The events of the day have been unusual, excite feelings of many kinds, but of too private a nature for this book, such as might under other circumstances have affected my remaining life, but now I trust not. Went to see Mrs. Macondray this morning. Met Blight and Sullivan there. She is a very pleasant woman. Read *De Veii* after dinner. Did not go out. Sam Sturgis spent the evening with us.

17 This morning had an unpleasant duty to perform. How much one has to act contrary to their inclination at times. Have had to appear selfish and hard hearted today, and yet—but then. Oh my dear sister that I was with you.

Had a visit from S. P. Sturgis, rather an unpleasant one.

After dinner went to the Peña, Mrs. Macondray, Blight, Perit, & Sturgis with us. Spent the evening with us.

18 College comes in every day and chats with us. Caroline not quite well. Spent 2 hours with Mrs. Macondray this morning. This afternoon went to walk. First met S. P. Sturgis. He joined us, then Blight, Sullivan, and Perit. We sit on the rocks with the sea dashing at our feet, till nearly dark. It was so delightfully cool and comfortable. Come very near having a fall with Mr. Sullivan. Perit spent the evening with us and amused us very much. Give us an account of all his loves, about 20, he is but 19 years old. His funny way of telling his adventures amused us much.



19 Had to write a letter this morning. A note from Blight saying Mr. Wood was in Macao, his health the plea, but I suspect is all fudge. They do anything to get down now and then. Called to see us this morning, looking very well. Don Pedro and Pereira called. Mrs. M[acondray] spent the day with us. Rainy afternoon, no walk.

Mr. Wood spent the evening with us, very amusing.

20 Rainy day. No one in but College this morning. Reading most of the day. Went to see Mrs. M. About 6 took tea with her, found Sam Sturgis there. Some symptoms of a Typhoon tonight, wind north. Came home at 9, found Wood & Blight here. Laughed till 10 without ceasing at Wood's anecdotes. Note from Sullivan, wants a definition for Night Blooming Cere[u]s. He is getting up Flora's Dictionary. Sent him: "Il faut me chercher" which met with their approbation.

21 Blew a gale this morning about 3. Every prospect of a Typhoon, but it moderated after day light. Took away some of our mats. They all had a severe Ague, but survived the Shock to suffer many fevers I hope—we could not live without them. S. P. Sturgis in again upon business, brought me some beautiful views to look at. College in, had a conversation upon marriage. He is a sterling man, a heart that would do any one honour.

After dinner we ventured to walk, were joined by Sturgis, Sullivan & Blight. Went to the Peña and had hardly got seated when the rain came; we of course got wet. Wood, Sullivan and Blight, and Mrs. M[acondray] took tea with us. Had a delightful evening talking seriously with Mr. Wood. He is a pleasant creature, and one of my best friends—so sensible, so witty, and so amusing.

22 Went to Church this morning. Mr. Rieves [John Russell Reeves] read prayers; Vachell has not yet recovered. Has been quite ill and looks dreadfully. Believe his complaint is mostly nervous, dreadful depression of spirits.

Came home, answered a letter, read Mrs. Chapone's *letters*<sup>50</sup> and some others. Spent the evening in reading. Raining hard, so we had no walk.

23 A lovely morning—not yet had breakfast. Have had so much to think of this last week that my journal has been sadly behindhand. However I have now got up to the day and I'll endeavour to do better.

Mr. College in this morning and some others. After dinner went to the Peña. Were joined by S. P. Sturgis and J. P., also Blight, Perit, etc. Had a pleasant walk. Returned and spent a pleasant evening with Mrs. Daniell, a small party.

My dear sister could I tell you the funny and strange little adventures which chequer the life of your sis in Macao, it would excite your mirth and at times your commiseration. This is a strange place to be sure, but there I must keep its peculiarities till I meet you face to face.

Nancy has taken her departure today in the *Competitor* for Bombay with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Well God bless her, and may she repent of her past transgressions and lead a better life. I felt a kind of pang when I heard she had gone, not that I am not delighted that she is out of the place, but such a feeling of regret that she has behaved in such a manner as to be obliged to leave us in such a manner. I hear she has left her child behind, at which I am astonished and think there must be some foul play.

24 This morning read a beautiful Poem by the Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Milman, *The Fall of Jerusalem*,<sup>51</sup> beautifully written. By the bye Aunt Low got a quantity of letters from home yesterday, as late as the 1<sup>st</sup> of March, via Manilla, and poor I not a line, but I have read all hers. All seem very happy. Sarah [Knapp] must be a nice girl. Hear E[dward] Orne is coming to Batavia, so I shall have some letters soon, I hope. The faux pas of Mr. Mansfield—a disagreeable thing—strange! Had a delightful walk this evening with Sullivan—came home. “The Governor’s Grandson” as he is called, Blight, Wood, & Mrs. Macondray took tea with us. Wood & I had a long discussion upon metaphysics. Spent a delightful evening, talking like rational beings, a thing we do not often have a chance of doing here. But Wood knows every thing, and is a most delightful companion. Has great talents. They stayed till 11—the evening was fine and we set upon the terrace.

25 S. P. Sturgis called this morning. Wood came in, and College called. A number of strange things happened this morning. I suppose I excite your curiosity by these remarks, but they will be kind of landmarks to me one of these days. Began to copy a view of Canton, but Wood says I am spending a great deal of time for nothing, so I believe I’ll leave it, as he says he will give me a much better one.

College called and says Nancy left her child without making any provision for it. And it is now sent to the Misericordia, a society for all foundlings and orphans—a very excellent institution, but I should think would be overrun in this place.

A note from Wood at dinner time asking to walk with us. You would laugh at the address; it was to Miss Low & Co. the new firm. We told them when they wished to write both, to address in that way, and they do in manner and form. I answered Gentlemen, dear Sirs. It was a petition from Blight & Wood.

They called for us at 6 and we went to the Peña. A lovely evening. Mr. Wood & I talked and Caroline & Blight went into a pine forest, if you can fancy such a place in Macao. I felt in very good spirits, but all at once such a change came over me, like a flash of lightning, and I could not raise my spirits for the evening. 'Tis a very odd and most unhappy feeling, but I cannot shake it off. I have it often and cannot account for it in any way. It sometimes seizes me in my gayest humour, and I know no cause or reason why. I have been dreadfully stupid all the evening—and puzzled and perplexed. As it is now after 12 I will go to bed and endeavour to sleep off this depression. I hope I shall not get up with it. Good night to them all.

26 Got up this morning and still feel stupid. Read as usual my Spanish, some history. After dinner went to walk, after reading Good's *Book of Nature*. Met Jem Sturgis who joined us—went to the Campo. Blight then joined us and I always feel as though I met a brother when I see him coming. Vachell came home with us part way, looking miserably ill. Spent the evening at Mrs. Macondray's.

27 Passed the day as usual. Several arrivals, but none interesting to me. Mrs. Neish left yesterday. She had determined to remain behind, but when her husband had been gone several hours, she made up her mind to follow him and left in a fast boat a few hours after and caught the Ship just outside Cabarita. Mr. College says he is quite mad for a wife like Mrs. Neish.

Sam Sturgis went in the same ship to Manilla. Nothing new today my dear Sister, that I can put in this book. Were I near you I could a tale unfold. This is a strange world. I wonder why it is some persons love us for whom we care not a straw, and when we are dying almost to have something to rest our affections upon and the right one will not come along.

Read part of Mr. Inglis' journal this morning, of his expedition in India. Was very dry and [un]interesting. Put it by in despair of ever accomplishing it. He has come down today and we thought we must say we had read it, as he lent it to us some months since.

Mr. Sampson [George R. Sampson]<sup>52</sup> dined with us. Walked with Wood after dinner. Had a delightful walk, and yet it made me unhappy. He & Gillespie spent the evening with Uncle & I. As Uncle had a bile [blister] on his throat, he didn't go to Mrs. Thornhill's where we were all engaged. I had a reason for staying at home and had a much pleasanter evening than I should there. About 12 so good night dearest sis.

28 King and Perit called to say Adieu this morning, leave for Canton today. Mr. Blight in. Wish I could know several things that I cannot. Spent an hour with Mrs. Macondray. Walked after dinner with Sullivan, C[aroline] with Blight. Found a new spot on the side of the Peña hill in a pine grove. S. & I had a very pleasant as well as very sensible conversation. He is a very pleasant young man. Wood came in to tea.

29 Did not go to Church this morning—read Good's *Book of Nature* all the morning. Very good and instructive. Most beautifully written, some of it rather abstruse, but mostly comprehensible. Wood called in this morning, also Mr. Inglis and Mons. Durand [J.A. Durand],<sup>53</sup> a Frenchman. Wood requested to walk with us and we permitted him. Uncle was well enough to go out today. Wrote letters for the *Addison* after dinner. Spent the evening talking with Wood, giving him some advice. Had a delightful evening.

30 Was awake at 2 o'clock tonight to get some letters, which I have been answering today, and in them have told you how happy I was to be awaked at that hour for such a purpose. Wood in a while this morning, and some others but I forget who. Rainy and a heavy gale today, feared a Typhoon. We were engaged to Mrs. Pereira's, but sent an excuse, and Wood took tea with us.

31<sup>st</sup> Finished my letters for the *Addison* this morning. Had no Typhoon, but still squally and unpleasant. Mrs. Macondray, Mr. Vachell, Wood, Blight, Sullivan, and Gillespie dropped in and took tea with us. Had a very pleasant party. Had a singular conversation with Mr. Wood which I may have occasion to reflect upon many times in the

course of my life. Well the recollection will always be pleasant. He is a youth worth talking with—high and noble feelings, good principles and first rate sense with extensive information. One to be proud of, for he would be an ornament to any society.

Now here I am on the last page of another book. I hope you may find this more interesting than the others, but if not excuse it—make every allowance, and if there are any sentiments expressed that are not pleasing forgive me. Many are written from the impulse of the moment, often without reflection and perhaps will appear foolish. But all I can say is make allowances and pardon errors, and believe me ever yours

Had Pad



## Notes to Introduction

1. Harriett Low Hillard to Seth Low, June 5, 1837, Box 2, Low-Mills Family Papers, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

2. "Hard Cash; or a Salem Housewife in the Eighteen Twenties," ed. Elma Loines, *The Essex Institute Historical Collections*, 91 (July, 1955):246-65.

3. "Hard Cash," 259, 264.

4. "Hard Cash," 262-63.

5. For an account of the business relationship between William H. Low and William W. Wood, see letters from Low to Samuel Russell, October 21, 1832-January 20, 1833, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

6. Katharine Hillard, ed., *My Mother's Journal. A Young Lady's Diary of Five Years Spent in Manila, Macao, and the Cape of Good Hope From 1829-1834* (Boston: George H. Ellis, 1900), 319.

7. Conclusions on Harriett Low Hillard's relationship to her husband are based on her letters to John Hillard, Low family private papers.

8. Harriett Low Hillard to Seth Low, March 27, 1845, Box 2, Low-Mills Family Papers. Harriet Martineau had attributed her spontaneous cure from a five-year illness to the practice of mesmerism or hypnotism (Valerie K. Pichanick, *Harriet Martineau The Woman and Her Work, 1802-76* [Ann Arbor, MI: The University of Michigan Press, 1980], 132).

9. William W. Wood to Joseph Beal Steere, September 11, 1874; October 4, 1874, Joseph Beal Steere Papers, Michigan History Collections, Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

## Notes to Volume I

1. A vessel of 287 tons built in 1827 for the Salem merchant Joseph Peabody (1757-1844). The *Essex Register* of Salem for May 25, 1829, reported: "Sailed yesterday, Ship Sumatra, [Captain] Roundy, for Canton. Passengers Mr. Philip Ammidon Jr. of Boston, and Mr. William H. Low and Lady, and Miss Harriet Low of this town."

2. Mary Ann Low (1808-51) was Harriett's elder sister and the oldest of eleven children of Seth and Mary Porter Low. Before Harriett left for China, an agreement was made that each sister would keep a daily diary to be exchanged by mail. Only Harriett's journal survived.

3. Philip Ammidon, Jr. (b. 1804), son of Philip Ammidon, the partner of Samuel Russell in the trading house of Russell and Company in Canton, was on his way to Canton to be a clerk in his father's business. He was unsuccessful and returned to Boston in 1831 to study law (W. H. Low to Samuel Russell, April 25, 1831, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers).

4. Susannah Gunning, *The Foresters. A Novel*. Altered from the French by Miss Gunning (London: S. Low, 1796).

5. [Henry Higgs] *High Life; a Novel* (New York: J. and J. Harper, 1827).

6. Samuel C. Thacher, *Sermons; With a Memoir by F. W. P. Greenwood* (Boston: Wells and Lilly, 1824). Thacher (1785–1818) was librarian of Harvard College and minister of New South Church, Boston.

7. Capt. Charles Roundy (1794–1886) of Beverly, Mass. began life at sea in 1809 at the age of fifteen. He served in the U.S. Navy during the War of 1812 and witnessed the British bombardment of Ft. McHenry made famous by Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner." Captain Roundy, having previously been master of the brig *Leander*, made six voyages in the *Sumatra*. After twenty-six years at sea, he retired in 1835 (George Granville Putnam, "Salem Vessels and their Voyages," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 58:116).

8. The basic sense of "chop" is a mark, stamp, brand, or seal—something lending authority to a document. "Chop chop" however, meaning "quick quick," derives from a Chinese word which in Canton is pronounced like cup. For the various meanings of chop see *Canton Register*, 13 May 1834.

9. Sarah Harriet Burney, *Clarentine. A novel* (London: G.G. and J. Robinson, 1796).

10. Lucy Aikin, *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1818).

11. John Brazer (1789–1846), Unitarian clergyman, who served as minister of North Church, Salem, from 1820 until his death, was a forerunner of Emerson in his transcendentalist views. Some of his sermons appear in the *Liberal Preacher* and an edition containing eighteen sermons was published posthumously (*Sermons, by John Brazer, D.D.* [Boston: W. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, 1849]). Francis William Pitt Greenwood (1797–1843), born in Boston, and a graduate of Harvard, in 1818 became minister of the New South Church, Boston, and in 1824 a colleague of Dr. James Freeman of King's Chapel, Boston. Apart from the sermons mentioned here, a two-volume collection (*Sermons on Various Subjects*) containing fifty-eight of Greenwood's sermons was printed in Boston in 1844.

12. The advice offered by her father, Seth Low (1782–1853), a Harvard-educated Salem importer of medicinal drugs, pertained to Harriett's religious beliefs. In his opinion, nothing was more important than to ask "whether your religious opinions are sufficiently established, that your mind may be fortified against the temptations of the diversified circumstances in which you may hereafter be placed, that you may remain 'steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.'" Seth Low warned that although Harriett had been educated in a Christian land, where no one

questioned the worship of God, when resident “among a heathenish or idolatrous people” it would be more difficult to maintain “a sound, unshaken faith in him, especially when assailed by the wit, sarcasm and ridicule of refined and intelligent infidelity” and her religious positions would be questioned to the point of losing confidence in her own mind. He urged her to enquire only two questions: “whether you believe the scriptures contain a revelation of the mind and will of God and whether they contain the only perfect system of moral government which God has ever given to the children of men!” Harriett reread this letter whenever she felt insecure. For the complete text of the letter see Elma Loines, *The China Trade Post-Bag of the Seth Low Family of Salem and New York, 1829–1873* (Manchester, Maine: Falmouth Publishing House, 1953), 19–22.

13. A vessel launched in 1811 for Joseph Peabody. On this her fourteenth voyage from Salem, with Henry Archer as master and a crew of twenty-two, the *Glide* sailed to the Fiji Islands where two of her crew were murdered and she was later wrecked (Ralph D. Paine, *The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem* [New York: The Outing Publishing Company, 1909], 376–98).

14. Probably Thomas M. Johnson of Danvers, who was Captain Roundy’s second mate on several trips in the *Leander* and the *Sumatra*.

15. Sarah Elizabeth Low (1822–63) was a younger sister. She lived with Harriett in Paris in the winter of 1844, and on August 26, 1846, married Edward H. R. Lyman of Northhampton, Mass. They lived in Brooklyn, N.Y.

16. William Henry Low (1795–1834), youngest brother of Seth Low, had been selected by Philip Ammidon of Russell and Company to go to Canton in his place to join the trading house. Seeking to make his *lac* (\$100,000), Low agreed to a five-year contract and was admitted as a partner in the firm in Canton on October 1, 1829. He was accompanied by his wife Abigail Knapp Low of Salem, whom he had married in 1823, and his niece Harriett.

17. Buffum’s Corner, now the corner of Boston and Essex streets, Salem, is about half a mile from the corner of Norman and Crombie streets where the Lows lived. The name is said to derive from the fact that Robert Buffum (d. 1669) had his homestead there (C.H. Webber and W.S. Nevins, *Old Naumkeag: An Historical Sketch of the City of Salem . . .* [Salem: A.A. Smith and Co., 1877]).

18. Elizabeth Ogilvy Benger, *Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII*, 2d ed. (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown, 1821).

19. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, *Sermons by the Late Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, with a Memoir of his Life and Character*, 3d ed. (Boston: Wells, 1821). Buckminster (1784–1812) was a Unitarian clergyman of unusual promise and popularity who died at age twenty-eight when he was minister of Brattle Street Church in Boston. One of the founders of the Boston Athenaeum, he was also among the first to introduce Biblical scholarship into the United States.

20. First Church, Salem, was founded August 6, 1629, O.S., the first Congregational Church in America. The fourth Meeting House, located at

316 Essex Street, had its cornerstone laid April 27, 1826, the building being dedicated June 22, 1836. According to Rev. Charles W. Upham, Seth Low and his daughter Harriett “occupied the singers’ seats” (Charles Wentworth Upham, *Address at the Re-dedication of the Fourth Meeting House of the First Church of Salem, Mass., December 8, 1867* [Salem: Printed at the office of the Salem Gazette, 1867]).

21. Dr. John Prince (1751–1836), a native of Boston, graduate of Harvard, and recipient of the degree of Doctor of Laws from Brown University (1795), was ordained minister of First Church, Salem, on November 10, 1779, where he served as sole pastor until December 8, 1824, and as co-pastor with Charles W. Upham until his death in the fifty-seventh year of his ministry. He baptized Harriett Low on December 3, 1813.

22. George Chalmers, *The Life of Mary Queen of Scots, Drawn from the State Papers, with Six Subsidiary Memoirs* (Philadelphia: A. Small, 1822).

23. Salem Vital Records list a Nathan Robinson who married Eunice Beckford in 1802 and died in 1835, age sixty-four.

24. Abiel Abbot Low (1811–93), Harriett’s brother, was born in Salem. He was named after the Rev. Abiel Abbot (1770–1828), a Congregational clergyman of Beverly, Mass., who had tutored his father Seth Low for Harvard. In 1833, Abbot or “Botus” (his nickname) became a clerk in the house of Russell and Company in Canton, and on January 1, 1837, a full partner. On his return from China, he established A.A. Low and Brothers in New York and built many of the clipper ships which dominated the China trade until mid-century.

25. Ellen Low (1827–98), Harriett’s two-year-old sister, was the twelfth and youngest child of Seth and Mary Porter Low. Despite the age difference, Ellen Low (after 1849, Mrs. Ethelbert S. Mills) was to become Harriett’s closest relation and friend.

26. Sir Walter Scott, *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French* (London: Longman, Rees, Orne, Brown and Green, 1827).

27. Shortly after Harriett had sailed, the Low family moved from Salem, Mass. to Brooklyn, N.Y. to rejoin Seth Low, who, having failed in business in Salem, had moved his drug importing business to New York the previous year. The Lows resided at 40 Concord St., a residence that no longer survives.

28. Harriett refers to the raucous ceremony of King Neptune and his court (made up of crew members) of initiating all sailors and passengers who were crossing the Equator for the first time. All crew members were usually given liberal quantities of alcoholic punch.

29. James Davis Knowles, *Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, Late Missionary to Burmah* (Boston: Lincoln and Edmands, 1829). Ann Hasseltine Judson, from 1813 until her death in 1826, survived the hardships of missionary life in Burma and the death of her son, as well as keeping her husband and five other Western prisoners alive when imprisoned during the Anglo-Burmese war 1824–26 by using diplomacy and bribes to influence local officials.



30. George Gordon Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A Romaunt*, in *Four Cantos* (London: J. Murray, 1819).

31. Abigail Knapp Low (b. November 11, 1800) was the daughter of Joseph and Abigail Knapp of Salem. Her marriage to William H. Low in 1823 had been opposed by his brother Daniel Low on the ground that she did not bring any fortune to the union (Daniel Low to David Low, September 3, 1823, B 30 F6:J. Orne, Orne Family Papers, Philips Library, Peabody Essex Museum, Salem, Mass.). Left a widow in 1834, she married a Mr. Carter in June, 1839, and resided thereafter in Brooklyn, N.Y.

32. Seth Haskell Low (1812–57), the fourth child of Seth Low, and Harriett's younger brother. In 1839 he married Rebecca Ann Cutler.

33. Nancy was the Low family's maid who had been hired by Seth Low to accompany them to Macao. By the end of the voyage, Nancy had evidently become such a problem to the Lows and Captain Roundy that they considered sending her home from Manila. Harriett describes her as "good for nothing" and "the most artful girl that ever lived," probably referring to her overfamiliarity with some members of the crew (Harriett Low to Seth and Mary Low, September 15, 1829, Loines, *China Trade Post-Bag*, 28).

34. Sarah Allen, born January 17, 1809, in Salem, was the daughter of Edward and Anna Fisk Allen.

35. Charles Wentworth Upham (1802–75), Unitarian clergyman, representative in Congress and historian, was associate minister of First Church, Salem, with Dr. John Prince from 1824 to 1836, and continued as minister until 1844. He was author of *Salem Witchcraft; With an Account of Salem Village and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects* (Boston: Wiggin and Lunt, 1867).

36. Henry Colman (1785–1849), a native of Boston and graduate of Dartmouth, became minister of the Independent Congregational Church in Barton Square, Salem, in 1825, but resigned in 1831 to devote himself to farming in Deerfield, Mass., and writing on agricultural topics. His sermon was probably from *Sermons on Various Subjects* (Boston: James W. Burditt, T.B. Wait, 1820).

37. Reginald Heber (1783–1826), an Anglican minister and author of the hymn, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, became bishop of Calcutta in 1822. Judging from the entry two days later, it is likely that Harriett obtained her information from the *Quarterly Review* 37 (January, 1828):100–47, in which Heber's book *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay* (London: J. Murray, 1828) is reviewed.

38. A review of *Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1825–26–27* by John Franklin, Capt. R.N. (London, 1828) in the *Quarterly Review* 38 (October, 1828):35–58.

39. A novel by Mrs. C. D. Burdett (London: H. Colburn, 1827).

40. Benjamin Silliman, *A Journal of Travels in England, Holland and Scotland, and of Two Passages over the Atlantic in the Years 1805 and 1806* (New York: E. Sargeant, 1810).

41. Francis Kinloch, *Letters from Geneva and France, Written During a*



*Residence of Between Two and Three Years, in Different Parts of These Countries, and Addressed to a Lady in Virginia; By her Father* (Boston: Wells and Lilly, 1819).

42. Mary Porter Low (1786–1872), of Topsfield, Mass., married Seth Low in 1807 and bore him twelve children, eleven of whom survived infancy. She was a strong, resourceful, very religious woman who in the year prior to Harriett's leaving Salem had managed her large family by herself on very little money while her husband went to New York to reopen his importing business (Loines, "Hard Cash," 246–65).

43. Charles Porter Low (1824–1913), eleventh child of Seth Low, and brother of Harriett. He was a clipper ship captain and author of *Some Recollections by Captain Charles P. Low . . . in the China Trade, 1847–1873* (Boston: George H. Ellis Co., 1906). In 1852 he married Sarah Maria Tucker; he died in Santa Barbara, Calif.

44. François de Fenelon, *Les aventures de Télémaque* (Paris: Deterville, 1796).

45. The quotation to which Harriett refers is as follows: "... the idea of indelicacy, which would naturally belong to such naked figures as these now around us if they were white, is prevented by their being of a different colour from ourselves" (*Quarterly Review* 37:105).

46. Probably a reference to John Crawford, *History of the Indian Archipelago* (Edinburgh: Archibald Constable and Co., 1820). This is the most cited contemporary reference for any information on Malay history and culture in Sumatra and Java.

47. A kedge, short for kedge-anchor, is a small anchor toward which a boat is drawn after the anchor is dropped.

48. *The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy* (London: R. Faulder, 1785), by William Paley (1743–1805), archdeacon of Carlisle.

49. The *Sabina*, Capt. John W. Sterling (sometimes spelled Stirling), owned by the New York firm of Hoyt and Tom, reached Canton October 20.

50. Thomas T. Forbes, age twenty-six, head of the house of Perkins and Company, and Samuel H. Monson, age twenty-eight, head clerk of Russell and Company in Canton, were drowned August 9, 1829, when the schooner *Haidee* upset on the way to Macao harbor. An American merchant in Canton, John R. Latimer described Forbes's burial: "... his funeral was attended by the whole male population of Macao—Captain Phillips with his ship's company carried his remains to the grave—he sleeps in peace [in the English burying ground] by the side of the late Sir William Frazier—his memory will long be cherished by all who knew his worth" (Letter to J. P. Cushing, October 4, 1829, Letter Book, vol. 1, Latimer Papers, Library of Congress [LC]).

51. Henry Parkman Sturgis (1806–69), son of Susan Parkman Sturgis and Nathaniel Russell Sturgis of the Boston mercantile family, joined in partnership with George R. Russell on July 1, 1828, to form the house of Russell, Sturgis and Company in Manila. Interesting light on the later life and fortunes of the Sturgis family is found in George Santayana, *Persons*

and *Places The Background of My Life* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944), 43–65.

52. George Robert Russell (1800–66), son of Jonathan Russell (1771–1832), U.S. ambassador to Sweden and a member of Congress, was born in Manchester, Mass. George R. Russell was a nephew of Philip Ammidon of the house of Russell and Company, Canton. After graduating from Brown University in 1821, he engaged in trade in Lima, Peru, and then in Manila, where on July 1, 1828, he formed with Henry Parkman Sturgis the house of Russell, Sturgis and Company.

53. For a detailed description of the construction of *bancas* see Charles S. Stewart, *A Visit to the South Seas, in the U.S. Ship Vincennes, During the Years 1829 and 1830* (New York: J. P. Haven, 1831), 2:310–12.

54. Capt. W. Osgood, master of the *Mandarin*, a ship out of Salem. He gave her news that an old friend from Salem, Lucy Cleveland (Mrs. William Cleveland), had arrived in Batavia and would soon be in Macao (Loines, *The China Trade Post-Bag*, 30).

55. George William Hubbell (1796–1831) native of Bridgeport, Conn., son of Capt. Ezekiel Hubbell (1768–1834), was born in Greenfield, Conn. As captain of the *Sabina* (1828), *Ajax*, and other ships, he is said to have sailed 360,000 miles during his seafaring life. George W. Hubbell established his own firm in Manila on January 1, 1822, and served for some years as U.S. consul there. He died in Manila on May 3, 1831.

56. Charles William King (ca. 1809–45). His father was a partner in the New York firm of King and Talbot, and he himself became in 1832 a partner in the firm of Olyphant and Company. He studied at Brown University in 1823–25 and went to China in 1826. He was a contributor to the *Chinese Repository* in the years 1832–40, and was the author of *The Claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom* (New York: E. French, 1839). Unlike many of his Western contemporaries in Canton, he refused to deal in opium.

57. Edward Orne (baptized April 24, 1791), son of Josiah and Alice Allen Orne of Salem, was Harriett's second cousin on her mother's side. The *Emerald*, 271 tons, was owned by John and Thomas H. Forrester of Salem (*Portraits of Shipmasters and Merchants in the Peabody Museum of Salem* [Salem: Peabody Museum, 1939], 17).

58. Probably a member of the Scottish house of Ker and Company in Manila.

59. Probably Thomas S. Fay, who sailed from Macao December 28, 1829, on the ship *Ajax* (Silas Pedrick).

60. Possibly H. Syme, who, according to the *Canton Register*, sailed from Canton December 16, 1829, on the British ship *Helen* (Capt. George Lungley), bound for Bombay. He may previously have been in Manila.

61. Edward Allen Low (1817–98), born on September 26, was the seventh child of Seth Low, and Harriett's brother. In 1854 he married Lucy Elizabeth Haskell (1834–1914). He was connected with the Low-Moore Iron Co. of Virginia, and died in Brooklyn, N.Y.

62. Samuel Russell (1789–1862), of Middletown, Conn., who on Janu-

ary 1, 1824, established at Canton with Philip Ammidon the house of Russell and Company. After some two decades in China, Russell sailed from Canton with his friend John P. Cushing on the *Bashaw* (Capt. Charles Pearson) on March 7, 1831. His own interest in the Canton house finally ceased on December 31, 1836. He settled in Middletown and established the Russell Manufacturing Company.

63. Elizabeth Noad Fearon, wife of Christopher Fearon, Hanoverian consul and member of the firm of Ilberry, Fearon and Company, described as "watchmakers &c. of Canton" (William W. Wood, *Sketches of China* [Philadelphia: Carey and Lea, 1830], 27). The Fearons' residence was rented from the wealthy Portuguese, Antonio Pereira, and was situated in a beautiful garden that enclosed Camoens' Cave. Fearon's position as consul enabled him to do business in Canton without a special license from the East India Company's Select Committee.

64. Robert Morrison (1782–1834) and his second wife, Eliza Armstrong Morrison, whom he married in 1824 and who died in Brighton, England, in 1873. As the first Protestant missionary to China (1807), translator of the Bible into Chinese, author of a famous Chinese-English dictionary, and translator for the East India Company at Canton, Dr. Morrison led the way to Western scholarship on China. His first wife was Mary Morton Morrison (1791–1821), whom he married in 1809 and with whom he had two children: Mary Rebecca (1812–1903) and John Robert (1814–43), who are often mentioned in this journal.

65. Thomas Richardson Colledge (1796–1879), an assistant surgeon to the East India Company at Canton, was founder at Macao in 1827 of the first Ophthalmic Hospital for poor Chinese. He was one of the founders, on February 21, 1838, of the Medical Missionary Society in China and remained its president for nearly forty-two years until his death. He left Canton about 1840 during the upheaval of the Opium War. Dr. Colledge completed his medical studies in surgery in Edinburgh, being made a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1853. The last thirty-eight years of his life he lived in Cheltenham, England, where he continued to practice until shortly before his death (*Dictionary of National Biography* [DNB] 4:787). Through most of the journal, Harriett unwittingly spells his name College; not until his marriage to Caroline Shillaber in March 1833 does she appear aware of the correct spelling.

66. Thomas Beale (d. December, 1841), merchant, was in Canton at least as early as 1796 and was Prussian consul there in 1798. His obituary asserts that he arrived in China in his seventeenth year and lived there about fifty years. For several decades before 1829 he was a member of the opium firm of Magniac and Company. He was best known for his celebrated aviary. He disappeared while walking on a beach at Casilha's Bay on December 10, 1841, either a suicide or murdered. A month later his body was discovered in a shallow grave on the beach and he was buried beside a nephew, Daniel Beale, who died age twenty-nine in 1827, in the Protestant cemetery in Macao (*Chinese Repository* 11[1842]:59–60 for his obitu-

ary; William C. Hunter, *Bits of Old China* [London: K. Paul, Trench and Co., 1885], 73–78; John Francis Davis, *The Chinese* [New York: Harper Brothers, 1842], 318–20).

67. George Harvey Vachell (1798–1839), the eldest son of a vicar, John Vachell (d. April 17, 1830), arrived in China on the HCS *Canning* August 15, 1828, as the East India Company's chaplain at an annual salary of £800. During the shipping season (October–March) when the Company was at Canton, he sometimes served there but more often preached at Macao. When he left China for a visit home on October 25, 1832, his place was taken for two years by Rev. Charles Wimberley. In 1834 he married Cecilia Catherine, daughter of Rev. John Lambton of Elmswell, Suffolk. After the abolition of the Company's charter in 1834, he returned to Canton as "Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Commission in China." At his death in 1839, he left a daughter and a son (Ivor and Arthur Cadogan Vachell, *A Short Account, or History, of the Family Vachell* [Cardiff: W. Lewis, printer, 1900], 84).

68. S. van Caneghem, Dutch vice-consul at Canton in 1825, and consul in 1829. On December 22, 1829, he advertised for sale a billiard table, carpet, stove, etc., "intending to return to Europe this season" (*Canton Register* 2:11). His place as consul was taken by J. S. van Basel.

69. W. H. Whitehead, captain of HCS *Duke of Sussex*, which arrived in Canton from Bombay, July 27, 1829. In her entry for September 8, 1831 (vol. 3), Harriett identifies him as "the one who gave us so many parties just after we arrived."

70. Antonio Pereira, head of one of the most opulent families of Macao, and a consignee of some of the British "country ships" which carried opium from India. He owned the fine house and grounds (Casa Grande) in which Mr. Fearon lived. He was agent for the Hindostan Insurance Society, and in 1832 is listed as one of the two judges of Macao.

71. Mary Turner was wife of Richard Turner, head of Turner and Company, a British independent trading firm in Canton from 1826 onward. Mary Turner became one of Harriett's best friends, often allowing her children Richard and Lucy to visit Harriett. When Richard Turner died in 1839 at age fifty-three, Mary and her family settled in New South Wales, Australia.

72. Andrew [Anders] Ljungstedt (1759–1835), knight of the Swedish Royal Order Waza, was born in Linköping and arrived in Canton before 1800. He was the last chief of the old Swedish Company's Factory known as "suy Hong," and in retirement was generally honored as one of the grand old men of Macao. He is now remembered for his book on Macao, *An Historical Sketch of the Portuguese Settlements in China; and of the Roman Catholic Church and Mission in Canton* (Boston: J. Munroe and Co., 1836).

73. Eliza Wetmore Ward (1808–75), daughter of Samuel Curwen and Melvina Ward of Salem. Her obituary in the *Salem Gazette* (March, 1875) states: "... while still almost in the age of girlhood, she opened a school for young ladies [a school Harriett attended] which at once took rank for real unpretending excellence amongst the highest in the Commonwealth, and for more than forty years was a model of thorough teaching, firm though



gentle discipline, and establishment of a principle of honor which looked down upon trickery, evasion, or duplicity of any sort." It is noteworthy that she was only six months older than Harriett.

74. Elijah Porter (b. 1792) of Topsfield, Mass. was brother of Harriett's mother Mary Porter Low.

75. Emeline Augusta Breed (b. 1809). Her father Captain Holton John Breed, whose portrait appears in Ralph D. Paine, *The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem*, 370, was commander of the privateer *Grand Turk*. According to *Salem Vital Records* (3:132), the daughter signified on November 14, 1837, her intention of marrying Thomas Delf of New York.

76. Wife of Thomas Allport, a consignee of the British "country ships," who was associated with the firm of Thomas Dent and Company. As recurrent visitors to Macao, the Allports arrived July 12, 1829. An entry in vol. 7, September 25, 1833, states that by then Mrs. Allport had lived in the East (India and China) for eighteen years. The family was still at Macao in 1837.

77. William Henry Chichely Plowden (1788–1880) joined the Honourable Company's service in China in 1805, and during a considerable portion of Harriett's stay in Macao was president of the Select Committee. Harriett often misspelled his name—as she did that of Dr. Colledge. On one of his voyages to and from the East, in 1816, he had an interview with Napoleon at St. Helena; and as a youth was present at Westminster Hall at the trial of Warren Hastings. He married, first Catharine Harding of Baraset, who died at Macao January 18, 1827, age thirty-five; and second, Annette Campbell, a widow, by whom he had two sons and a daughter Harriet (d. 1907, age 77). His home in Macao, the center of many musical gatherings, was sketched by George Chinnery (Patrick Conner, *George Chinnery 1774–1852 Artist of India and the China Coast* [Woodridge: Antique Collectors Club, 1993], 189; Walter F. C. Chichely Plowden, *Records of the Chichely Plowdens A.D. 1590–1913* [London: Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, Ltd., 1914]).

78. Charles Millett was a member of the Company's Select Committee and superintendent of exports. He had studied at the East India College, Haileybury in 1808–9, to take a position in the East India Company in China in 1809. In 1812 he is listed as a junior writer "to copy a Consultation Book and weigh Teas" (*Memorials of Old Haileybury College* [Westminster: A. Constable and Co., 1894], 578). He studied Chinese with Robert Morrison. Harriett writes later that he liked to talk of his travels in Java and was a "stiff old Bachelor who is conceited in the extreme" but otherwise kind and thoughtful (vol. 4, March 29, 1832).

79. Alexander Grant was a private English merchant in Macao in charge of Jardine, Matheson and Company's opium ships. He lived part of the time on the ships *Jamesina*, *Samarang*, and *Hercules*, but often came ashore to join his wife and children. Grant is best known for his conflict with the Select Committee of the East India Company over his handling of Company mail and the more serious Kumsingmoon incident in August, 1833, in which opium traders under his command attacked a Chinese village



(Hosea B. Morse, *The Chronicles of the East India Company Trading to China 1635–1834* [Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1926], 4:356–66).

80. John Hine, captain of HCS *Atlas*, which reached Canton from Bombay September 19, 1829. He left with this ship March 12, 1830, for London. Later he was master of the *Marquis of Huntley*. On March 10, 1840, he was chairman of a dinner given in honor of William Jardine in London.

81. A Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and family of Madras are listed in the *Canton Register* as having arrived on HCS *Windsor*, October 8, 1829, and as sailing on the *Bridgewater*, January 31, 1830. It was customary for English families in India to seek a change of climate in Macao.

82. “When you meet a Chinese gentleman, he folds his hands and shakes them at you, saying chin chin, words . . . signifying welcome, or thank you, or farewell, according to the occasion” (Osmond Tiffany Jr., *The Canton Chinese, or the American’s Sojourn in the Celestial Empire* [Boston: J. Munro and Co., 1849], 55). Josh or Joss is said to be a corruption of the Portuguese *Deos* (God). Joss-house came to mean, in pidgin-English, a temple; and good-Joss, good luck.

83. Apew was the head servant; Apun, the house-boy or waiter. Portraits of both can be found in Lucy Cleveland’s Sketchbook, M1347, Phillips Library, Peabody Essex Museum, Salem, Mass.

84. Lucy Hiller Lambert Cleveland (1780–1866), widow of William Lambert of Roxbury, had married Captain William Cleveland (1777–1842), of Salem in 1816 after the death of his first wife, her sister Mary. There were no children by this marriage; James Cleveland was her nephew. A portrait of William Cleveland by St. Memin is in the Peabody Essex Museum, Salem. Leaving Salem on October 29, 1828, Lucy Cleveland accompanied her husband on the *Zephyr* to Timor to collect sandalwood for the China trade. She kept a journal of the voyage, illustrated with colored sketches of islands and Macao (Lucy Cleveland, *Voyage of the Zephyr 1829*, MS 656 1829Z, and Sketchbook, M1347, Phillips Library).

85. From the journal that Lucy Cleveland kept on Timor, it is clear that the fatigue from the normal hardships of a long voyage was greatly increased by her sad task of nursing until his death a young sailor, Cornelius Thomson, who only four days before “was dancing happily upon the fore-castle, and on Sunday at 8 in the morning, he was carried on shore & buried. . . .” (August 20, 1829, *Voyage of the Zephyr*, MS 656 1829Z, Phillips Library). On October 12, 1829, she recorded: “after several days of bad weather which put us under double reefed topsails, we reached Macao roads this day worn & weary”—a voyage of thirty-two days from Timor.

86. Dr. Alexander Pearson was surgeon to the English Factory, and died at Lodge Place, Regents Park, London in 1837, age about seventy years. He is celebrated for introducing vaccination against smallpox to China in 1805 (*Chinese Repository* 2:35–41). As surgeon, he accompanied Lord Amherst’s Embassy to Peking in 1816. He finally left China on December 18, 1832 (HCS *Charles Grant*). A week before sailing, the Portuguese community, headed by Antonio Pereira of Macao, addressed to him a letter of thanks

for his services (*Canton Register*, 10 January 1833). About the same time Chinnery painted his portrait, which Harriett declared "true to life" (vol. 5, January 4, 1833). It is probably the one reproduced in K. Chimin Wong, *History of Chinese Medicine* (Tientsin: The Tientsin Press, 1932), 142.

87. Sir John Thomas Claridge, who was made Knight Bachelor of the United Kingdom in 1825, was Recorder of Penang. He and Lady Claridge reached Macao on September 19, 1829, on HCS *Kellie Castle*; and left on the *Bridgewater* January 31, 1830.

88. In his spare time Dr. Pearson acted as custodian of the East India Company's library at Macao, which began in 1806 (by legacy, gift, and subscription) and, according to a catalog of 1832, had about 1600 different works in some 4000 volumes. With the dissolution of the Company's charter in 1834, the library was dispersed in spite of efforts to make it into a public library. A few of the books went finally to the Morrison Education Society in 1835 (*Chinese Repository* 4:96-98).

89. The title of a farce by John Poole (1786?-1872), produced in 1825. Paul Pry became the symbol of the intrusive, meddlesome person.

90. Dr. James Hewlings Bradford (1802-59), son of Samuel Fisher Bradford (1776-1837), one of the leading publishers in Philadelphia. J. H. Bradford obtained his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1822, and sailed immediately to China in the ship *Caledonia* (Capt. Robert H. Barr). In Canton he was resident physician to the independent merchants who subscribed his salary—the annual assessment on one such merchant, John R. Latimer, is known to have been \$300. He returned to medical practice in Philadelphia in 1835.

91. Presumably the "Honorable E. Gardner . . . late Resident at Katmandoo" who arrived at Macao in HCS *Lady Melville* on August 10, 1829, and left in HCS *Bridgewater* January 31, 1830.

92. Since Mr. Howard's name does not appear in Canton records of this period, it must be assumed that he came periodically—possibly as a supercargo—from India. From time to time he is lauded in the journal for his musical talent and his gift for entertaining others.

93. George Chinnery (1774-1852), a noted English artist whose portraits of persons and scenes in India and China are foremost in western impressions of nineteenth-century life in Asia. He first went to India in 1802, and in 1825, seeking to escape his debtors and his wife, he fled to Macao where he lived and worked until his death. Chinnery and the Chinese painter Lamqua have left the most vivid pictorial records we have of life in Macao at this time. We know from the J.R. Latimer papers in the Library of Congress that Chinnery shipped to the American painters, Thomas Sully and Benjamin Trott, Chinese brushes and ivory for their miniatures (letter G. Chinnery to J.R. Latimer, December 12, 1827, Box 12, Folder 104). The eccentricities and oddities of Chinnery's personality, so often reported by Harriett, are corroborated in Hunter, *Bits of Old China*, 264-75. For his complete biography see Conner, *George Chinnery*.

94. Wife of Capt. James Neish of the British ship *Fort William*, carrying

opium from Bombay, which had arrived at Lintin Island on July 1. Mrs. Neish refused to be separated from her husband and was admired for her courage in sailing with him no matter how difficult the conditions. An example of this devotion came on a later trip to China when Mrs. Neish changed her mind about staying in Macao a few hours after her husband left and chased his ship by fast boat to rejoin him. As a result Harriett reported, “Mr. College says he is quite mad for a wife like Mrs. Neish” (vol. 4, July 27, 1832).

95. Hugh Hamilton Lindsay (1802–81), the only son of Hugh Lindsay, the youngest son of James, fifth earl of Balcarres. In a letter to the *Canton Register* (7 February 1837), Lindsay wrote that he had been a resident of China “more than fifteen years.” In 1827, and for some years after, he was one of the Company’s writers. His extensive travel produced *Report on Proceedings on a Voyage to the Northern Ports of China in the Ship Lord Amherst* (London: B. Fellowes, 1833); and in 1834 an account of his trip home by the Red Sea appeared in the *Chinese Repository* 3:252–55. After the East India Company lost its charter in 1834, he continued in Canton in the firm of Lindsay and Company. In 1836 he published *A Letter to the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston on British Relations with China* (London: Saunders and Otley). From 1841–47 he was a member of Parliament from the borough of Sandwich (Obituary, *Times*, 2 June 1881).

96. Robert Burland Hudleston (1801–77), a writer and superintendent of office of the East India Company in Canton. His father, John Hudleston (1749–1835), who established all his five sons either in India or in China, was a director of the East India Company and a M.P. for Bridgewater in 1805 (*Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Records*, 2, *Papers and Pedigrees*).

97. Henry Matthew Clarke, who was at this time superintendent of exports in the Company’s factory, attended Haileybury College where he won a prize in Classics. He was appointed to China in 1825, and was given a supplemental salary for studying the Chinese language. In the May 1829 races at Macao, he ran a winning horse named Clinker. After the Company’s charter was dissolved in 1834, Clarke and J. H. Astell (below n.100) remained in Canton until December 1839 to close up affairs.

98. Probably Daniel Aborn, an American merchant who was trading at Canton at this time.

99. John Cleve Green (1800–75), born in Lawrenceville, N. J. and educated at Lawrenceville School, was in 1829 supercargo of N. L. and G. Griswold’s ship *Panama*. He continued as agent for the Griswold firm until 1833 when he joined the firm of Russell and Company, of which he became head the following year. Retiring from this post in 1839, he invested in American railroads and amassed a fortune which he distributed liberally to his boyhood academy, the Lawrenceville School, to Princeton University, and to Princeton Theological Seminary (*Dictionary of American Biography* [DAB] 7:551–52).

100. John Harvey Astell attended Old Haileybury College in 1823–24, and joined the Company’s establishment at Canton in 1825 “to write up

books and to weigh teas." In 1829 he was "Collator of records;" and in October of the following year became the subject of an official Chinese order against riding into the Factory in a sedan chair (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:235).

101. Henry Robert Alexander, son of a once opulent Calcutta merchant, who, according to the *Canton Register* (13 May 1834), failed for the sum of £3,500,000. The son joined the Company's establishment in 1829 "to assist generally." His wife was a niece of Emily Davis, wife of John F. Davis (vol.3, n.4). He returned to India in 1834, and is listed in the *East India Register* for 1836 as "officiating assistant to the Secretary of the Board of Customs of salt and opium." By 1850 he is listed as "Superintendent Sulkea salt golahs," and continues to be so listed until 1855.

102. A misspelling for Mrs. Inglis of Madras who arrived in Macao in HCS *Windsor* on October 8 and sailed on the British ship *Fergusson* December 2. See entry for November 19, 1829.

103. Captain and Mrs. Cathre arrived in Macao July 12, 1829, in the British ship, *Penang Merchant*, from Calcutta; and sailed from Macao December 22, 1829, in the British barque, *Jamesina*.

104. The "Casa Garden" was at this time owned by the Pereira family, but the house in it was rented to the Fearons with the understanding that Camoens' Grotto be open to visitors. Whether the Portuguese poet Luis de Camoens (1524-80), wrote his *Lusiad* there is doubtful. Today the garden is a public park and a bust of Camoens is in the grotto.

105. A misspelling for Phillimore. Captain Phillimore arrived at Macao on HCS *Windsor* October 8 and sailed in the *Fergusson* December 2.

106. Captain Arch Hogg of the British ship *Lord Castlereagh* which arrived at Macao from Bombay June 28 and sailed back October 25, 1829. According to a bill of lading, he brought to China on this voyage as part of his cargo, "5 Chests Honorable Company's Malwa opium." On the return trip he carried back to Bombay \$20,000 chop money," signing his name as "Arch Hogg" (Bill of lading, May 23, 1829, Box 8, Folder 73, Latimer Papers, LC).

107. James Henry Blight (1797-1880), son of Peter Blight (1760-1814), a leading Philadelphia merchant in the China trade, had in 1817 succeeded his cousin, George Blight, who was head of the Blight family business in Canton. After years in China, J. H. Blight returned to Philadelphia and became a recognized figure in the social life of the city (Frank W. Leach, "Old Philadelphia Families," *The North American*, March 17, 1912, C-11).

108. "I have often heard my mother say that ladies were so scarce in Macao at the time, that they were obliged to take a different partner for each figure of the quadrilles" (Hillard, *My Mother's Journal*, 34-35).

109. Thomas Charles Smith, supercargo accountant in the Company's service, first came to China in 1815. Two years later he was commended by Dr. Morrison for his attainments in the Chinese language. In 1830 he became briefly a member of the Select Committee. On November 17, 1831, he sailed on the *Duke of Sussex* for London, but seems to have returned to China later.



110. A comic ballad opera in two acts, published in 1809, by Theodore Edward Hook (1788–1841).

111. John B. Thornhill, whose work in the Company's service at this time was "to copy records." He went to China in 1825. Later Harriett characterized his wife as "real Irish inasmuch as she cannot live without quarreling" (vol. 5, February 2 and 19, 1833).

112. Guia, a fortress known as *Nossa Senhora da Guia* (Our Lady of Guidance), which occupied the highest point in Macao. It dates back to the earliest Portuguese occupation of the peninsula. A lighthouse was erected on it in 1865.

113. William Baynes (1789–1866) and Julia Smith Baynes (1793–1881). Born at Uxbridge, William Baynes went to China in 1807 through the influence of John Roberts (d. 1813), who at that time was a member of the East India Company's Select Committee. In 1815 he married the daughter of Sir John Smith, who had served nine years with the British forces in Canada and America during the Revolutionary War. The Baynes had three sons and four daughters. He was made a member of the Select Committee at Canton in 1828 and president in 1830, but was soon removed, and sailed with his family to London November 7, 1831, on the *Duke of Sussex* (Capt. W.H. Whitehead). His wife is reputed to have been the first European woman to venture openly to Canton (vol. 2, February 16, 1830; Joseph Lucas, *Historical Genealogy of the Family of Bayne of Nidderdale Showing Also How Bayeux Became Baynes* [Ripon: W. Harrison, 1896], 556).

114. Spelled Shawe in the *Canton Register*. She arrived at Macao in HCS *Atlas*, September 19, 1829, and sailed in the HCS *Bridgewater*, January 31, 1830.

115. One was Frederick John Morris, who became one of the Company's writers in 1828. In the Macao races of May 1829, he ran a horse named Don Juan. He went to India after the dissolution of the Company's charter in 1834, and two years later is listed as "assistant to the collector and magistrate of Sarun" (*The East India Register and Directory for 1837* [London: J.L. Cox and Sons, 1837], 556).

116. After a term at old Haileybury College in 1824, Henry Thomas Ravenshaw entered the Company's service at Canton the following year "to write up the books and to weigh teas," and to study the Chinese language.

117. James Bannerman studied at Old Haileybury College in 1810–12 and came to China as one the Company's junior writers in 1813 together with Charles Marjoribanks and John Francis Davis. In 1829 he was a member of the Select Committee. Under his direction (in 1816 when he was still new at the language) there was printed at the East India Company press at Macao, *Dialogues and Detached Sentences in the Chinese Language*, "designed as an initiatory work for the use of Students of Chinese." These sentences, comprising 262 pages, had been compiled and translated by Dr. Robert Morrison "at the commencement of his Chinese studies."

118. For the best description of Thomas Beale's garden and aviary, see George Bennett, *Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast*



Singapore, and China Being the Journal of a Naturalist in Those Countries, during 1832, 1833, and 1834 (London: Richard Bentley, 1834), 2:36-55.

119. Mrs. White, with her husband Capt. George White of the British bark *Sherburne*, landed at Macao from Calcutta on May 22, 1829, and returned to Calcutta in the same ship November 3. They made similar voyages in this ship in 1823 and 1830.

120. Probably J. Higginson of Calcutta, who is known from other sources to have been in Canton in October 1829. He arrived again in the *Red Rover*, October 1, 1832.

121. Probably Thomas Dent who with his younger brother Lancelot Dent formed the firm of Thomas Dent and Company, independent English merchants dealing heavily in opium. He protected his status as an independent merchant by serving as Sardinian consul. On December 6, 1829, J. R. Latimer wrote to B. C. Wilcocks in Philadelphia, "T. Dent leaves this season for Calcutta, thence for England, not to return" (Letter Book, 184, Latimer Papers, LC). He sailed in the British brig *Elizabeth* the following March 26, having been in Canton at least since 1820, and possibly earlier.

122. James Matheson (1796-1878), a native of Scotland, and a student at Edinburgh University, was in Canton by 1821, using his position as Danish consul to trade independently of the East India Company. Since 1825 he had been a member of Magniac and Company, a Canton agency house deeply involved in the opium trade. He was one of the founders of the *Canton Register* in 1827, and for a time was treasurer of the Morrison Education Society. In an effort to persuade Britain to force China to open its trade, he wrote *The Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China* (London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1838). His portrait by Chinnery appears in Maurice Collis, *Foreign Mud* (New York: A. A. Knopf, 1947), 101. (See also Peter Ward Fay, *The Opium War 1840-1842* [New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 1975], 44-45, 121.)

123. Jacob Gabriel Ullman (1761-1837), a former representative, with Sir Andrew Ljungstedt, of the Swedish Factory at Canton, was at this time a clerk for Magniac and Company in Canton. His only son, J. G. Ullman, died at Macao in January, 1830, and thereafter his declining health and paranoia forced James Matheson to relieve Ullman of his duties in 1831 (W. Jardine to H. Magniac, April 9, 14, 1830, C4/1; J. Matheson to Sir Andrew Ljungstedt, May 12, 1831, C5/1, Jardine Matheson Archives, Cambridge University). Prior to that John R. Latimer contributed "the Sum of Spanish Dollars Two Hundred" for the benefit of his poverty-stricken daughters, whom Harriett befriended after their brother's death (Receipt from Magniac & Co., December 23, 1830, Box 7, Folder 57, Latimer Papers, LC).

124. Mowqua, a Hong merchant whose Chinese name was Lu Wen-chin (d. May 7, 1835, age forty-nine). From Harriett's description, he was then wearing the button of an official of the third rank. His business was called Kuang-li Hong. Writing to Hormuzjee Dorabjee at Bombay on June 28, 1830, J. R. Latimer said: "I have transacted business with him for fifteen years, and

never had any reason to be dissatisfied with him when the business was done under his own eye here in Canton—when he has to trust to an agent he may be imposed upon" (Letter Book, vol. 2, Latimer Papers, LC). In the spring of 1832, Mowqua suffered financial difficulties, owing, Latimer wrote on June 28, to "his compounding with his creditors, the failure of a large Shroff House in which he was concerned" (Letter Book, vol. 3). He died at his residence on Honam Island. Details of his death and funeral are in Eliza J. G. Bridgman, ed., *Life and Labors of Elijah Coleman Bridgman, The Pioneer of American Missions in China* (New York, 1864), 98-99.

125. Houqua (1769-1843), whose full name was Wu Ping-chien, was the most famous of all the Hong merchants. He became known to many Westerners for his wealth, his honesty, and his magnanimity. An extraordinary instance of Houqua's generosity to an American merchant was the cancellation of a \$72,000 note to enable Benjamin Chew Wilcocks to return to Philadelphia after many years in China. A few weeks after arriving home, Wilcocks wrote back to J. R. Latimer in Canton to "pray wait on my excellent friend Houqua, tell him I hold him high in my estimation and have not been Silent on his Subject (particularly his last act of munificence to me) since my arrival" (May 8, 1828, Box 11, Folder 93, Latimer Papers, LC; William C. Hunter, *The 'Fan Kwae' at Canton before Treaty Days 1825-1844* [Kelly and Walsh, Ltd., 1911], 43). A sketch of his life appears in *Eminent Chinese of the Ch'ing Period, (1644-1912)*, A. W. Hummel, ed. (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1943-44), 2:877. Chinnery's portrait of Houqua in mandarin garb is reproduced in Conner, *George Chinnery*, 171.

126. Kinka, a Hong merchant whose full name was Liang Ch'eng-hsi. He died October 21, 1837, age seventy-seven. The firm name was T'ien Pao Hong. Very likely he is the King-Qua so often mentioned in Hunter, *Bits of Old China*, 88.

127. Alexander Robertson prior to October 1, 1829, was a partner with Robert D. Cullen in the firm of Robertson, Cullen and Company, a partnership that ended on that date. In 1825 Robertson was in Canton as Sicilian consul, a nominal post which enabled him to trade in Canton as a British merchant independently of the East India Company. He left Macao for Calcutta on the *Red Rover* on February 26, 1830; and on March 30, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Low and Harriett moved into his house (see also vol. 2, February 27, March 10, 12 and 16). He was supercargo on the *Sylph*, the ship which Jardine, Matheson and Company sent up the coast on October 20, 1832, mainly for the purpose of selling opium.

128. Don Miguel I de Braganza was first proclaimed king of Portugal by the municipal council on April 25, 1828. He accepted the title in official ceremony July 6, 1828. Don Miguel, backed by monarchists, had usurped the throne of Portugal while his older brother Don Pedro, heir to the throne, was in Brazil. Don Pedro was supported against his brother by the more liberal elements in Portugal and hence Miguel became the "villain" in the dynastic struggle that ensued.

129. Capt. George R. Dowdall died at Canton on November 1 and was buried on French Island. J. R. Latimer who was a friend as well as a business colleague took over his personal effects and his accounts, paying for his funeral on French Island. The command of the *Ajax* on the homeward voyage was entrusted by Latimer to Capt. Silas Pedrick (b. 1797), who was remunerated 400 Spanish Dollars and allowed six tons of goods free (Latimer to S. Pedrick, November 10, 1829, Letter Book, vol. 2, Latimer Papers, LC).

130. Ana Margurida and Joana Ana Ullman were the daughters of old Jacob Gabriel Ullman, whose health and lack of fortune is discussed in n.123 above. The younger daughter Joana married into one of the prominent families of Macao when she became the second wife of Joaquim José Ferreira Veiga on January 12, 1836. Ana Margurida was listed as god parent to her nephew José, one of five children (Manuel Teixeira, *Galeria de Macaenses Ilustres do Seculo Dezanove* [Macao: Imprensa nacional, 1942], 368).

131. According to *Webster's Dictionary*: "Something of infinitely great value . . . in allusion to the former torture for extortion practiced upon Jews."

132. Thomas Fox and Richard Holdsworth were members of the firms of Messrs Rawson, Holdsworth and Company of London, Messrs Smithson, Holdsworth and Company of Calcutta, and Messrs Holdsworth Smithson and Company of Singapore, engaged in general commission business. Both traveled frequently between Calcutta and Canton, the agency in Canton being known as Fox, Rawson and Company. For a more extended reference to Fox, see vol. 6, June 21, 1833.

133. John Gover was a private British merchant who dealt heavily in opium—for which he was nicknamed, "Old Patna" (see vol. 2, June 28, 1830).

134. Dr. James Bradford, who lived in Canton with John R. Latimer, fell ill at the time of Capt. George Dowdall's death. He was ill for six weeks and near death—all the time nursed by Latimer in between his commercial duties of loading ships with cargo for the U.S. (J. R. Latimer to Henry Latimer, February 3, 1830, Series II, F42, John R. Latimer Papers, University of Delaware).

135. Capt. D. R. Newall was in command of HCS *Waterloo*, having arrived July 31, 1829, from London. He sailed March 30, 1830.

136. John Reeves (1774–1856), inspector of tea for the East India Company at Canton (1812–31), was the son of Rev. Jonathan Reeves of West Ham, Essex. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, London, during some of the years that Charles Lamb was there. He achieved fame as one of the foremost collectors of horticulture in China in the early nineteenth century, sending back to England the first shipments of Chinese azaleas, peonies, roses, chrysanthemums as well as hundreds of dried specimens. He supplied for Robert Morrison's *Chinese Dictionary* most of the names of plants, stars, and constellations and compiled a noted collection of drawings of fish by Chinese artists. He sailed home finally on January 6, 1831, together with Nathan Dunn, in HCS *Canning*, and resided in Clapham where he continued his interest in natural science (P.J.P. Whitehead, "The Reeves Collection of Chinese Fish Drawings," *Bulletin of the British Museum [Natural*

History] *Historical Series* 3 [1969]:191–233). For his son, John Russell Reeves, see vol. 2, June 1, 1830, n. 75.

137. Ilha Verde, an island northwest of Macao in the inner harbor, on which lived at this time the priests and teachers of the College of St. Joseph. In recent years it has been annexed to the mainland and converted to industrial uses.

138. This temple, known to the Chinese as Ma Tsu Ko, and founded at least by the sixteenth century, is dedicated to the patron deity of Chinese sailors. One name for this deity is T'ien-fei "Celestial Spouse." The temple is situated at the foot of a rocky declivity at the entrance to the Inner Harbor. According to a contemporary description, "On returning from sea, it is customary for sailors to repair to this temple, return thanks, and make an offering . . ." (Wood, *Sketches of China*, 29–30).

139. Capt. George Winslow (1791–1851), native of Pittston, Maine, was master of the *Milo* in 1828 and, at the time of Harriett's writing, was in command of James and Thomas R. Perkin's ship, *Levant* (264 tons), a receiving ship stationed at Lintin. He retired from China in 1830 to a home in Malden, Mass. where he lived for about twenty years (David P. Holton, *Winslow Memorial; Family Records of the Winslows and Their Descendants in America, with the English Ancestry as far as Known* [New York: D.P. Holton, 1877–88], 2:993).

140. Captain and Mrs. Duncan arrived in Canton on the Dutch ship *Admiral Buyskes* on November 4, 1829, and sailed the following December 22 in the British barque *Jamesina* which was bound for Calcutta. In her entry for August 10, 1833, vol. 6, Harriett writes of hearing that Captain Duncan had died and that his widow was staying with Mrs. Fearon.

141. Mrs. Pereira's maiden name was Aurélia Susana Viana Mendes (Teixeira, *Galeria de Macaenaes Ilustres*), 571.

142. A "Mr., Mrs., and Miss Brightman" are listed in the *Canton Register* as having arrived from Calcutta in the British ship *Isabella Robertson* June 24, 1829, returning in the same ship the following December 14. The Brightmans, including H. G. Brightman, John Brightman, and Edward Brightman (d. December 26, 1833, age fifty-two) had long been merchants in Calcutta. The first two, under the firm name Brightman and Company, held the secretaryship of the Hindostan Insurance Society. Members of the family spent successive hot seasons in Macao.

143. A Captain Spottiswoode commanded the British ship *Mary Ann*, which arrived at Canton from Singapore, September 22, 1829, and sailed back the following November 27.

144. The play was *The Poor Gentleman*, a comedy in five acts by George Colman, the younger (1762–1836), first performed in London in 1801. The performance, held in "the Honourable Company's Hall," is humorously described in the *Canton Register* (3 December 1829). After the play the audience sat down to a supper "and the urbanity of our hosts, the beauty of the women, the power of the music, altogether formed a scene of amusement and delight, which recalled to memory some of the best days of old Eng-



land." The "after piece," *Bombastes Furioso*, mentioned later, is a burlesque by William Barnes Rhodes (1772–1826), published ca.1810.

145. James Frederick Nugent Daniell arrived in China in 1815 or 1816 to join the Company's staff at Canton. In 1817 Dr. Morrison reported favorably on his progress in the Chinese language. By 1829 he was highest on the staff below the Select Committee, and in the following year became a member of it. After the Company's charter expired in 1834, he was associated with the private firm of Daniell and Company—the partners in 1837 being A. S. Daniell and Wilkinson Dent. His younger brother, Matthew, is referred to later in the journal.

146. James Perkins Sturgis (1791–1851), born in Boston, came to China in 1809 in the ship *Atahualpa*, commanded by his first cousin, William Sturgis (1782–1863). The ship had a fierce encounter with pirates off the shores of Macao, but managed to escape. He lived in the Suy Hong at Canton for about twenty-five years, after which he retired to Macao, in a bungalow on Penha Hill, "the most beautifully situated of all others." In 1851, after a residence of forty-two years in Canton and Macao, he took passage for London in the *Luconia* (Capt. Philip Dumaesq), but died on board at Anjer (Hunter, *Bits of Old China*, 157–60).

147. Caffres were slaves from Africa, and from some South Sea Islands, who were used by the Portuguese at Macao to serve in their households. As Harriett's entry for August 20, 1833 (vol. 6) shows, she did not think highly of caffres as chair-bearers. The sepoys, likewise mentioned, were natives of India whom Europeans employed as guards or soldiers.

148. James Baillie Fraser, *The Kuzzilbash. A Tale of Khorasan* (London: H. Colburn, 1828).

149. Sarah Orne (1788–1834), sister of Edward Orne, also referred to as Cousin Sally Orne (vol. 5, September 19, 1832). A daughter of Josiah and Alice Orne of Salem, she had been engaged to Henry Prince (son of Rev. John Prince), who died in 1815. She died, age forty-six, at Northborough, Mass. (*Salem Vital Records*, 6).

150. James William H. Campbell (1811–69), son of a director of the East India Company, Sir Robert Campbell, attended Old Haileybury College in 1828–29, and arrived at Macao from London September 17, 1829, as a "writer to assist generally" in the Company's Canton establishment. He served later in Bengal, from 1836 to 1855, as deputy collector of customs (Duncan Alexander Dundas Campbell, *Records of Clan Campbell in the Military Service of the Honourable East India Company, 1600–1858* [London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1925], 161).

151. James W. H. Ilberry, a member of the firm of Ilberry, Fearon and Company, watchmakers, had arrived at Canton on November 20, 1826, with a "diploma constituting him Hanoverian consul in China" (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:128).

152. Captain Hope of HCS *Herefordshire* reached Macao from Bombay August 5, 1829, and sailed the following March 4 for London.

153. The "British Museum in China" was established at Macao as the



result of a meeting held on February 22, 1829. Writing of it two days later, Dr. Robert Morrison said, "For the current year Mr. Reeves jun. is secretary; Mr. Clark, treasurer; and the Rev. Mr. Vachell, curator. Our annual subscription is thirty dollars" (Eliza Morrison, *Memoirs of the Life and Labours of Robert Morrison; Compiled by his Widow* [London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1839], 2:424). A long prospectus for a museum dedicated to science and natural history appeared in the *Canton Register* (2 March 1830).

154. Susan Orne (baptized November 5, 1808) was a sister of Sarah (Sally) Orne, and of Edward Orne, and a cousin of Harriett's. Her parents were Josiah and Alice Orne of Salem (*Salem Vital Records* 2:126).

155. St. Paul's Church, known to the Chinese as Ta San Pa, was erected in 1602, but was destroyed by fire on January 26, 1835, leaving only the facade standing. For an account of the fire see *Chinese Repository* 3 (February, 1835):485–86.

## Notes to Volume II

1. The USS *Vincennes*, built in New York in 1825, and carrying eighteen guns, was the first American ship of war to circle the globe. She was commanded by William Bolton Finch, a native of New England who entered the Navy in 1806.

2. McKeen Buchanan (1798–1871), purser on the *Vincennes*, was born in Baltimore, but moved to Philadelphia in 1806, where he studied for two years in the University of Pennsylvania. He fought in the Civil War, and was a brother of Adm. Franklin Buchanan.

3. Charles Samuel Stewart (1795–1870), chaplain on the *Vincennes*, who entered this service November 1, 1828, was the author of *A Visit to the South Seas, in the U.S. Ship Vincennes, During the Years 1829 and 1830* (New York: John P. Haven, 1831).

4. James Lawrence Lardner (1802–81), at this time sailing master on the *Vincennes*, was born in Philadelphia. He became midshipman in 1820 and served with great distinction in the Mexican and the Civil Wars. A destroyer launched in 1919, was named for him (DAB 10:615–16).

5. Lt. Thomas Aloysius Dornin (1800–74), a native of Ireland, was educated at St. Mary's College, Baltimore and entered the Navy in 1815. For an account of his long naval career see DAB 5:380–81.

6. Cornelius Kincheloe Stribling (1796–1880) entered the Navy in 1812, was commissioned lieutenant in 1818, and made captain in 1854. Though a native of South Carolina, he made Virginia his legal residence. In 1862 he served on the Lighthouse Board. Four years later he was made rear admiral on the retired list, and he died at Martinsburg, West Virginia. For his portrait, see Hugh M. McIlhany, *Some Virginia Families* (Staunton, Va.: Stoneburner and Prufer, 1903).

7. Among seventeen sketches of subjects in Macao, two drawings "The Barber" and "The Gamblers" in Lucy Cleveland's Sketchbook (M1347,

Phillips Library) seem related to George Chinnery's style. Harriett Low may have copied these drawings from Chinnery's sketches.

8. Washington Irving, *A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (New York: G. and C. Carvill, 1828).

9. Webb was captain of the American ship *Emerald* which sailed for Boston on February 4.

10. George Allan Magruder (1799–1871) was born in Winchester, Va., entered the Navy in 1817, was commissioned lieutenant in 1826, and became captain in 1855. Before April 1861, he was Chief of Ordnance, but resigned on May 15 of that year, owing to his southern sympathies. After the Civil War, he moved to England, and died in Paris. He married Elizabeth Bankhead and had several children whose names and marriages are recorded in *William and Mary College Quarterly*, Series II, 9(1929):305. See also *American Clan Gregor Society*, vol. for 1946.

11. John Richardson Latimer (1793–1865), the eldest son of Henry and Ann Richardson Latimer of Newport, Del., entered the China trade as a supercargo in 1815, completing his fifth voyage by December 1822. In 1824, he returned to Canton to take over the commission business of Benjamin Chew Wilcocks, who was temporarily in India. When Wilcocks left China in 1827, Latimer assumed control of his affairs and greatly expanded the illicit trade in opium started by Wilcocks. He remained an independent American merchant until he left China in 1834, allying himself in business with Russell and Company and Jardine, Matheson, and Company. When Latimer first met Harriett, he had been through "a season of sore affliction" caused by the shock of the death of his younger sister, the death of his friend Capt. George Dowdall, and the stress brought on by nursing his friend Dr. James Bradford through a near-fatal illness (J.R. Latimer to Mary Latimer, March 30, 1830, Box 11, Folder 94, Latimer Papers, LC). Not understanding the reasons for his subdued manner, Harriett may have formed an initial unfavorable opinion.

12. This is the famous portrait of George IV on which the "Fooyuen Choo," the governor of Kuangtung, named Chu Kuei-chen (1767–1839), disdainfully turned his back when he entered the East India Company's Canton establishment on May 12, 1831 (vol. 3, May 16, 1831). For official memorials on the subject, and letters signed by Hugh Hamilton Lindsay and R. B. Hudleston, see *Canton Register*, May–July, 1831.

13. *Letters Written in the Interior of Cuba between the Mountains of Arcana, to the East, and of Cusco, to the West in the Months of February, March, April and May, 1828* (Boston: Bowles and Dearborn, 1829), by Dr. Abiel Abbot (1770–1828), minister of First Church, Beverly, Mass. Harriett's father is said to have been tutored by Dr. Abbot and to have named his eldest son, Abiel Abbot Low, in honor of him.

14. Capt. Robert Locke of HCS *Duke of York* arrived in Canton September 19, 1829.

15. Security merchants were the heads of the Thirteen Chinese Hongs through whom all traders were expected to deal. They went "security" to

the local authorities for the conduct of foreign merchants so long as they were at Canton. It was customary for Chinese merchants to give feasts during the first fifteen or eighteen days of the Chinese New Year. The Lows were entertained on the tenth day (February 3 by the Western calendar).

16. The following additional conversation with Tinqu, which probably was extracted from one of Harriett's letters, was added by Katharine Hillard: "Old Tinqu had the audacity to ask me how old I was. He says he has five wives, No. 1 his father and mother chose for him. 'He no like No. 1. Too muchy ugly.' No. 2 'he likey. He choose her.' He is sixty-two, but you would never think him more than thirty-five. I thought I was paying him a great compliment when I told him so; but I hear that I could have said nothing more displeasing, as they like to be considered old" (*My Mother's Journal*, 51).

17. Gouqua, the popular designation for Hsieh Ti-hua of the Tung-hsing Hong.

18. The insolvency of several Hong merchants, which resulted in hardship to certain English creditors, and the increased fees imposed by the Chinese for the entry of foreign ships caused the East India Company Select Committee (led by William Baynes over the objections of W.H.C. Plowden), virtually to suspend all trade from August, 1829, to the end of January, 1830. Strained relations between the Chinese authorities and the Company continued during the next two months as the Chinese disputed the right of foreigners to fill in land at the landing-place in front of the Thirteen Factories (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:199–221; 230).

19. This is a reference to the subtle class distinction between the wives of the officers of the East India Company, Britain's official trading company in China, and those of independent English traders who competed for the same business in Canton.

20. James Innes (d. 1841, age fifty-five), a licensed English merchant and a hot contender in all matters pertaining to the rights of traders not connected with the East India Company.

21. Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of the Deity; A Poem* (Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Carey, 1828).

22. Eugenio de Otaduy (also spelled Otadui in contemporary accounts) was in Canton at least by 1828. He soon agreed to become the Spanish teacher for Harriett and her friends Mary Turner and Mrs. Allport (see March 8, 1830).

23. This was a tavern on the Praya Grande kept by Markwick and Lane. In some accounts it is called Beach Hotel. Richard Markwick (1791–1836), a native of Chestnut in Hertfordshire, was once a steward of the East India Company, as was also his partner, Edward Lane (d. 1831). After April 1832, the firm was known as R. Markwick and Company.

24. David Abeel (1804–46), a native of New Brunswick, N. J., and a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, went out to Canton to be chaplain of the Seaman's Friend Society, with station at Whampoa. Failing health forced him to leave Canton in December 1831 for Java, Siam and Singapore. He described his travels in *Journal of a Residence in China, and the Neighboring*

Countries, from 1829 to 1833 (New York: Leavitt, Lord and Co., 1834). Abeel recovered sufficiently to tour Europe on his way to the United States, meeting Harriett Low once again in London (vol. 8, July 22, 1834). For a biographical sketch see DAB 1:26–27.

25. A misspelling for Elijah Coleman Bridgman (1801–61), a native of Belchertown, Mass., a graduate of Amherst College, and the first American Protestant missionary to spend his life in China. He was sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. His best known monument is the *Chinese Repository*, which he founded in May 1832 and published with the help of S. Wells Williams until the close of 1851. He is the author of *A Chinese Chrestomathy in the Canton Dialect* (Macao: S. W. Williams, 1841) and a number of translations from the Chinese (DAB 3:36).

26. Charles Nicoll Talbot was at this time U.S. consul at Canton and a member of the firm of Olyphant and Company. His father George W. Talbot and his brother G. A. Talbot (so given in *Canton Register*) made two of the party of six Americans who arrived in the *Roman*—the other four were Abeel, Bridgman, Hunter, and Boker.

27. William C. Hunter (1812?–91) first arrived at Canton in 1825 as a youth of thirteen. Almost immediately he was sent to Malacca for a year of study in the Anglo-Chinese College. Upon his return to Canton, he discovered that the firm of his sponsor, Thomas H. Smith of New York, had failed. After a short period as clerk with Olyphant and Company, he entered Russell and Company (1829) as a book-keeper; became a member of the firm in 1837; and retired from it at the end of 1842. He is best known as the author of two books on his China experiences: *The 'Fan Kwae' at Canton* (1882), and *Bits of Old China* (1885). He died at Nice in June 1891.

28. A misspelling for Frederick A. Boker. In the *Canton Register* for March 3, 1830, the name is spelled Bookee, but in a letter which Elijah C. Bridgman wrote to his family on March 1, he spells it Boker (Bridgman Papers, Belchertown, Mass. Historical Society). Bridgman adds that Boker was a kinsman of D.W.C. Olyphant.

29. Mary Rebecca Morrison, daughter of Dr. Robert Morrison by his first wife Mary Morton Morrison (1791–1821), was born at Macao June 29, 1812. After the death of her mother at Macao, Rebecca and her brother John Robert were sent to England to complete their education. They returned to Macao in the ship *Fort William* on June 16, 1830. Rebecca left China for England in the ship *Inglis*, December 14, 1833, together with her step-mother, Eliza Armstrong Morrison (d. 1873) and the latter's five children. In March, 1837, at the age of 35, she married the medical missionary, Benjamin Hobson (1816–73), returning with him to Hong Kong. She died in 1903, age ninety-one, in Croyden, Surrey.

30. *Principles of Congregationalism; The Second Century Lecture of the First Church*, delivered in the meeting house on August 17, 1829, by the junior pastor, Charles Wentworth Upham, was printed in Salem's *Gazette Office* in 1829, together with "the order of Exercises," and the revised "First Covenant of the First Church" signed by Harriett's father, Seth Low, and two



other members of the church's revision committee. Mr. Upham's text was Psalm 78:1–7, the same that was used by Rev. Mr. Fisk when he delivered the "First Century Lecture" on August 6, 1729.

31. Captain Basil Hall, *Travels in North America, in the Years 1827 and 1828* (Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Carey, 1829).

32. Apparently a reference to Samuel Johnson, *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (Dublin: A. Leathley, 1775).

33. Josiah Conder, *The Modern Traveller; A Description of the Various Countries of the Globe* (London: T. Tegg and J. Duncan, 1824–30), vol. 12–13, Persia and China; vol. 14, Turkey.

34. Commenting on the arrival of Julia Baynes in Canton, William Jardine wrote a London merchant: "You may probably feel some little surprise at being told Mrs. Baynes has been in Canton for ten or fifteen days without the slightest molestation from the Chinese Govt & two or three ladies are at this moment on their way up" (William Jardine to Thomas Weeding, March 3, 1830, C 4/1, Jardine Matheson Archives ).

35. Magdalenus Jacobus Senn van Basel (1808–63), born in Groningen into a family that had been prominent in the Dutch East India service two generations earlier, was now acting consul of the Netherlands. For a time he was collector of customs at Samarang. He was in business in China at least until 1846. Biographical details of the family are recorded in *Maanblad Genealogisch-Heraldiek Genootschap de Nederlandsche Leeuw* ('s Gravenhage, 1883).

36. Ienar is Harriett's attempt to spell the surname of Benoit Gernaert, a Frenchman who was in business with Senn Van Basel until their partnership was dissolved December 1, 1832. Thirteen days later, "The flag of France—the tricolor—was hoisted by Mr. Gernaert, the French consul, in front of the French hong, after an interval of about thirty years" (*Chinese Repository* 11:11). Harriett begins to spell his name more correctly on April 27, 1830.

37. Agnes Archer of Salem married Eben Preble of Gorham, Maine, on June 29, 1829 (*Vital Records of Salem* 3:56).

38. Louisa Douglas Robinson, wife of Sir George Best Robinson (1797–1855), who became second baronet in 1832 upon the decease of his father. Twin sons were born to them in 1826, another son in 1828, a daughter in 1829, and a son in 1836. In 1828, when Sir George Robinson was one of the Company's writers, he was reprimanded for inattention to business, but by 1835 he had risen to be Chief Superintendent, an office taken over by Charles Elliot the following year. Upon his retirement, he resided at Batts House, county Somerset. For further comments about the Robinson's family life, see vol. 5, August 9, 1832; February 19, 1833.

39. Possibly David Low, young son of Harriett's Uncle Daniel Low. Harriett notes the death of David Low on March 22, 1832, vol. 4.

40. Nathaniel Phippen Knapp (baptized 1807), son of Joseph J. and Abigail Knapp of Salem and brother of Harriett's aunt, Abigail Knapp Low, was the "brother Nat" often mentioned in the journal. Nathaniel Knapp had attended Harvard College and was practicing law in Salem.



41. Capt. Pulaski Benjamin, master of the American ship *Herald*. His ship reached Macao on March 6 and sailed for New York on April 9.

42. On March 30, J.R. Latimer wrote to his sister Mary about the new arrivals in Canton: "We have now three English families in Canton [Baynes, Fearon, Robinson]. A few evenings since I took tea with one of them, and frequently visit them. There is one American family [Low] in Macao who we have not yet persuaded to come up, but hope to see them shortly. This has added much to our limited society, but the hot weather will soon send them down again—the summer of Canton is too hot for females" (Box 1, Folder 1, Latimer Papers, LC).

43. The East India Company's staff usually made the trip from Canton to Macao in a body each year at the close of the northeast monsoon—normally in March, after the ships had sailed home. Except for the sale of opium, the "dead season" then began, during which the staff could spend a considerable time at Macao. Ships returned before the end of the southwest monsoon—before the end of October. The Company was obliged then to return to Canton. A long and vivid account of such a return trip in October 1831 appears in Hunter, *The 'Fan Kwae' at Canton*, 81.

44. Joseph Tuckerman (1778–1840), a Unitarian clergyman, was born in Boston and graduated from Harvard College in the same class as William Ellery Channing and Judge Joseph Story. At this time he was minister at large for the poor in Boston (DAB 19:46).

45. Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, *Devereux. A Tale* (London: H. Colburn, 1829).

46. Captain Ovenstone was master of the fast opium clipper, *Falcon*, 170 tons, sailing out of Calcutta. His rival Capt. William Clifton of the *Red Rover* attested to Ovenstone's generosity on the return trip to Calcutta in late October, 1830. The *Red Rover*, determined to be first back to Bengal, was overtaking the *Falcon* "when one rude puff shortened my canvass to Topsails and Man over Board, there [I] was down with the Helm to save him, when Ovenstone, Sailor like, who never sees a foe in distress but they lend him a saving hand, bore up to me and offered assistance. I had no more spare Spars when he sent his Boat and best on Board—and I beat him in. Now this was very handsome and he has won my heart for ever" (William Clifton to J.R. Latimer, February 9, 1831, Box 9, Folder 82, Latimer Papers, LC).

47. A tune composed by George Alexander Lee (1802–51), a theatrical tenor in Dublin, who also sang in the Haymarket Theater in London (1826) where he became a conductor.

48. Robert Wilkinson was on the East India Company's staff at Canton in 1827, but on January 1, 1829, was admitted to partnership with Thomas Dent and Company. Harriett's entry for June 2, 1832 (vol. 4) is very complimentary to him.

49. Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, *The Disowned* (London: H. Colburn, 1829).

50. Abel Lawrence Peirson, *Memoir of Edward A. Holyoke* (Boston, 1829). Edward A. Holyoke (1728–1829) was a physician in Salem who died there at the age of one hundred years and eight months (DAB 9:85–86).

51. This was in preparation for the festival of Ch'ing Ming which occurs annually around April 5 when the tombs are swept (*sac mu*) and respect is paid to ancestors.

52. The *Canton Register*, the first English periodical in China, was begun November 8, 1827, by William W. Wood and Alexander Matheson. After the first four issues, Wood resigned as editor over the question of admitting articles critical of the East India Company in India. It was printed twice a month, much of the time at No. 3 Creek Hong in the offices of the Mathesons. The last issue appeared at the close of 1842 when it became the *Hong Kong Register*. The subscription for both the *Register* and the "Price Current" was \$12 annually.

53. The Misericordia, a charitable institution which had counterparts in Goa and other Portuguese settlements, is said to have been established at Macao in 1596. Prior to 1821 it ministered solely to indigent or unfortunate Portuguese. Thereafter this restriction was relaxed. Children of mixed western and native parentage often found refuge in this institution. For a brief account of the brotherhood which founded these asylums see Charles Ralph Boxer, *Fidalgos in the Far East, 1550–1770; Fact and Fancy in the History of Macao* (The Hague: M. Nijhoff, 1948), 217–20.

54. William Coffin Little (1796–1839) of Kennebunk, Maine was captain of the American brig *Diana*, which arrived from the Sandwich Islands on April 7, 1830, and sailed to those islands on June 27. After a shipwreck in the Indian Ocean in 1824, he had taken command of the *Diana*, which sailed between Canton and the coast of Mexico via the Sandwich Islands. When in command of the ship *Griffin*, in the same trade, Captain Little was wrecked in the harbor of Mazatlan, Mexico, going down after every other person was saved, but before help could reach him (George T. Little, *The Descendants of George Little, Who Came to Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1640* [Auburn, Me.: the author, 1882]).

55. Probably Sarah Lang Richardson of Salem, who was eighteen years old in 1827, and who married John C. Dodge on June 13, 1839 (*Vital Records of Salem* 2:237).

56. Don Gabriel de Yuereta Goyena (usually referred to as Don Gabriel) of the Spanish Factory was in Macao at least by 1826. He generally entered a horse in the Macao races.

57. Robert Edes, formerly captain of the *Milo*, was master of the ship *New England*, which arrived March 23 and sailed for Boston May 15.

58. Jennings was master of the American brig *Lancaster* which arrived from San Blas on April 18 and sailed April 25. He had been in China previously in July, 1828; a third voyage brought him back in December, 1832.

59. William Durant (d. 1838, age thirty-four) was master of the British country ship *Good Success*, known mainly as a carrier of opium for Jardine, Matheson and Company.

60. James Esdale, sometimes spelled Esdall, was master of the American ship *New Jersey*.

61. For a contemporary description of Temple A-Ma at the foot of Penha Hill see Wood, *Sketches of China*, 29–30. The temple exists virtually unchanged today.

62. The *Forbes* (Capt. Andrew Henderson) was the first steamship to go to China. This ship of 302 tons was launched at Kidderpore, New Howrah Dockyard, January 21, 1829, having two sixty-horsepower engines and a copper boiler. Belonging to Mackintosh and Company, Calcutta, she was especially built to carry goods, chiefly opium, to Canton in the off-season when the northeast monsoon made sailing difficult. She left Calcutta on March 14, 1830, but in latitude 41 north ran out of coal and had to proceed the remainder of the way by her own sails, reaching Lintin on April 19 (William Herbert Coates, *The Old 'Country Trade' of the East Indies* [London: Imray, Laurie, Norie and Wilson, 1911], 113–16).

63. [James Fenimore Cooper], *Notions of the Americans: Picked up by a Travelling Bachelor* (London: Henry Colburn, 1828). The first London edition was published anonymously.

64. The Lappa, also known as Patera or Priests Island, and to the Chinese as Wan-tzu, or Tui-mien-shan, is a small island, about fifteen to nineteen miles in circumference, opposite Macao, forming the western side of the inner harbor. It was a favorite resort of Macao pedestrians.

65. John Phillips was master of the opium receiving ship, *Thomas Scattergood*, at Lintin. Though bearing an honored Quaker name, this ship had at this time no connection with the Scattergood family. She was bought in 1828 at a U.S. Marshall's sale, jointly by B. C. Wilcocks and Captain Phillips for \$4,800. After extensive repairs she was dispatched to China.

66. These races are described in the *Canton Register*, 15 June 1830. On the first day (Thursday, May 6), "The threatening aspect of the Heavens, however, deprived the Course of one of its greatest attractions—the Ladies were absent." On the second race day, May 20, the "sporting men" after an "elegant tiffin . . . adjourned to the Course, which was graced by the presence of several Ladies. The high wind was somewhat inconvenient to them; in every other respect the weather was delightful, being cool, without sun or rain."

67. A punkah is a large cloth-covered frame suspended over a table. A servant in an adjoining room swings the punkah by pulling an attached rope, thus circulating the air.

68. The reference is to Dr. Benjamin Cox of Salem, who accidentally fell out of his chair.

69. Sarah Ann Knapp (b. 1815), of Salem, was a younger sister of Harriett's aunt, Abigail Knapp Low.

70. Joseph Henry was an English merchant at Canton—at this time, it appears, with Ilberry, Fearon and Company. In 1839 he was Dent and Company's bookkeeper, having then been in Canton twelve years.

71. William H. Low feared that Harriett was too much interested in

Ammidon as a possible suitor and cautioned her about having too many beaux. Low's initial distrust of Philip Ammidon turned into active dislike. By early 1831 he was seeking ways to get rid of a clerk whom he described as "useless lumber" or the even more derogatory term of "Fillup" (Low to Samuel Russell, April 16, 1831; April 25, 1831; May 8, 1831, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers). Low's dislike of young Ammidon coincided with (and may have been influenced by) the bitter split between Samuel Russell and Philip Ammidon, Sr. in which the latter partner was forced out of Russell and Company on January 1, 1831 (Samuel Russell to Philip Ammidon, January 8, 1831, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers).

72. Oliver H. Gordon was in Canton as agent of Thomas H. Smith of New York when W. C. Hunter arrived there in 1825. Later he was connected with Russell and Company. In 1837 he was associated with W. R. Talbot in the firm of Gordon and Talbot at No. 3 American Hong, his wife and family residing at Macao. Harriett also dubbed him the "Duke of Gordon" and "Gaffer." For a more mercenary opinion of Gordon, see vol. 4, June 3, 1832.

73. Joaquin Ybar was the last agent of the Spanish factory at Canton, an establishment that closed in 1832 when Ybar left China on November 19 on the HCS *Orwell* to return to Europe. During his ten years in China he also acted as business agent for Antonio Pereira at Macao—renting out his properties, looking after his opium transactions. Harriett gives a spirited account of Ybar in her entry for June 1, 1832 (vol. 4). She also read Spanish with him.

74. Jabez Jenkins, a Quaker merchant from Philadelphia, was in Canton at least by 1828. On December 20, 1830, he became co-partner with Joseph Archer of Nathan Dunn and Company. Writing to J. R. Latimer in Canton in September 1830, William A. Smith of Philadelphia remarked, "Jabez Jenkins, phoebus what a name for a partner in a Canton house" (Box 7, Folder 59, Latimer Papers, LC). Jenkins and Archer continued in business at Nathan Dunn and Company until Jenkins severed his connection with the firm on February 1, 1834.

75. John Russell Reeves (1804–77), son of John Reeves, the naturalist mentioned earlier in this journal (vol. 1, n. 136), arrived in Canton in 1827 as assistant inspector of teas for the East India Company. In January 1831, he succeeded his father as inspector and like his father continued to collect plants and fish specimens (now in the British Museum), to be sent to England. On July 1, 1836, he entered the employ of Dent and Company. In 1839 he married his cousin Elizabeth Conway (Whitehead, "The Reeves Collection," 195–96).

76. Wife of Capt. John Crockett (1786–1837) of the British ship *Charlotte* from Bombay. She had a daughter born to her at Macao, October 21, 1830, who died at Lintin in 1835. In 1831 and 1833, Captain Crockett was in charge of Dent and Company's opium receiving ship, *Jane*, at Lintin. At his death he left a wife and five children. Burial was at Macao.

77. John Jackson was at this time secretary of the Company's Select



Committee. In 1826 he was assistant tea taster to John Reeves. From January 8, 1834, till the monopoly ended on the following April 22, he was a full member of the Committee. In 1844, and possibly later, he was with Jardine, Matheson and Company at Hong Kong.

78. *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane*, trans. from the French of Le Sage by Thomas Smollet (New York: S. Marks, 1827).

79. Wife of Capt. Robert Wemyss, who in 1829 was master of the *Sulimany* and later of the *Bombay Castle*.

80. John Robert Morrison (1814–43) arrived June 16 with his sister Mary Rebecca in the British ship, *Fort William* (Capt. James Neish). Born at Macao, he lived during part of his youth with an uncle, James Morrison, in Scotland. Writing to the London Missionary Society in November 1826, his father said, “Johnny is in Canton with me, learning Chinese.” In September 1830, he wrote again, “My son is now here with me, and is a constant student of Chinese. Although only sixteen years of age, he has been appointed Chinese Translator to the British Merchants in Canton.” He was described as “small in person, with a youthful appearance, coupled with great maturity of mind, and possessed rare accuracy of knowledge on a greater variety of subjects than come within the range of ordinary minds” (William Dean, *The China Mission. Embracing a History of the Various Missions of All Denominations Among the Chinese* [New York: Sheldon and Co., 1859], 349). In December, 1832, he went as interpreter in the USS *Peacock* on the first American diplomatic mission to Cochin China and Siam. At the time of his death, which was characterized by Sir Henry Pottinger as “a positive national calamity,” he was acting colonial secretary at Hong Kong (DNB 13:1009).

81. Nathan Dunn (1792–1844), a native of New Jersey, a member of Piles Grove Monthly Meeting (Quaker), transferred his membership in 1802 to Philadelphia where he engaged in business. On November 28, 1816, he was disowned by the Philadelphia Monthly Meeting—for inability, it is said, to repay certain debts and favoring some creditors above others. Nonetheless he always regarded himself as a Friend, and upon his return to Philadelphia in 1831, after a residence in China of twelve years, repaid his creditors in full with interest (Matthew C. Ralston to John R. Latimer, August 3, 1832, Box 9, Folder 82, Latimer Papers, LC). He left Jabez Jenkins and Joseph Archer in charge of his Canton house, but relinquished all interest in it on May 31, 1833. In 1836 he was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and on December 22, 1838, opened at the corner of Ninth and George (now Samson) Streets a Chinese Museum, the first in the country to afford a visual education on all aspects of Chinese life. Many of the objects he collected during his stay in China; others were assembled and sent to him by his Canton friend, W. W. Wood. In 1842, the exhibit was moved to St. George’s Place and Hyde Park Corner, London, and there, on June 18, Dunn escorted Queen Victoria and Prince Albert through it. He built for himself a mansion at Mt. Holly, N.J.. He died in Vevey, Switzerland; his remains were transferred to Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, which he had helped found (Arthur Hummel, “Nathan Dunn,” *Quaker History* 59 (1970):34–39).



82. The deceased sister is probably Mary Ann Gray, daughter of James and Elizabeth Gray of Salem, who died November 23, 1829, age twenty.

83. James Boswell, *The Life of Samuel Johnson LLD* (London: H. Baldwin, 1791).

84. Frederick William Macondray (1803–83), of Raynham, Mass., went to sea at the age of ten as a ship's boy, rising through the ranks to become by age twenty-one a ship's master in the China trade. When Robert B. Forbes left China in April, 1832, Macondray took charge of Forbes's opium receiving ship, *Lintin*, at the island of Lintin, eighteen miles from Macao, for an annual salary of \$8000. With a small fortune made in the opium trade, he returned to the U.S. in 1839. The gold rush in California in 1849 brought him to San Francisco where he established a highly successful trading firm, Macondray and Company, that evolved into one of the first banks in California. He was a civic leader in San Francisco, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and had a local reputation for hospitality and virtue (Jacques Downs, "Captain Frederick W. Macondray 1803–83," MS).

85. Elijah Coleman Bridgman recorded in his journal: "22d. Yesterday, at 1 o'clock P. M. Messrs Abeel, King and myself, arrived here (Macao), 22 hours from Canton" (*Life*, 50).

86. Captain William Clifton designed and sailed from Calcutta the first opium clipper, *Red Rover* (255 tons), which "set the north-east monsoon at defiance" by regularly making three round-trips a year between Calcutta and Macao instead of the usual one (Hunter, '*Fan Kwae*', 94). She made a record voyage against the monsoon by arriving at Macao from Calcutta on February 6, 1831, in thirty-nine days. In 1832, the *Red Rover* reached Macao on February 28, June 5, and October 6. Harriett characterized Clifton as a "droll creature" who was "5 ft. 2 just my height," fond of telling stories (vol. 6, July 5, 1833). However Clifton's honesty in praising his sailing rivals is evident in his account of the race with the *Falcon* (see n. 46 above).

87. The *Canton Register* twice spells the name Jeafferson. He arrived July 25 in HCS *Thomas Coutts*, and sailed on November 20 in the *Pascoa*.

88. Elijah Bridgman has a long citation from his diary for this day which gives Morrison's text as 1 Corinthians 5:7–8, with an outline of the sermon (*Life*, 50).

89. An elaborate pipe in which a mixture of tobacco, molasses, spice, etc. was smoked through water. The servant who looked after it for his master was called hooka-burdar or hooka-bearer.

90. Letters were detained if the captain thought a rival company might gain some advantage by their immediate release. An example of this policy follows in a letter of a Philadelphia merchant to J. R. Latimer at Canton: "I have directed Capt'n [John M.] Whitall [of the *New Jersey*] to stop at Lintin and send up your dispatches and there wait your orders and not deliver to any Person a Single paper or Letter untill you direct him to do so. These orders have been given that you may have time to operate in the Market before others can interfere—everything like Letters, News Papers, Tracts, Pamphlets, Bibles, Testaments, Maps, Charts, Almanacks, Literary Works,

and other productions either natural or artfull have been placed in a Bag and that Sealed will be held on board subject to your order which I trust will not be opened to my prejudice" (Whitton Evans to J.R. Latimer, July 20, 1827, Box 1, Latimer papers, LC).

91. James Canning, after some years as butler, was the chief steward of the East India Company at Canton. His sudden death at age forty-eight is recorded by Harriett in vol. 4, April 28, 1832.

92. Joseph White (1748–1830), a well-known merchant of Salem, was murdered in his bed on April 6, 1830, by an unknown intruder. To Abigail Knapp Low's horror, she later learned that two of the four men accused of the murder were her younger brothers: John Francis (Frank) Knapp (age nineteen) and Joseph J. Knapp, Jr. (age twenty-six). Joseph J. Knapp, Jr. was son-in-law to White's niece, Mary Beckford—White's housekeeper and one of his two heirs. With the mistaken idea of improving his mother-in-law's chance to inherit \$100,000 if White were to die intestate, Joseph Knapp conspired with his brother Frank and with George and Richard Crownshield to steal his will and murder White. A petty thief overheard the conspirators in a tavern and attempted to blackmail the brothers. His letter demanding money went by mistake to Joseph J. Knapp, Sr. who turned it over to the police. The blackmailer was arrested and on his evidence the Knapp brothers and the Crownshields were indicted. While in jail Joseph Knapp was tricked into giving a full confession by his minister. Using this illegal confession and Joseph's refusal to testify even though offered immunity, the prosecutor, Senator Daniel Webster, was able to convince the jury that Frank Knapp was the murderer although he was actually at home in bed at the time of the murder. Sentenced to death, Frank was hanged on September 28, 1830. Joseph was tried as an accessory, convicted, and hanged on December 31. The third offender and actual murderer, Richard Crownshield of Danvers, had committed suicide in jail on June 15, 1830, to avoid having to testify against his brother George, who was later acquitted (Walker Lewis, ed., *Speak for Yourself Daniel: A Life of Webster in His Own Words* [Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1969], 223–42).

93. George Payne Rainsford James, *Darnley; or, the Field of the Cloth of Gold* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830).

94. For another account of these religious festivities "in the Campo, at Waterlily Creek," see *Canton Register*, 6 September 1830.

95. His ship, the *Bombay Castle*, reached Macao July 26 and sailed October 28.

96. Reverend David Abeel made note of his sermon at Dr. Robert Morrison's house on August 8, 1830: "The attendance much exceeded expectation, though it was something of a novelty—probably the first Protestant preaching ever attended on the Lord's day evening, in the Empire of China" (*Journal of a Residence in China*, 113).

97. John Perkins Cushing (1787–1862), a native of Boston, first went to China in 1803 at the age of sixteen, for the house of Perkins and Company. He left China in the *Milo* (Capt. Robert Edes) on April 10, 1828, but unable

to adjust to life in America returned to China in the *Bashaw* (Capt. Charles Pearson) on August 24, 1830. On this trip he remained at Canton only six months, sailing home with Samuel Russell in the same ship, the following March 7. Upon his return to Boston, Cushing married Mary Louise Gardiner, daughter of the rector of Trinity Church, Boston. He built a mansion in Boston, staffed with Chinese servants, and an estate in Watertown. A multi-millionaire, he was highly regarded for his philanthropy. See Harriett's entry for December 1, 1833, vol. 8, and biographical sketch in *DAB* 4:630–31.

98. These are sermons sixteen and seventeen in *Sermons by the Late Samuel C. Thacher*. The text for the former was 1 Corinthians 10:12; for the latter Ecclesiastes 7:29.

99. Cabarita or Cabrita is the easternmost point of the small island of Taipa or Typa immediately south of Macao. The Chinese name is Chicken Neck Point (in the Peking dialect *Chi-ching-t'ou*; in Cantonese, *Kai-king-t'ao*).

100. Russell Sturgis (1805–87), a nephew of Uncle Jem (James P. Sturgis), was born in Boston, was a classmate of Emerson at Harvard, and visited Coleridge at Highgate in London in 1828. After being with Russell and Sturgis at Manila and Canton, he joined Russell and Company at Canton in January, 1842, but retired in December, 1843. After 1849 he was with Baring Brothers in London, later becoming senior partner (Julian Sturgis, *From Books and Papers of Russell Sturgis* [Oxford: The University Press, 1893]).

101. Samuel Parkman Sturgis (1808–77) was the third child of Nathaniel Russell Sturgis and Susan Parkman. He was the brother of Russell and of Henry Parkman Sturgis. For Harriett's change of opinion about S.P. Sturgis, see vol. 5, January 19, 1833. For his eccentricities, as a bachelor, and his confused old age, see Santayana, *Persons and Places*, 63–65.

102. Other merchants were relying on the "firmness of the Americans" to defy the Viceroy's order for all foreign women to leave. But William H. Low and Samuel Russell could not put principle before money when the Viceroy "threatens to stop the shipping off of a cargo to two American ships at Whampoa, consigned to Messrs Russell & Co, in which Firm Mr. Low, the husband of Mrs. Low, is a partner." Always before Russell and Company had said, "send Mrs. Baynes away and the American Ladies will immediately follow." At that time there were only American ships waiting to load at Whampoa and the Chinese had the leverage to force Harriett and Abigail Low out of Canton (William Jardine to H. Magniac, November 16, 1830, C4/1, Jardine Matheson Archives).

103. Charles Marjoribanks (pronounced Marchbanks) succeeded William Baynes in November, 1830, as president of the Company's Select Committee, but owing to ill health was obliged to return home January 19, 1832. After attending Old Haileybury College (1811–12), he went out to China as a junior writer in 1813. He took an active interest in the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca. Robert Morrison named a son after him, and characterized him as "a gentleman of high intellectual attainments and enlightened principles" (*Memoirs* 2:59).

104. When William Baynes, backed by Charles Millett and James Bannerman of the Select Committee (and most of the independent English merchants at Canton), halted trade with the Chinese as a means to gain more favorable trading conditions, he went too far for the more conservative East India Company in London. His insistence on bringing his wife to Canton, followed by other merchants, added more fuel to the dispute. Baynes was summarily dismissed for attempting economic sanctions on a trade which was essential for the survival of the empire in India (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:234–42).

105. J. R. Latimer described the pampered existence of Canton traders: “I find the heavy complaints of all who go home [John P. Cushing and B. C. Wilcocks had recently left] are about the servants. This is an evil, thanks to our mother, I can remedy [when I go home] by waiting on myself. We have certainly the best servants in the world and any man who gives way to indulgence here much, afterwards becomes very helpless. I do not know if I ever told you of some of the minute attentions of Chinese servants. I will name a few: in the morning the first thing is to bring fresh water for washing—the clothes laid out on a couch, the heels of the stockings turned, shoes placed in front of the couch and a shoeing horn by their side—this before we rise. He then waits within call to remove the mosquito curtains, never leaves the house for a moment during the whole day, always within call, and very attentive, serving with cheerful alacrity. These with many other little domestic comforts will be missed [at home]” (J. R. Latimer to Mary Latimer, March 28, 1831, Box 1, Latimer Papers, LC).

106. Other interesting details of Harriett’s visit to Canton are given in Hunter, ‘*Fan Kwae*’, 119–21. Evidently it was a strain on the many traders to entertain ladies. “While returning from Jackass Point [where they said goodbye] an inveterate bachelor said, ‘I hope we shall never be bothered with ladies in Canton again!’ but he was a notoriously crusty old fellow.”

107. At this “splendid dinner,” reported in the *Canton Register* ten days later, J. R. Latimer responded to the toast, “Prosperity to the United States of America.” Health was also drunk to John Reeves and Nathan Dunn on their approaching departures.

### Notes to Volume III

1. Samuel Russell and John P. Cushing left China for New York in the *Bashaw* (Capt. Charles Pearson) on March 7, 1831.

2. Abigail K. Low kept an intermittent diary from June 28, 1829 until October 1, recording primarily progress in the voyage and the weather without the personal details of life on board ship that Harriett included.

3. William W. Wood, born in Philadelphia (ca. 1804), was the son of two celebrated actors, William Burke Wood (1779–1861) and Juliana Westray Wood (d. 1836). A talented artist and member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, Wood had spent his youth in the heady atmosphere surrounding Charles Wilson Peale’s Museum, learning to sketch,



collect natural specimens, operate a press and a magic lantern slide show (the beginning of a life-long interest in photography). In 1825, Wood joined Titian Peale and Charles A. Le Sueur as the main illustrator of vol. 2 of Thomas Say's, *American Entomology* (Philadelphia: Philadelphia Museum, 1825). After serving as manager of the Baltimore Museum established by Reubens Peale, Wood sailed to China in 1826 to seek his fortune in the China trade. While in Canton he founded with Alexander Matheson in 1827 the first English-language newspaper, *The Canton Register*, and served as its editor until fired after four issues in a dispute over censorship. Wood returned to Philadelphia in late 1829, turned his notes on China into *Sketches of China: With Illustrations from Original Drawings* (Philadelphia: Carey & Lea, 1830), but found little success. He went back to China with Joseph Archer, a Philadelphia merchant, to start a new trading house and carried with him commissions from the Academy of Natural Sciences to collect natural specimens from Australia and China. He arrived at Macao on the *Fanny* (Capt. J. E. Engle) on February 12, 1831.

4. John Francis Davis (1795–1890) attended Old Haileybury College in 1811–12, and entered the East India Company's establishment at Canton in 1813 as writer. In 1822 he married Emily Humfrays, the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel. Davis was a serious scholar of Chinese literature and his published work included *Chinese Novels Translated from the Originals* (1822) and *The Chinese: A General Description of China and its Inhabitants* (London, 1836). In 1832 Davis became president of the Select Committee of the East India Company, served as joint commissioner in China with Lord Napier in 1834, and became the first governor of Hong Kong (1844–48). He was created a baronet in 1845 (*DNB*, Supplement, 1909:543).

5. Matthew Daniell was a younger brother of J. F. N. Daniell. For other comments about him see entry for April 6, 1831.

6. William Haylett was a private English merchant at Canton.

7. William Hollingworth, cousin to Hollingworth Magniac, was taken on as clerk by William Jardine in 1827 when Magniac returned home. By early 1831 Jardine characterized Hollingworth as idle, working scarcely four hours a day. Jardine refused to admit him as partner and urged his senior partner Magniac to remain in the company a year longer to provide for Hollingworth and his family without lessening Magniac's fortune (William Jardine to H. Magniac, January 17, 1831, B2, P89, Jardine Matheson Archives).

8. *Albion, or, British, Colonial and Weekly Gazette*, a Saturday weekly published in New York from 1822–77.

9. After nearly thirty years in China, the old China hand, John P. Cushing, had great difficulty in adjusting to life in Boston. John R. Latimer, writing to his sister Mary from Canton shortly after Cushing sailed, remarked: "Mr. Cushing, after twenty years' residence returned home—his only sister did not know him, nor he recognize her; the death of his partner here obliged him to return . . . During his short stay this season I often talked to him about America—it was no home to him, his habits had become so fixed that China was to him a home. He most feelingly remarked to all his



acquaintance never to be absent more than ten years at a time or they would, like him, lose all relish for home. Here is a man of princely fortune, liberal of his money, always doing the most charitable acts. His munificence obtained him in Boston the name of the Emperor from China and with all this, he could not feel at home there. His native town was so changed that he lost himself in its streets" (March 8, 1831, Box 1, Latimer Papers, LC).

10. The *Literary Souvenir*, an annual first published in London in 1824, containing prose and poetry of famous authors and illustrated with steel engravings. Annuals, published during the 1820s and 30s, were more distinguished by their design and reproduction (beautifully bound in silk or morocco leather) than their contents (Alison Adburgham, *Women in Print* [London: George Allen and Unwin, 1972], 236–40).

11. Capt. Charles Millet (b. 1793) arrived in the American ship *Clay* on March 18. According to *Salem Vital Records*, Sarah Archer was born in 1809 and married Millet in 1824.

12. *The Remains of Henry Kirke White, . . . With an Account of His Life by Robert Southey* (Philadelphia: J. and A.Y. Humphreys, 1811). The slim volume of poetry and hymns left by the young Cambridge scholar, Henry Kirke White (1785–1806), emphasized his longing to escape from the world by death. Melancholy themes were voiced in such poems as "To Consumption," and "The Lullaby of a Female Convict to her Child, the Night Previous to Execution."

13. Robert Bennet Forbes (1804–89), a native of Jamaica Plain near Boston, sailed for China at the age of thirteen in one of the ships of his uncles, James and Thomas H. Perkins. He was a first cousin of J. P. Cushing, and a brother of John Murray Forbes, and of Thomas T. Forbes, who was drowned at Macao in 1829. When Harriett met him, the Perkins's firm had merged with Russell and Company, and Forbes was in charge of their storeship, the *Lintin*, at the island of Lintin. He became head of the firm in 1839, retired in 1844, but retained some interest in it until 1857. He left many writings, of which the most interesting is *Personal Reminiscences*, 3d ed. (Boston, 1892). See biographical sketch in *DAB* 6:508–09.

14. Maria Jane Jewsbury, *Letters Addressed to Her Young Friends* (Boston: Perkins and Marvin, 1829).

15. Claire de Duras, *Edouard, par l'auteur d'Ourika* (Paris: Ladvocat, 1825).

16. Mingqua's family name was P'an, and his firm's name wa Chung-ho. W. C. Hunter found him "remarkable for his polished manners, the invariable neatness of his appearance, his beautiful hands, and a liking for the society of foreigners" (*Bits of Old China*, 45).

17. Joseph Bonfanti kept a variety store which was a great favorite with women shoppers in New York. It was situated at 279 Broadway, nearly opposite the Common, now City Hall Park.

18. François Auguste René Chateaubriand, *Memoirs, Letters, and Authentic Details Relating to the Life and Death of H.R.H. Charles Ferdinand, Duke de Berry*, trans. from the French (London, 1821).

19. Rev. William Vickers of Sherborne Lane, London, *Companion to the Altar, Showing the Nature and Necessity of a Sacramental Preparation in Order to Our Worthy Receiving the Holy Communion* (Edinburgh: Kincaid, 1772).

20. Sir George Pretyma Tomline, *Elements of Christian Theology* . . . (London: Cadell and Davis, 1804).

21. *Les gens comme il faut et les petites gens; ou, Aventures d'Auguste Minard* (Paris: Baudouin frères, 1826).

22. This ship of fifty-four tons, with accommodation for six passengers, was built by Robert Edwards for the passage between Macao and Canton.

23. Captain Kierulf was commander of the Danish brig *Norman*. His wife's brief visit of a week in Canton—contrary to regulations—was censured in a mandate issued by the Viceroy May 16, 1831 (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:285).

24. The Kingdom of the Netherlands, formed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to unite Holland and Belgium under the rule of William I (former Prince of Orange), broke apart when Belgian liberals and workers, inspired by the July revolution in France, revolted against William I in October 1830. The Dutch attacked Belgium to overturn its proclamation of independence. Britain and France intervened to protect Belgium and on December 20, 1830, declared the Kingdom of the Netherlands dissolved. Boundary disputes continued between the two countries until 1839 (William L. Langer, ed., *An Encyclopedia of World History* [Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1952], 622). The reference to King Ferdinand is Ferdinand VII of Spain and the heir was Isabella II, born October 10, 1830, to his fourth wife Maria Christina of Naples.

25. The letters concern the hanging of Frank and Joseph J. Knapp, Jr., brothers of Abigail Knapp Low, for the murder of Joseph White of Salem.

26. James Mackintosh, *The History of England* (London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green, 1830).

27. Jean Baptiste Masillon, *Sermons by John-Baptist Massillon* (London: W. Baynes, 1826). This edition contained the author's sermons in French and English.

28. The Protestant burying ground was purchased in 1821 by a committee of the English factory; and Mary Morton Morrison, Dr. Robert Morrison's first wife, was the first to be buried there. See Lindsay and May Ride, *An East India Company Cemetery: Protestant Burials in Macao*, ed. Bernard Mellor (Hong Kong: Hong Kong University Press, 1995) for list of British and Americans interred in this cemetery.

29. "ole Mrs" is English for *Lao T'ai-t'ai*, a term of respect for the older married women of a household.

30. Only five issues of this monthly appeared—printed at the Company's press in Macao, bound in silk, and sold at \$2.00 a copy. All articles were anonymous (Roswell S. Britton, *The Chinese Periodical Press, 1800–1912* [Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, 1933]).

31. Robert Hugh Inglis, in a long testimony on May 7, 1840, before the British Commons' Select Committee on China Trade, stated that he went to Canton in 1823 and quit it on May 30, 1839. During his first years

there he was employed by the East India Company with a grant to study the Chinese language. He was given leave to make a trip to New South Wales, but upon his return in April 1825, joined Dent's private firm in the opium trade, much to the displeasure of the Company. He contributed often to the *Chinese Repository*. For further description of Inglis, see Harriett's entry in vol. 5, December 10 [11], 1832.

32. Nathaniel Knapp, a young lawyer just out of Harvard, had been deeply involved in his brother's defense but had been unable to prevent the use of Joseph's confession, illegally obtained by Rev. Henry Colman. His parents were made bankrupt by the trial, his law practice was destroyed, and he had to relocate to Marblehead, Mass. to try to start over.

33. On November 16, 1830, Wellington resigned, and King William IV commissioned Lord Grey to form a ministry and Lord Palmerston became foreign secretary. The rumors of war referred to the ongoing dispute between Holland and Belgium that threatened to disrupt European peace.

34. The *Fu-yuan*, or governor of the province, at this time was Chu Kuei-chen (1767–1839). At seven a.m. on May 12, 1831, he entered the public hall of the Company's factory, together with Chung-hsiang, the maritime custom's inspector (Hoppon), ordered the covering of King George IV's portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence taken away, and seated himself with his back toward it. At the same time he ordered the removal of forty yards of made land extending into the Pearl River from the factory—land which afforded a pier to deeper water for boats of heavier draft. For memorials on the subject by the viceroy, Li Hung-pin (*chin-shih* of 1801), and for official letters of the Company signed by Lindsay and by Hudleston see *Canton Register*, May and June, 1831.

35. Harriett's pet name for Nathaniel Knapp of Salem was Natty Bumpo after James Fenimore Cooper's hero in the *Leatherstocking Tales*. *The Spy* was a popular novel by Cooper.

36. The charter giving the East India Company a monopoly of trade in China was abolished by act of Parliament August 28, 1833; it took effect in China the following April 22.

37. Members of the Select Committee sent Hugh Lindsay to Canton to protest the destruction of the garden and pier in front of the East India Company's factory. When both governor and viceroy declined to receive any protest from the British, the Select Committee printed a notice in Chinese and put it up in public places in Canton. They threatened not to renew trade with the Chinese on August 1, 1831, unless their protests were acted on (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:278–84).

38. A chop-boat was one having a special license or clearance to permit going, in this instance, by the "inside passage," thus entering the Pearl River about a half mile west of the factories. W. C. Hunter estimated the distance from Macao, by this route, as about 120 miles (*Fan Kwae*, 82).

39. George P. R. James, *De L'orme* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830).

40. The Chinese Viceroy justified his tightening of restrictions on foreign

merchants in Canton by pointing out that while they were no longer boycotting trade and had sent their women back to Macao, “still the disposition of Barbarians being deceitful and crafty, it is absolutely necessary to carry into effect with severity the inhibitory orders and to strengthen the guards against them” (Viceroy’s edict of May 12, 1831 [Morse, *Chronicles* 4:294]).

41. Maximilien de Bethune, duc de Sully, *Mémoires du duc de Sully*, (Paris: E. Le doux, 1827).

42. A painting of this description can be found in Conner, *George Chinnery*, 225.

43. Dr. John Jennison Jr. was a young physician of Northampton, Mass. R.B. Forbes states, “I imagined that my liver was affected, and it was with the intention of utilizing Dr. J. that I invited him to go to China and seek his fortune” (*Reminiscences*, 134). Jennison found the Canton merchants well served by Dr. James Bradford and felt that he could not compete in so small a place without causing bad feelings (John Jennison to R.B. Forbes, December, 1830, “Forbes, Robert Bennett, Letters to, 1830–1844,” Forbes Family Business Records, Baker Library, Harvard Business School, Boston, Mass.). Jennison moved on to Mexico where he later died.

44. John Murray Forbes (1813–98), brother of Robert Bennet Forbes, arrived in China on the ship *Lintin* (with his brother and Augustine Heard) on November 17, 1830. After a term as clerk with Russell and Company, he was forced by poor health in 1833 to return to Milton, Mass. (accompanied by his Chinese servant Apee) aboard the ship *Alert* (Capt. J.W. Sever). Upon being made a partner in Russell and Company on January 1, 1834, he left for Canton on March 7 in the *Logan* (Capt. Henry Bancroft), taking his Chinese servant back with him. He continued in the firm through 1838. For his later career as a financier of several railroads, see DAB 6:507–09.

45. Jeremiah Joyce, *Scientific Dialogues Intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young People, in Which the First Principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy Are Fully Explained*, 6 vols. (London: J. Johnson, 1805–21).

46. Sophie Cottin, *Mathilde, ou, Mémoires tirés de l’histoire des croisades* (Paris: Giguët et Michaud, 1805).

47. Under the same date, E. C. Bridgman wrote in his journal, “In company with the gentlemen with whom I have resided ever since I have been in China, we reached Macao early this morning, having been two days and three nights on our passage from Canton” (*Life*, 62).

48. Allen Putnam (1793–1868) of Salem was master of the American ship *Italy*, which arrived on June 14 and sailed for Philadelphia August 8, 1831. He married Eliza Page (1794–1864) of Danvers in 1813. His portrait, painted by Charles Osgood in 1828, is in the Peabody Essex Museum, Salem.

49. Rev. Vachell had reconciled himself to Harriett’s lack of interest in his suit and once again resumed his normal social contacts with the Low family.

50. Germaine de Staël, *Delphine* (Paris: H. Nicolle, 1802).

51. Harriett was “bewitched” by the romantic ideals of an unconven-



tional, generous Delphine who falls in love with Leonce, a traditional man who, unable to accept her defiance of societal standards, marries Mathilde. The “morality” questioned by Harriett ensues when Leonce, still in love with Delphine, leaves his wife, persuades Delphine to break her vows as a nun and live in adultery with him. Only death by the suicide of Delphine and the execution of Leonce for betraying his country can atone for their breaking of society’s laws. For an excellent critique of *Delphine*, see Gretchen Rous Besser, *Germaine de Staël Revisited* (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1994).

52. The camera obscura, or “dark chamber,” was a device used by artists since the seventeenth century to record a literal image of a scene that they wanted to draw. A box pierced by a small hole is placed directly opposite the subject. Light from the subject enters the hole and its image is projected upside down on the far side of the box. When a lens is placed between the hole and the back projection, the image appears right side up and can be easily copied. Two hundred years later chemically treated paper recorded the image of the camera obscura and photography was born (“Of Pinpoints and Cameras,” *New York Times*, 14 January, 1996). W. W. Wood had used the camera obscura in his work in Charles Wilson Peale’s Museum at Philadelphia and in his association with Reubens and Rembrandt Peale; he later became an accomplished photographer in Manila, sending to the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia in 1857 a collection of Daguerreotypes of views of Manila and portraits of natives (Charles Coleman Sellers, *Mr. Peale’s Museum* [New York: W.W. Norton and Co., 1980], 260; *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia* 9[1857]:vi).

53. By this date letters and newspapers giving details of the execution of Joseph J. Knapp, Jr. on December 31, 1830, the loss of the Knapp family home, and the disgrace of the whole family were more than Harriett or her aunt could bear.

54. Isaac M. Bull was agent in Canton of Edward Carrington and Company of Rhode Island. He continued in the China trade for several decades.

55. Sophie Cottin’s *Mathilde* is the romantic story of Mathilde, sister of Richard Coeur-de-Lion of England and novice nun, who is captured by Malek Adhel, brother of Saladin, when she is on her way to join her brother in the third crusade. Malek and Mathilde fall in love despite their differences of culture and religion. When Mathilde is ransomed, her brother insists that she marry Lusignan, King of Jerusalem. She refuses. Malek is captured but escapes and fights Lusignan for Mathilde. Just as he is winning he is struck from behind and mortally wounded. Mathilde finds him in the desert, converts him to Christianity, and with the help of a sympathetic priest, marries him before he dies. She buries his ashes at the monastery of Mt. Carmel and becomes a nun to be near her husband.

56. Charles Frederick Young attended Old Haileybury College in 1829, and served as writer in the Company’s factory 1831–34 with the understanding that he would devote a part of his time to a study of the Chinese language. He went later to India where in 1837–38 he was assistant secretary to the Board of Customs. He died at Calcutta March 19, 1838.



57. Rowland Allport was captain of the opium clipper *Lady Hayes*, belonging to Jardine, Matheson and Company.

58. Lady Sydney Owenson Morgan, *France* (London: H. Colburn, 1817). The book portrays French society of that day.

59. Germaine de Staël, *Corinne; ou, L'Italie*, 4th ed. (Paris: H. Nicolle, 1809).

60. William A. Sullivan of Boston. His grandfather, James Sullivan (1744–1808), was governor of Massachusetts in 1807–08, and his father, William Sullivan (1774–1839), was an able lawyer and writer. His mother was a daughter of James Swan (1754–1830), a financier of note and a friend of Lafayette (*DAB* 18:190–91; 199–200; 234). Despite his connections in Boston, young Sullivan could not persuade William H. Low to employ him at Russell and Company in Canton: “There is a Mr. Sullivan wants to help us but for my part I think poor boys are always best.” When Sullivan persisted, Low declared, “Gentlemen’s sons won’t work” (Low to S. Russell, August 4, 1831; October 26, 1831, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers).

61. “These *sam-pans*, as they are called, are short, broad boats, very flat, drawing but a few inches water, and *manned* by a brace of Chinese ladies! who are quite dexterous in managing them” (Wood, *Sketches of China*, 25).

62. Dionysius Lardner (1793–1859) was the editor of *The Cabinet Cyclopaedia* (London: Longman, Rees, 1830) of which volumes thirty-nine and forty are devoted to history.

63. The first issue of the *Chinese Courier* appeared July 28, 1831, “published weekly for 12 dollars per annum at No. 5 French hong,” with a motto on the masthead proclaiming William W. Wood’s intention to challenge the status quo in Canton: “Oh! printing, how has thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters” [Andrew Marvell]. Wood, who had been the first editor of the *Canton Register*, owned a press and in March had proposed issuing a weekly prices current sheet in direct competition to the *Register*, now dominated by the East India Company. He reasoned that if he could make “3 or 4 hundred dollars a year out of it, he would keep the press, & it might on some occasions be found convenient to have a free press” (W. H. Low to Samuel Russell, March 12, 1831, Reel 3, Container 4–5, Russell and Company Papers). The first prices current sheet had been issued by April and with strong subscription support by Russell and Company and other independent merchants, it evolved by July into the *Chinese Courier* with 120–30 subscribers.

64. In defending the *Chinese Courier* as a free press, William W. Wood contrasted it to a press (*Canton Register*) “crushed and hampered by a narrow policy, . . . perpetually hovering upon that boundary which it is forbidden to pass, and uttering in obscure hints, and disjointed insinuations, the prohibited topics, on which it dare not descant in less ambiguous language” (*Chinese Courier*, 28 July 1831). The Select Committee of the East India Company, headed by Charles Majoribanks, was criticized for allowing the Portuguese authorities in Macao to protest to the Chinese authorities the beating and robbery of Captain W. R. Lester while in a Portuguese boat proceeding

from Lintin to Macao instead of immediately intervening. “An imprisoned Hong-Merchant is an object of much solicitude, but a countryman, a gentleman, and an officer in their service is beaten and robbed without exciting their sympathy.” This criticism was taken personally by Marjoribanks and J.F. Davis and in the second issue of the *Courier* (4 August 1831), Wood made clear that his remarks were made about the Select Committee in its *public* capacity and in no way criticized the personal character of members of the Committee, who had been most helpful to Lester. Wood was very critical of the efforts of missionaries to convert the Chinese to Christianity and by implication attacked the work of Dr. Robert Morrison and the native pastors that Morrison had trained. “Such converts as have fallen under our own observation, were not only a disgrace to the Holy profession which they hypocritically assumed, but even to that of the untaught idolater” (*Courier*, 28 July 1831). Strong words in a period when Western missionaries could do no wrong.

65. Alonzo Ranlet was probably the son of another Aunt Abigail Low (1784–1872) whose first husband was Charles Ranlet.

66. Beaucaut was master of the Portuguese ship *Dom Manuel*, which arrived June 18 from Damaun. His wife’s later romantic adventures are recounted in the entry for July 12, 1833, vol. 6.

67. Rev. E. C. Bridgman wrote in a different mood the same day: “Last evening received letters, pamphlets, and papers giving numerous accounts of the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon the churches in my native country. It is truly inspiring, in this land of heathen darkness, to hear that God is visiting his people in great mercy, enlarging the border of Zion,—lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes” (*Life*, 64).

68. Harriett’s brother, William Henry Low II (1816–45), was the sixth child of Seth and Mary Porter Low. In 1839, he followed his brother A. A. Low to Canton to work for Russell and Company. He was caught there upon the outbreak of the Opium War and, while fleeing Canton in an open boat on the Pearl River, suffered a heat stroke which severely affected his health. In 1842 he married Ann Davison Bedell and journeyed with her to Macao where both had their portraits painted by George Chinnery in 1843. After a few months they returned to the United States where their son William Gilman Low was born on April 2, 1844, but Low’s health did not improve. Thinking a voyage would help, his brother A. A. Low sent him out to China as supercargo on the *Houqua*, arriving in Macao on September 5, 1844. On the return voyage in 1845, W. H. Low’s mind became affected and he committed suicide by jumping overboard. For his life and letters describing eyewitness accounts of the Opium War, see Loines, *China Trade Post-Bag*, 72–99.

69. Otto von Kotzebue, *A New Voyage Round the World, in the Years 1823, 24, 25 and 26* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830).

70. The Hon. Humphry B. Devereux (d. 1863), son of Lord Hereford, attended Old Haileybury College 1828–30 where he won many prizes. He was in the India service from 1830 until his death. His brother (listed in the *Canton Register* as R. N. Devereux) arrived in HCS *Marquis of Huntly* September 20. They both sailed for London November 17 in HCS *Lady Melville*.

71. These widows were the subject of some comment in letters to James Matheson, who had probably met them in Calcutta. His friends chided him for being ungallant in not coming down from Canton to pay his respects to “your widows.” The writer further sallied that since Canton business was not good, the ladies “are therefore considered by you a Drug not quite so interesting as your Canton one; the present assignment however is I believe considered of good quality and better packed than usual not in canvas but in weeds.” Evidently the wit had some effect in drawing Matheson to Macao where he called on the Lows (September 15, 1831) accompanied by Mrs. Frazer, one of the widows (H.T. Ravenshaw to James Matheson, 19 August, 1831, B 2, Private Macao, 85; George Best Robinson to James Matheson, 22 August 1831, B 2, Private Macao, 86, Jardine Matheson Archives).

72. James Fenimore Cooper, *The Water Witch, or The Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830).

73. One barrier was the wall separating the peninsula of Macao from Chinese territory; the other was Harriett herself.

74. The queen mother, Carlota Joaquina, inspirer of Portugal’s absolutist reaction, died January 7, 1830.

75. Wife of John C. Whiteman, British merchant and since October 1, 1829, head of the firm of Whiteman and Company at Canton. In her entry for January 30, 1833, vol. 5, Harriett wrote: “at this house you know all is harmony—perfect specimen of conjugal felicity.”

76. The last forty pages cover the daring rescue of Ludlow, captain of an English cruiser, by Thomas Tiller the freebooter captain of the *Water Witch*, whom Ludlow had been trying to capture for piracy.

77. John Shillaber (b. 1791), of Salem, Mass., was in 1814 a member of the Salem Light Infantry. In 1819 he worked for a time for the firm of A. L. Forrestier in Batavia, Java. On July 23, 1824, he received a recess appointment as consul in Batavia, which was confirmed by the U.S. Senate April 8, 1825. On September 10, 1832, he quit Batavia on leave—arriving in Macao the following December with his sister Caroline Matilda Shillaber (1812–80). He resigned his consul’s post June 10, 1835. In 1840 he was still in Canton with Jardine, Matheson and Company. He had a son, Theodore, who entered Harvard in 1834.

Caroline Shillaber, whom Harriett had known in Salem, married Dr. Thomas R. Colledge in Macao on March 18, 1833. In the 1840s, when she and Harriett were both living in England, they occasionally met—having one memorable visit together in Scotland. Three sons of the Colledges died in Macao, but three other children reached maturity. Caroline Colledge died in Cheltenham, England, on January 6, 1880, a few months after her husband.

78. In the third issue of the *Chinese Courier* (11 August 1831), Wood directly criticized the Select Committee for issuing an ultimatum to the Chinese (after the insult to George IV’s portrait and the destruction of the Company’s garden) that trade would be stopped August 1 unless a favorable settlement of their grievances was made and then promptly rescinding the ultimatum on June 10, 1831. Wood asked: “Are the interests of the

Monopoly [East India Company] so secure in England, that its agents here can afford to trifle in this manner? for trifling it is." With support of the Company faltering in England, . . . "this 'Commercial monster' can ill endure that its own servants should add to the perplexities and dangers which encompass it." The best description of Wood's political and economic views can be found in Paul G. Pickowicz, "William Wood in Canton: A Critique of the China Trade Before the Opium War," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107(1971):3–32.

79. Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, *Destiny; or, The Chief's Daughter*, 3 vols. (London: Whittaker and Co., 1831). Mentioned in the next day's entry is *The Inheritance* (Edinburgh: W. Blackwood, 1824) by the same author.

80. The reference is to the scene near the end of the novel in which Ronald Malcolm, thought by his parents to have been lost at sea thirteen years before, returned home to claim his inheritance and finally marry his destined bride, Edith, daughter of the chief of Glenroy (2:418–23).

81. Captain Leach (so spelled in *Canton Register*) was master of the British ship *Childe Harold*, which arrived from Calcutta August 21.

82. Probably Pryse Lockhart Gordon, *Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Abroad, During the Last Half Century* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1830).

83. Robert Southey, *The Life of Nelson* (London: John Murray, 1815).

84. W. Crocker was master of the American ship *Israel*, which arrived on July 5 and sailed for New York November 27. Maurice Collis tells of Crocker's "repugnance" while in command of Jardine's ship *Gazelle* in 1840, "to receiving opium on the Sabbath" (*Foreign Mud*, 281).

85. Augustine Heard (1785–1868), son of a ship captain of Ipswich, Mass., sailed as supercargo to Calcutta as early as 1805, and was both captain and supercargo of the brig *Caravan*, which sailed from Salem in February 1812, carrying as passengers the famous missionaries, Adoniram Judson and Samuel Newell and their wives. By time he left the sea in 1829, Heard was one of the most sought after captains in the China trade. In 1830 he was hired by Philip Ammidon, Samuel Russell's original partner in Russell and Company, to go to Canton in Ammidon's place to relieve Samuel Russell. Russell was so angered by Ammidon's refusal to return to Canton that he dissolved the original partnership and formed a new company on January 1, 1831, with W. H. Low and Augustine Heard as partners (Samuel Russell to Philip Ammidon, January 8, 1831, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers). Despite bouts of ill health Heard managed to serve his term until he left Canton in 1834. He severed his relationship with Russell and Company in 1840, and formed his own company, Augustine Heard and Company, returning to China in 1841 during the Opium War. Despite losses during the war, his company fared well and survived for many years in the China trade. In 1844, Heard returned to Ipswich, a benefactor to the town of his birth; and died there, a bachelor, in the house in which he was born (DAB 8: 482–83).

86. Sir Walter Scott, *The Bride of Lammermoor* (Edinburgh: A. Constable, 1819).



87. Edward Daniel Clarke, *Travels in Various Countries of Europe, Asia and Africa* (London: T. Cadell and W. Davis, 1810–23). The next work mentioned is John Gabriel Stedman, *Narrative of a Five Year's Expedition, Against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam, in Guiana, on the Wild Coast of South America, from the Year 1772 to 1777* (London: J. Johnson, 1796).

88. George Thomas Keppel, *Narrative of a Journey Across the Balcan, by the Two Passes of Selmino and Pravadi; Also of a Visit to Azani and Other Newly Discovered Ruins in Asia Minor in the Years 1829–30* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1831).

89. Francisco Pereira (baptized 1814) arrived in HCS *Scaleby Castle* September 8.

90. Probably the wife of Captain Brodie of the British ship *Charles Kerr*, which arrived from Bombay September 15.

91. Young William C. Hunter, a bookkeeper at Russell and Company in Canton, had been in Macao since mid-August because of illness. When the rest of the American traders returned to Canton, Hunter was offered a place for convalescence in the Low house in Macao. In a letter on September 23, 1831, to A. A. Low, Harriett comments on this arrangement: "We have now young Hunter staying with us. He has been an invalid; had some such an attack as you had, I should think. He will stay with us till the first. He is a good fellow, about 19" (Loines, *China Trade Post-Bag*, 42). Hunter returned to Canton on October 3 with the English Company but his continued poor health forced him to return to the United States.

92. *Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati*, trans. from the Italian as dictated by himself, and ed. by William John Bankes (London: J. Murray, 1830); Thomas Hood, *National Tales* (London: J. Murray, 1830).

93. Letter, Harriett Low to A. A. Low, September 23, 1831 (Loines, *The China Trade Post-Bag*, 41–42).

94. Benjamin Chew Wilcocks (1776–1845) a Philadelphia merchant had traded at Canton before 1808, but in that year returned to Philadelphia. He was a benefactor, in 1809, of Thomas Sully, the painter, and of William Burke Wood, the actor and father of William W. Wood. Owing to financial losses, he went back to Canton in 1811, and did not leave until December 8, 1827, turning over his business to John R. Latimer. During part of his last sixteen years at Canton he was U.S. consul—certainly in 1817 and 1825, and probably in the intervening years as well. In 1842 he married his cousin Sarah Wain (1806–86).

95. Captain of HCS *Inglis*, which arrived at Macao from London August 12.

96. Daniel Low (b. 1792) was a younger brother of Harriett's father Seth Low. He had established himself in Paris as a commission trader. He was married to Alice Orne, daughter of Josiah and Alice Orne of Salem.

97. W. C. Hunter describes this trip in detail in *Fan Kwae*, 83–85.

98. Henry Matthews, *The Diary of an Invalid; Being the Journal of a Tour in Pursuit of Health, in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland and France, in the Years 1817, 1818 and 1819* (London: J. Murray, 1820).



99. Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis Richard Cartwright arrived in HCS *Ernaad* from Calcutta October 3. The *East India Register and Directory* lists him as from Bengal. They sailed back on the *Duke of York*, January 19, 1832. Miss Petrie, named below, arrived in the *Marquis of Huntly* September 25, and sailed the following January 17 in the same ship.

100. Wife of Capt. George Jervis of the Bombay Engineers. They had a son born at Macao December 18, 1831. They sailed the following January 18.

101. Benjamin Disraeli, *The Young Duke* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1831). His first novel, published when he was twenty-one, was *Vivian Grey* (London: H. Colburn, 1826).

102. A Mr. R. Browne arrived in the British ship *Aurora* October 8 and left December 8.

103. Vicomte d'Alincourt (Charles Victor Prevot), *L'étrangère* (Paris: Bechet aîné, 1825).

104. Listed in the *Canton Register* as "T. Burrigge Esq." Several members of this family lived in Calcutta.

105. Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, *Paul et Virginie* (Paris, 1789). A romance that tells of the separation of two lovers, who had been raised from childhood as brother and sister on the Île de France (Mauritius).

106. John Mason, *Self-knowledge. A Treatise, Shewing the Nature and Benefit of That Important Science, and the Way to Attain It* (London: J. Waugh, 1745).

107. Mr. C. Sandes (or Sandys) is listed in the *Canton Register* as sailing in the British ship *Sherburne* December 17.

108. Major William Davidson Playfair (1783–1852), with his wife Anne and five children, arrived at Macao in HCS *Thames* August 30 and left November 17. The second son of James Playfair (1738–1819), principal of the United College, St Andrews, he entered the Indian army in 1803, and retired in 1830 to make his residence at St. Andrews, Fifeshire (Charles Rogers, *Four Perthshire Families: Roger, Playfield, Constable and Haldane of Barmony* [Edinburgh: Priv. print., 1887]).

109. The woman who broke up Andrew Jackson's cabinet was Peggy O'Neale Timberlake Eaton, the daughter of a tavern keeper and beautiful wife of John H. Eaton, then secretary of war. Peggy Eaton had fascinated men since the age of fifteen, even to provoking duels. She met Senator John H. Eaton at her father's inn while her first husband Timberlake, a purser in the Navy, was at sea. All Washington knew that Eaton arranged for Timberlake to have even longer voyages. When Peggy Timberlake was widowed suddenly in 1828, even Jackson urged Eaton to marry her and make an honest woman of her. When Eaton was made a member of the cabinet, the wives of all the other members led by Vice-President John C. Calhoun's wife refused to receive Peggy Eaton. Jackson, remembering the scurrilous stories that had circulated about his wife Rachel, took this snub personally. Only Martin Van Buren, Jackson's secretary of state, defended Mrs. Eaton. Van Buren persuaded Jackson that if he resigned as secretary of state, other members of the cabinet would follow, thus isolating Calhoun, who considered

himself Jackson's successor in 1832. Jackson's defense of the virtue of Peggy Eaton became the wedge that split the Democratic Party, ousting Calhoun and advancing Van Buren (Edward Pressen, *Jacksonian America: Society, Personality, and Politics* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1978), 288–92).

110. Vicomte d'Arlincourt (Charles Victor Prevot), *Le Solitaire* (Paris: Bechet aîné, 1829)

111. Henry Ware, *On the Formation of the Christian Character* (Cambridge, MA: Hilliard and Brown, 1831).

112. Mrs. Fraser and child sailed from Macao in HCS *Lady Melville* November 17. They had arrived August 1.

113. A Lieutenant Layard arrived in Macao in HCS *Frnaad* October 3.

114. The Select Committee of the East India Company had asked for support from the governor-general of India, Lord William Bentinck, in their quarrel with the Chinese. Bentinck requested Rear-Adm. Edward W.C.R. Owen, commander of the Navy in India, to send naval ships to China to protect British merchants. Rumors of the arrival of a British force spread quickly in Canton and Macao. Any hope of forcing the Chinese to make concessions by a naval force was ended with a dispatch from Admiral Owen on December 31, 1831, that "so long a period had elapsed since the outrage [toward the King's portrait and the destruction of the garden] was committed, he did not think that any useful purpose would be served by his rushing to China" (Morse, *Chronicles* 4:286–89).

115. François Marie Arouet de Voltaire, *Histoire de Charles XII, roi de Suede* (Paris: P. Didot, 1802).

116. William C. Hunter sailed in the American ship *Howard* (Capt. B. T. Obear) for New York on December 27, 1831.

## Notes to Volume IV

1. Leandro Fernandez de Maratin, *Comedias de Moratin* (Madrid, 1821). Among the plays included were *El si de las ninas*, *El baron*, and *La Comedia nueva*.

2. Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, *A Year in Spain, by a Young American* (Boston: Hilliard, Gray, Little and Wilkens, 1829). The author was an American naval officer.

3. Charles V. Gillespie, often dubbed "Sir Charles" in this journal, was characterized in a contemporary letter as a dealer "in knick knacks and other Mdse" (Box 4, Folder 23, Latimer Papers, LC). He was still trading at Hong Kong in 1844. See entries for June 17 and 20, 1832.

4. William Ellery Channing's "Discourse at the Ordination of the Reverend Jared Sparks, Baltimore [May 5], 1819." The text on that occasion was I Thessalonians 5:21, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." This sermon has been called the wedge that split the Congregational Church in New England apart and hastened the founding, six years later, of the American Unitarian Association.

5. [Samuel Warren], *Passages From the Diary of a Late Physician* (New York: J. and J. Harper, 1831).

6. Thomas Chaye Beale (ca.1810–57), was the son of Thomas Beale, owner of the aviary at Macao. Educated in England, he was employed in Canton from 1826 as a clerk with Magniac and Company and later with Jardine, Matheson, and Company, spending some time in Singapore in the latter's service. In 1845, he became the Shanghai partner of Lancelot Dent in Dent, Beale, and Company. In Shanghai he was noted for his hospitality, generous contributions to the Anglican church, and his botanical collections. Consul for Portugal in Shanghai in 1851 and awarded the French Legion of Honor in 1856, Chaye Beale achieved a position in society that Harriett may not have foreseen. See entry for March 27, 1832, for her defense of his character.

7. William E. Channing, "Character of Napoleon, Being a Review of Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon," in *Sermons and Tracts Including the Analysis of the Character of Napoleon, and Remarks on the Life and Writings of John Milton* (Liverpool: F. B. Wright, 1828), 287–423. This edition contains also his above-mentioned Baltimore sermon.

8. "The Turned Head" describes an extreme case of hypochondria. A serious Cambridge-educated man of thirty-eight awoke from a dream convinced that his head had turned from front to back. No amount of his doctor's reassurance, poulticing of his neck and a dose of laudanum could convince him otherwise. The next morning the doctor found him though normal in appearance dressed with all his clothes buttoned down his back. After a month under this delusion, the patient agreed to a new treatment of electricity to exorcize the evil spirits. The doctor, aided by an assistant, blindfolded the patient and with two electric shocks, combined with a sharp rap on the head and a wrench of his head toward the left, declared him cured. Upon removal of his blindfold, the patient was delighted to find his head in its accustomed position.

9. Robert B. Forbes sold a share in his ship, *Lintin*, to Russell and Company, and left her in command of F. W. Macondray. Forbes sailed March 30 in the *Eclipse* (Capt. William Johnson).

10. At this time the Company's Select Committee decided—without the sanction of the Court of Directors in London—to send an expedition up the coast of China to explore possibilities for trade. The 328-ton ship *Lord Amherst* (Capt. Thomas Rees) set out on February 26 with H. H. Lindsay in charge, and the missionary Karl Gutzlaff as interpreter. The expedition returned on September 4, incurring (it was said) a financial loss of £5,647, much to the displeasure of the Directors. Separate reports were published by Lindsay and Gutzlaff in 1833.

11. Henry Stirling Robinson (1807–33), a clerk with Magniac and Company at Canton, was younger brother of Sir George Best Robinson. See entry for February 24, 1833, vol. 5, concerning the illness that resulted in his death in that year.

12. Margaret Low was a daughter of David Low, elder brother of

Harriett's father, Seth Low. She married Lynde Atwater Huntington (July 17, 1833, vol. 6).

13. After the trial of his brothers for the murder of Joseph White, Nathaniel Phippen Knapp had moved to Marblehead, Mass. and started a new law practice. W. H. Low took on the financial support of his wife's family. He sent his partner Samuel Russell a \$500 draft for N.P. Knapp to enable the latter to pay his debts and start afresh. He also repurchased the Knapp family home in Salem after the trial exhausted the family's funds (N. P. Knapp to Samuel Russell, 18 September 1831; 12, 19 January, 1832, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers).

14. Henry David Inglis, *Spain in 1830* (London: Whittaker, Treacher and Co., 1831).

15. Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian, *Oeuvres de M. de Florian*, vol. 1, *Estelle et Galatée* (Paris: F. Dufart, 1805).

16. David Hume, *A History of England* (London: A. Millar, 1754–62).

17. Washington Irving, *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, (Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Carey, 1829).

18. Thomas Moore, *The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, 1831).

19. The reference is to Sarah Curran, fiancée of Robert Emmet (1778–1803), who had led the Irish revolt against the British on July 23, 1803. The revolt failed and Emmet was captured, tried for treason, and hanged on September 20, 1803. Emmet became a martyr for Irish freedom and Sarah Curran was the romantic, inconsolable young woman in "The Broken Heart," in Washington Irving, *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, gent.* (New York: C. S. Van Winkle, 1819–20).

20. Captain Little is referring to the treatment of Hawaiian converts to Catholicism, whom Queen Kaahumanu (influenced by American Protestant missionaries) in 1829 forbade to practice their religion. When the native Catholics persisted, two French priests were deported to California in 1831 and the natives who refused to give up Catholicism were sentenced to work at hard labor constructing a coral wall. When Commodore John Downes of the USS *Potomac* arrived in June, 1832, and saw forty men, women and children forced to work on the wall, he persuaded the Queen and her chiefs to give up this persecution by citing the toleration for all religious faiths in America and other enlightened European countries (Harold W. Bradley, *The American Frontier in Hawaii* [Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1942], 185–209; Jeremiah N. Reynolds, *Voyage of the United States Frigate Potomac, under the Command of Commodore John Downes, During the Circumnavigation of the Globe in the Years 1831, 1832, 1833, and 1834* [New York: Harper and Brothers, 1835], 418).

21. The slave insurrection was a revolt in Southampton County, Virginia on August 21, 1831, in which a slave named Nat Turner led six other slaves to attack their owners. Over a forty-eight-hour period, Turner and his men (joined by about sixty other slaves) killed fifty-five whites before being overcome by armed whites and loyal slaves. Nat Turner escaped and



spent six weeks in hiding before being captured, tried, and hanged on November 11, 1831. This insurrection caused panic throughout the South (Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Black Rebellion A Selection from Travellers and Outlaws* [New York: Arno Press, 1969], 276–335).

22. Thomas Colley Grattan, *The History of the Netherlands* (London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longman, 1830).

23. Sir Walter Scott, *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, Addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq.* . . . (London: J. Murray, 1830).

24. Master of the American ship *Mount Wallaston*, which reached Macao from Chile March 27, 1832.

25. From the correspondence of the period, we learn that many Canton traders kept cows which were imported from America. Milk was not then a common article of Chinese diet. The practice was to obtain animals that would become fresh about the time they reached China.

26. The Great Reform Bill of 1831 to eliminate “pocket boroughs” and to increase the franchise of large boroughs (thus increasing the franchise of the lower middle class in cities) passed the House of Commons on the second reading in July 1831. When the bill reached the House of Lords in October, the Lords defeated the bill 199-158. Angry crowds that had supported the reform bill rioted all over England. The most serious breakdown in law and order occurred in Bristol where the rioters controlled the city for three days before being put down (Walter L. Arnstein, *Britain Yesterday and Today 1830 to the Present*, 3d ed. [Lexington: D.C. Heath and Co., 1976], 7–17). William Wood rushed to print verbatim accounts of the riots from London papers brought by the *Sylph* in *Chinese Courier, Extraordinary* (25 April 1832).

27. Richard H. Cox was a Scotsman who, like Dr. James Bradford, was physician in Canton to western merchants not in the Company's service (Hunter, *Bits of Old China*, 31). But by 1833 he was the Company's assistant surgeon at a salary of £500. (For Harriett's description of Dr. Cox, see entry for May 7, 1832.) “The Dr.” is Dr. Benjamin Cox of Salem who was a family friend.

28. Arthur Saunders Keating (died at Macao October 21, 1837), an Irishman, had James Innes, an eccentric Scotsman, for his second; Augustine Heard of Russell and Company acted for Wood in this affair (Hunter, *Fan Kwae*, 112).

29. It was customary in China to carry books wrapped in cloth squares, as the Japanese do in their *furoshiki*. The “singing tone” of the school boy was the monotone in which he repeated the classics by heart as he stood, with his back to the teacher. The Chinese called it *pei-shu*, “backing the book.”

30. Harriett studied French twice a week with one of the younger Calvos. See August 13, 1833, vol. 6, for a fuller account of him.

31. Maria Rees, wife of Thomas Rees, master of the country ship *Lord Amherst*, which at this time (February 26 to September 4) was on an expedition to North China and the Loo Choo Islands in search of trade. Captain and Mrs. Rees sailed for Calcutta in the *Lord Amherst* November 9. Maria Rees died at Macao December 27, 1836, at the age of thirty-five.



32. Maria Jane Jewsbury, *The Three Histories: The History of an Enthusiast, the History of a Nonchalant, the History of a Realist* (London: F. Westley and A. H. Davis, 1830).

33. *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Written by Himself. Comprising a Complete Journal of his Negotiations to Procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland* (London: H. Colburn, 1827).

34. In February 1831, the *Friendship*, commanded by Charles M. Endicott (1793–1863), was attacked by Malays at Qualah Battu on the coast of Sumatra, and many of her crew of seventeen men were massacred and the ship looted. Endicott's own account of the affair appears as Chapter 19 in Ralph D. Paine, *The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem* (1912). On February 7, 1832, the USS *Potomac* attacked and completely destroyed Qualah Battu as punishment for the attack on the *Friendship*. For the best eye-witness account of the *Potomac*'s attack, see Francis Warriner, *Cruise of the United States Frigate Potomac Round the World During the Years 1831–1834* (New York: Leavitt, Lord and Co., 1835), 65–91.

35. Grace Kennedy, *The Decision; or, Religion Must Be All, or Is Nothing* (Edinburgh: W. Oliphant, 1822); *Father Clement; A Roman Catholic Story* (Edinburgh: W. Oliphant, 1824).

36. John Barry had been a former second officer on the ill-starred *Friendship*, and on August 3, 1831, entered service as sailing master on the USS *Potomac*. His sister, Mary (d. 1829 age 27), recorded her intention on December 2, 1824, of marrying William Abbot (Salem Vital Records 3:83).

37. R. R. Pinkham of Massachusetts entered the Navy January 1, 1818, and was commissioned lieutenant March 3, 1827.

38. Francis Warriner's inquiries turned into *Cruise of the United States Frigate Potomac* cited above in n. 34.

39. Commodore John Downes and two officers took up residence at Russell and Company's hong in Canton while the USS *Potomac* was at Whampoa. Augustine Heard described the nature of the "difficulty:" "Mr. [Charles] King, the consular agent since the departure of [Charles N.] Talbot, thought it derogatory to his dignity to call on the Comre. first, & being offended at what he pretends to think neglect on the part of his brother officers, has issued a circular expressing his intention to abdicate on the 1st of June." Since King's firm, Olyphant and Company, and Russell and Company were bitter rivals in Canton trade, business jealousy as well as a breach of protocol may have influenced King's conduct (A. Heard to Samuel Russell, 31 May 1832, Reel 3, Russell and Company Papers).

40. William A. Slacum entered the Navy and was commissioned Purser June 8, 1829. He was born in Virginia, but was appointed from Florida.

41. James Horsburgh (1762–1836), hydrographer to the East India Company, made many ship captains in the East his debtors by his *Directions for Sailing*, published in 1809–11.

42. Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne, *Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, trans. from the French by John S. Memes (Edinburgh: Constable and Co., 1830).

43. Charles Samuel Stewart, *Journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands, During the Years 1823, 1824, and 1825*, 2d. ed. (New York: John P. Haven, 1828). Harriett had met Stewart, a former missionary, when he visited Macao on January 3, 1830 (vol. 2) while chaplain on the USS *Vincennes*. For another contemporary view of missionaries in the Sandwich Islands see Nan P. Hodges, ed., *The Voyage of the Peacock: A Journal by Benajah Ticknor, Naval Surgeon* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1991), 136–37, 157.

44. John Mason Good, *The Book of Nature* (London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, 1826).

45. James Dunlop Perit of Philadelphia was son of John Webster Perit (1781–1846), owner of the *Cabot* (Capt. James Low, Harriett's uncle) and an important American merchant in the China trade. Young Perit died at Canton on March 19, 1834, at the age of twenty-one and was buried on French Island at Whampoa. His death produced a poem "Lines on Seeing a Painting of the Cemetery on French Island, where Mr. James Dunlop Perit was Buried, Written by L. H. Sigourney," printed in the *Chinese Repository* 14 (May, 1845): 242–43.

46. George Payne Rainsford James, *Philip Augustus; or, The Brothers in Arms* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1831).

47. Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, *Eugene Aram. A Tale* (London: H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1832); *Pelham; or The Adventures of a Gentleman* (London: H. Colburn, 1828).

48. P. Tonks of the British ship *Lord Castlereagh*, which arrived June 26 from Bombay, with Mrs. Tonks as passenger.

49. Probably the master of the ship *Hormasjee Bomanjee*, which sailed for Bombay on July 17.

50. Hester Chapone, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind* (London: J. Walter, 1773).

51. Henry Hart Milman, *The Fall of Jerusalem, a Dramatic Poem* (London: J. Murray, 1812).

52. George R. Sampson, who replaced W. C. Hunter for a time in Russell and Company after the latter left for America in February, 1832.

53. Monsieur J. A. Durand, an opium trader, arrived on the *Water Witch* from Calcutta on June 6. Durand, an amateur artist, became a close friend of George Chinnery during the last fifteen years of his life. Chinnery's painting "On Dent's Veranda" (1843) shows Durand relaxing with W. C. Hunter and a British Naval officer, Capt. William H. Hall, on the veranda of Lancelot Dent's house in Macao. For an account of Durand's business ties with the opium trade and his friendship with Chinnery see, Conner, *George Chinnery*, 250–55.



## About the editors

Dr. Arthur W. Hummel (1884–1975), editor of *Eminent Chinese of the Ch'ing Period* (1943), began his distinguished teaching career in Japan in 1912, moving to China in 1915, where he continued to study and lecture in Chinese history until his return to the United States in 1927. From 1927 until 1954, he was chief of the Division of Orientalia, Library of Congress as well as conducting seminars and classes in Chinese history at major American universities. Dr. Hummel held a Guggenheim Fellowship (1954–56) and lectured in Chinese studies at American University and George Washington University until 1963. His knowledge and love of the Chinese language and people did much to promote the study of Chinese history and culture in the United States.

Nan P. Hodges, M.A., a former editor of The University of Washington Press, has been cited for her work in historic preservation in Michigan. Hodges first encountered Harriett Low when editing *The Voyage of the Peacock: A Journal by Benajah Ticknor, Naval Surgeon* (1991). Any young American woman who would climb a 1800 ft. peak in China in 1832 to have a picnic with Dr. Ticknor and a group of naval officers was certainly unusual enough to warrant a book of her own—thus *Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life: The Journal of Harriett Low, Travelling Spinster*. When not editing 19th-century diaries, Hodges actively promotes the Methow Music Festival, a chamber music festival held every summer in Mazama, Washington.





# Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life

*The Journal of Harriett Low, Travelling Spinster*

Edited by Nan P. Hodges and Arthur W. Hummel

*Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life*, the title chosen by Harriett Low for her journal, aptly describes the conflicting emotions of the first American woman to live in China. Making a rude transition from the tranquility of Salem, Massachusetts into a world of sampans and sedan chairs, women with bound feet and men with queues, the lively young American records a detailed portrait of her life in Macao from 1829–1834. The constricted lifestyle of foreign merchants' wives, forced by the Chinese to live in Macao while their husbands traded tea and opium in Canton; balls, operas, and picnics; Chinese customs and Catholic processions; true friendship and false; romance or religion are all reflected in the pages of her journal. Throughout nine volumes, Harriett Low displays wit and courage as she metamorphoses from a socially naive girl into a mature, independent woman.

Published for the first time as a complete edition, *Lights and Shadows of a Macao Life* chronicles not only the impact of Western capitalism on a declining Chinese empire but also the importance of money in affairs of the heart. Forced to reject her fiancé because he lacked prospects, Harriett Low survives by immersing herself in the literature and language she loves, as well as a re-examined Unitarian faith. Independent in outlook, she is an obvious antecedent of a contemporary American woman.

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